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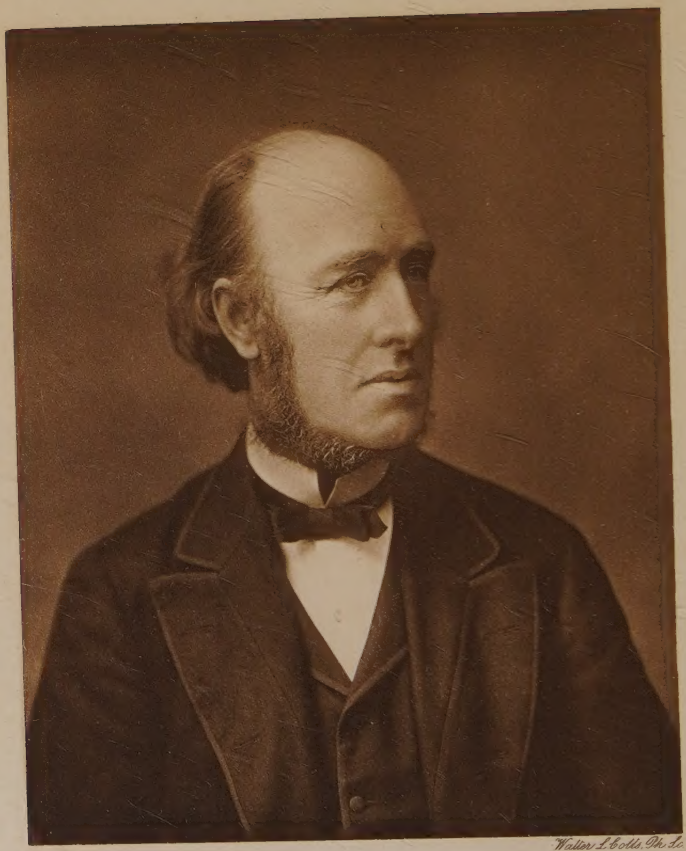

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BY

HIS WIFE

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PREFACE

This memoir has been written in accordance with the wish expressed by many of Mr. Lecky's friends that there should be some record of his life. 'It is the privilege of a great writer,' wrote one of them after his death, 'to leave an immortal personality behind him; but though his books will live, there was much about his rare and singularly fine type of character that one feels that those who did not come under his personal influence will never fully realise.' To recall that personal element as far as possible—without infringing more than he would have wished on the domain of private life—has been my endeavour. Lecky himself never encouraged the idea that there should be a biography of him. On the contrary, he wished to live through his books alone. He did not keep a journal. He did not think it worth while that his daily doings should be recorded. A little 'pocket-diary,' with some notes, of the year 1855, and a series of minute almanacks, with two interruptions, from the year 1862 upwards, in which he wrote down every Monday the place where he was, are all that exists in that line. Such details about his boyhood as have been given in this memoir were gathered chiefly by me from his own lips. Unfortunately there are no letters of his of that time. From the year 1859—when he was twenty-one—he kept commonplace books which contain his views on a variety of subjects,

and at a later period he made entries in a notebook about the progress of his literary work. His early letters to friends throw a good deal of light on the formation of his character and opinions, and I am especially indebted to Mr. Arthur Booth for letters and extracts from letters and for information about his college life. Mr. Booth was an intimate friend of his, and corresponded with him from the time he left the University. Another college friend, the late Judge Addison, also kindly gave me a few letters and recollections of those days. A certain number of letters besides have been placed at my disposal, and for these my thanks are due to the Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, the Lady Margaret Cecil, the Dowager Lady Acton, Madame de Beaufort, Mrs. Bayard, the Hon. Emily Lawless, Lady Blennerhassett, Mrs. Tyndall, Mrs. J. R. Green, Mrs. O'Connor Morris, Mrs. C. Litton Falkiner, Miss Taylor, Miss Honor Brooke, Miss Hartpole Bowen, Miss A. Wilmot Chetwode, Miss Froude, Lord Killanin, the Hon. Albert Canning, the Dean of St. Patrick's, Sir Henry Wrixon, Sir Thomas Snagge, Mr. J. F. Rhodes, Mr. H. C. Lea, Professor Knight, Mr. W. E. Tallents, Mr. E. Salmon, Mr. T. Norton Longman, Mr. G. Gavan Duffy, Mr. A. O'Neill Daunt, the executors of Mr. G. W. Rusden, and the late Sir James Gowan.

It is not without great hesitation that I give to the world letters which were never intended for publication, and which were written with all the freedom of private intercourse; but I venture to do so in the belief that some of these spontaneous expressions of opinion represent more vividly than any description could do the characteristics of a personality which those who knew him best had most occasion to admire.

Rather than ask friends to write appreciations of him

I have confined myself to inserting some letters written to him on various occasions, and a few to myself, in which the writers expressed their views concerning him and his work. I gratefully acknowledge the permission to do so given me by the Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin, Countess Stanhope, Mrs. Bayard, the Hon. Andrew White, Lord Tennyson, Lord Rathmore, the Hon. Rollo Russell, the Right Hon. Sir Alfred Lyall, Sir Henry Wrixon, the Dean of St. Patrick's, Dr. Mahaffy, Dr. Dowden, Mr. Arthur Milman, Mr. Gladstone's trustees, Mr. H. C. Lea, Mr. C. Cairnes, Mr. A. Bence Jones, and Mr. T. Norton Longman. I also much appreciate the courtesy shown me by the proprietors of the *Times*, the *Spectator*, and the Dublin *Daily Express*, in allowing me to make use of papers and letters of Mr. Lecky which were published by them. Mr. Booth has had the great kindness to read over my MS. and to make many useful suggestions.

In order to condense the story of a full life of sixty-five years into one volume, much had necessarily to be omitted, and the letters sent me by several correspondents could not on that account be included ; but I am none the less grateful to the senders. The social side of his life had to be kept within proportionate limits, and it is with regret that I have been unable to bring within its scope the names of many whose kindness and friendship he valued.

Elisabeth Lecky.

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MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY

CHAPTER I

1838–1861.

Lecky's parentage—Family history—His mother's death—His father marries again—Graigavoran—Visit to Scotland—School life; Lewes; Monkstown; Armagh; Cheltenham College—His father's death—Quedgeley—Marriage of his stepmother—Bushy Park—Enters Trinity College Dublin — Friendships — Divinity course—Oratory—Historical Society—Gold medal—Early poems—Travels—Publication of the 'Religious Tendencies of the Age'—He graduates and leaves the University — Switzerland — Oberammergau — Italy — Publication of 'Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland.'

The parentage of remarkable men always has a certain interest, whether—as in the case of Goethe—they can trace all their characteristics to it, or whether the transcendent faculty which distinguishes them appears to be a freak of nature irrespective of heredity. There are instances where an eminent man seems to emerge out of commonplace surroundings, while there are yet distinctive elements in his more remote ancestry which throw some light on his personality and are worth recording.

William Edward Hartpole Lecky was born on March 26, 1838, at Newtown Park, co. Dublin. He was the son of Mr. John Hartpole Lecky, J.P., by his first marriage with

Miss Mary Anne Tallents, of Newark. The Lecky family were of Scottish origin, and there is evidence of their having been in Ireland from the beginning of the seventeenth century. Tradition connects them with the Leckies who owned an estate on the Gargunnock hills in Stirlingshire, and says that the laird of those days had four sons who migrated to Ulster. The eldest, Averil, was the ancestor of the Londonderry Leckys; the second, Thomas, settled at Ballylin, near Rathmelton, co. Donegal, and had a son, Robert, born in 1649, who in the course of time removed to Carlow, and was the ancestor of the Carlow branches. Edward Lecky was lineally descended from him. The Leckys in the North of Ireland had a considerable share in public affairs. No fewer than nine members of the family have been mayors of Derry. Captain Alexander Lecky, who was High Sheriff in 1677, took a prominent part in the defence of Derry during the famous siege in 1688, and was afterwards Mayor. Another member represented the City of Derry in the Irish Parliament in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The Carlow Leckys contented themselves with their duties as landowners, and there is nothing special to record of them, except that some of them in former generations belonged to the Society of Friends and possessed the peaceful and benevolent qualities which characterise that body. Edward Lecky's grandfather was married to Maria Hartpole, daughter of Robert Hartpole, of Shrule Castle, and of his wife, Lady Harriet Stratford.[1] Miss Hartpole and her sister were the last representatives of a family who once played a great part in Ireland. The most prominent of them was Robert Hartpole, lord of the manors of Shrule and Monks-

[1] She was a daughter of John Stratford, first Earl of Aldborough, whose ancestors played a considerable part in early English history. They migrated to Ireland about the middle of the seventeenth century.

grange, who was Constable of Carlow Castle and Governor of the Queen's County under Queen Elizabeth; and who, after the manner of the time, ruled with an iron hand over a refractory population. He built Shrule Castle on the west bank of the river Barrow, two and a half miles north of the town of Carlow; and it was a popular superstition after his death that his shade haunted its precincts.[1] More than one Hartpole was a member of the Irish Parliament. The last male representative of the family was George Hartpole, Edward Lecky's great-uncle, whose adventures are described, not without various inaccuracies, by the romancing pen of Jonah Barrington. He died leaving his two sisters heiresses of the family property, which through extravagance had considerably dwindled away. The eldest married Mr. John Lecky, and brought in her dowry Shrule Castle;[2] the second married Mr. Charles Bowen.

If the Hartpoles were a turbulent race, Lecky's relatives on the mother's side were of a more academic turn of mind. Three members of the Tallents family were graduates of Magdalene College, Cambridge, in the seventeenth century: Francis Tallents, his brother, and his son. Francis Tallents and his brother were Fellows, and the former was also President of the college between the years 1642 and 1653. He received Presbyterian Orders, and was conspicuous in troublous times for his large-minded Christianity, his courage and tolerance. Baxter describes him as a 'good

[1] His tombstone, representing his recumbent figure in armour, with a Latin inscription, and the date 1594, originally in St. Mary's Church, Carlow, found after many vicissitudes a resting-place at Kilnacourt, Portarlington, through the exertions of his descendant, Mr. Charles Hartpole Bowen, who was living there at the time (*Journal* of the Co. Kildare Arch. Society, January number, 1904, *Memorials of the Dead*, vol. iii., No. 1, which gives an account of the Hartpole family).

[2] It was sold and is now a ruin. The date 1520 is still traceable over the great fireplace of what was once the stateroom.

scholar, a godly, blameless divine, most eminent for extraordinary prudence and moderation, and peaceableness towards all'; and Matthew Henry, who preached his funeral sermon and wrote a short life of him, speaks of 'his politeness being a great ornament to his learning and piety' —the inherited good breeding of the old *régime*, for his family were of French origin.[1] 'In his old age he retained the learning both of the school and the academy to admiration. He had something to communicate to those who conversed with him concerning all sorts of learning; but his masterpiece, in which no man was more ready, was history.' Though in his writings he was more a chronicler of events and dates than an historian, still he combined the historical sense with some of those identical traits of character which a few centuries later distinguished his kinsman.

He had only one son, who died without leaving children, and Edward Lecky and the present representatives of the Tallents family are descended from his brother Godfrey. The family were from early times connected with Newark, and Edward Lecky's grandfather, Mr. W. E. Tallents, was a solicitor there. He was a man of high character and great abilities, who had more than a local reputation. In 1830–1832 he was employed by the Government to assist in the special commission of assize for the trial of prisoners concerned in the machine-breaking riots.[2] He was agent of the Duke of Newcastle at Newark, and conducted Mr. Gladstone's first election. There is much contemporary evidence of the respect in which he was held and the regret felt when he died at the age of fifty-seven. In a letter to his widow, written January 24, 1838, Mr.

[1] *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. lv.

[2] The Commission was held at Winchester, Salisbury, Reading and Abingdon, Dorchester and Nottingham.

Gladstone dwells on the loss which he had himself sustained 'in the removal of a friend so kind, so high-minded, of such distinguished powers and such unwearied assiduity' ; and when, some years afterwards, Mr. Gladstone severed his connexion with Newark he paid a fresh tribute to his memory in writing to his son, Mr. Godfrey Tallents, Edward Lecky's uncle.[1]

Some months before his death, in 1837, his daughter had married Mr. John Hartpole Lecky, who was at that time living with his parents at Cullenswood House, near Dublin. He was a well-read, high-principled, kind-hearted gentleman, who seems to have had a great many friends. He had been called to the Bar, but, having independent means, he exercised no profession. He was a magistrate of the Queen's County, where he had property. His wife, Edward Lecky's mother, is remembered as an attractive personality with intellectual tastes and strong religious principles. They lived at Maesgwyllydd house, Newtown Park, near Dublin, where their son was born. The earliest mention we find of him is in a letter from his mother to her friend Miss Parker, afterwards Lady Cardwell,[2] four months after his birth:

'I have under this roof one of the greatest blessings that can be bestowed—namely, a dear, fine little boy, who was born on March 26, and I am thankful to say that he is so strong that I have never had an anxious hour on his account. You will easily believe he is already a great pet. I am afraid I shall love him too much.'

Mrs. Lecky's happiness was brief. She died of consumption at Hastings, at the age of twenty-two, on March 31,

[1] Mr. Gladstone wrote, January 14, 1846: 'From the son of my esteemed friend, your father, I never expected any line of conduct except one of the highest tone. I can wish you nothing more in regard to the observance of every social relation than that you may continue to be worthy of him, and with his honoured name to hand down through your own generation his very remarkable character.'

[2] After Lady Cardwell's death Lecky received a bundle of letters, written to her by his mother, which had been carefully treasured by her.

1839, when her boy was little more than a year old. Two years afterwards his father married again—Miss Wilmot, daughter of Colonel Wilmot, an amiable, accomplished lady, who conscientiously tried to make up to the motherless child for the loss of that precious possession, a mother's love. He was, in fact, never told that she was not his mother till shortly before he went to Cheltenham School, and, though he put down the date in a notebook, the fact does not seem to have impressed him much at the time. When he was about four years old his father and stepmother went to Graigavoran, a place in the Queen's County, where they lived from 1842 to 1844, and where their son George Eardley was born, who was afterwards in the 78th Highlanders.

They went about a good deal among their friends, taking their children with them, and Edward Lecky remembered a visit of some length at Lady Maitland's, Lindores, Perthshire, which impressed him on account of her being the widow of Sir Frederick Maitland, who had conveyed Napoleon to St. Helena. His first experience of school life was at Dr. Stanley's, for half a year at Walmer and afterwards at Lewes, where he was with two or three other boys, when he was about nine, while his parents stayed at Storrington, in Sussex, where his half-sister was born. We get a description of him in a letter from Mrs. Stanley to his stepmother. She speaks of his reserved character, and after mentioning some small faults of inattention and indolence, she adds: 'But these are minor difficulties to contend with. None who know him can doubt his gentle, amiable disposition or the kindness of his heart, and on the one great point of all he certainly shows more feeling and interest than is usual for so young a child.' At the same time he already showed a very independent spirit. Lewes was notorious for its Fifth of November riots. He remembered sym-

pathising with the rioters, and his master telling him that his feelings were in defiance of law and order. He had a great liking for geology, and his favourite pastime was seeking specimens for a collection which Mr. John Lecky, his grandfather, had given him.

After about a year at Dr. Stanley's he returned to Ireland and went to a day school at Kingstown, his father and stepmother having now settled in Longford Terrace, Monkstown, where they lived for many years. The O'Connell agitation, the Irish famine (which, on account of the scarcity of bread, was felt in every household), the crowds of beggars, the Smith O'Brien rebellion—all made a deep impression on his mind, and in those boyish days his sympathies were strongly National—a very different Nationalism from that of to-day. He used often to go to Woodbrook, Portarlington, where his father's old friends and connexions, the Wilmot Chetwodes, lived. Swift, the friend of the Knightley Chetwode of his day, to whom much of his correspondence is addressed, had been a frequent visitor at Woodbrook, and he is said to have planted some of the stately beeches which are a feature of the place. Amidst such surroundings and traditions Edward Lecky first came under the spell of that extraordinary personality which he afterwards described in his 'Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland.'

A survivor of those days [1] who still lives at Woodbrook remembers him as a fair, quiet, gentle boy. He used to ride on a pony, write poetry and sermons, practise preaching, and was much occupied with religious controversy, being assiduous in his attendance at the Mariners' Church at Kingstown, where Mr. Brooke—the father of Mr. Stopford Brooke—then preached. In 1850 he was taken by his father and step-

[1] Miss Alice Wilmot Chetwode. She and her brother Knightley were among his oldest and best friends.

mother to Switzerland during the holidays, and the following year to Bagnères, which he visited many times in after-life. In 1851 he was for half a year at Armagh School, and in the autumn of 1852 he went to Cheltenham College. He had not been there more than a few weeks when he was called back to Ireland by the illness of his father, who died at the early age of forty-six. This event cast a shadow over his youth. He returned to college, which he at first greatly disliked, being in a large establishment with forty boys; but when this was broken up and he went to a house where there was only one other boy, and where he had a room to himself, he found it much more tolerable. School life, however, was never congenial to him. Being very shy, and not having an overflow of health and spirits, he disliked the roughness of the outdoor games and did not join in them. His tastes lay in quite another direction. He geologised a great deal, for which there was much scope at Cheltenham, and it was no doubt his own experience which made him write in his 'Commonplace Book' some years after: 'It is pleasant to think in a geological museum that the discovery of every stone you see gave a pleasure.' He probably gave a stimulus to the study of geology in the college, for a little museum there dates from that time. In his leisure hours he also indulged in writing a large amount of poetry. He had no ambition for school honours, and though he liked some of the lessons he did not much care to work in the groove that was set before him. From early days, he said, he made it a point, when he possibly could, to take his own independent line, and he showed great persistence in all he did—an invaluable quality, which helped him to conquer obstacles, for his tastes were neither understood nor encouraged at home.

On leaving Cheltenham in 1855 he went to a tutor, the

Rev. Erskine Knollys, at Quedgeley, near Gloucester, to prepare for his entrance examination at Dublin University. In a date book with jottings of that year one obtains glimpses of his varying moods, his fits of depression sometimes caused by ill-health, his impatience to be independent of school and home authorities, though he liked Mr. Knollys personally—'26th of March, my birthday. Oh! that it was my 24th or 25th. It opens in gloom, but "sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning"'—his interest in public affairs, his love of nature, which often inspired his poetic effusions, and the thread of religious principle and sense of duty running through it all. He records the events of the Crimean war; mentions the publication of volumes iii. and iv. of Macaulay's 'History,' speaks of frequent visits to Gloucester, where the cathedral, the reading-room, and the bookshops were an attraction; and he acquired, among other books, Burke's 'French Revolution,' which remained one of his favourites through life. He also used to read to some infirm old people. Mr. Knollys had no worse complaint to make of him than that he was 'very partial to working in a desultory, fitful way,' and that he was apt 'to adopt one-sided views with regard to the events and discussions of the day.' 'He had, indeed,' says a Trinity College friend,[1] speaking of a somewhat later period, 'an inveterate habit, which exposed him to a great deal of misunderstanding, of defending in conversation whatever position happened to be attacked.' More than thirty years after, writing to Lecky's stepmother, Mr. Knollys spoke with pride of his former pupil.

During the year Edward Lecky was at Quedgeley his stepmother married the eighth Earl of Carnwath, whose

[1] 'Early Recollections of Mr. Lecky, by a College Friend,' in the *National Review*, March 1904.

first wife was the daughter of Grattan, and the family lived for a time at Bushy Park, Enniskerry, a small country place charmingly situated in the midst of the beautiful scenery of the County Wicklow. Its proximity to Dublin enabled Edward Lecky, after he had entered college, to spend all his leisure time there, and he took many a long walk in the Wicklow mountains, which always had a peculiar fascination for him. If at Woodbrook he had imbibed the traditions of Swift, it was near Grattan's home, 'amid the Wicklow hills and by the Dargle stream, in the heart of one of the loveliest valleys in Ireland,' that he was fired with enthusiasm for that other leader of public opinion, 'the greatest of Irish orators.'

In 1855 he passed his examination, obtaining the tenth place out of forty candidates, and on February 4 of the following year he entered college as a Fellow Commoner, and occupied rooms at No. 13 in the part nicknamed Botany Bay. A new life now began for him, a life chiefly of independent study, in which he could follow his bent. There were at college with him a brilliant group of young men, many of whom distinguished themselves in after-life. Among his friends were Mr. David Plunket, now Lord Rathmore; Mr. Gibson, now Lord Ashbourne; Mr. Fitzgibbon, now Lord Justice Fitzgibbon; Mr., now Sir Thomas, Snagge; Mr. Addison, afterwards a County Court Judge; Mr. Teignmouth Shore, now Canon of Worcester; Mr. Arthur Booth;[1] two sons of Smith O'Brien, Edward and Aubrey; Mr. Robert Keith Arbuthnot; and Mr. Freeman Wills.[2]

Some of these still remember the pleasant evenings

[1] The author of *Robert Owen* and other works. He is the 'College Friend' who wrote 'Early Recollections of Mr. Lecky' in the *National Review* of March 1904.

[2] Among other contemporaries, with some of whom he only became acquainted in after-years, were Sir John Ardagh, Professor Dowden, Sir

spent with Edward Lecky 'in his bright sitting-room lined with books, arranged two deep,' when 'everything was discussed from John Stuart Mill and Carlyle to Kant, Hegel, and Mommsen.' Those early friendships remained to him a precious possession through life. Mr. Arthur Booth has given a graphic account of his recollections of those days. He and Edward Lecky had been some time at college before they became acquainted by a pure accident which made an impression on both. It was an annual custom for the college boys, as they were called, to march round the statue of King William in College Green to commemorate the battle of the Boyne. This usually led to some harmless friction with the townspeople; but when a similar demonstration took place on the occasion of the entry of Lord Eglinton, the Lord-Lieutenant, in March 1858, a somewhat serious riot ensued. The boys attacked the police. The chief of the police—an old Peninsular officer—lost his head. The Riot Act was hurriedly read, and the police charged the students and pursued them within the college railings.[1] In a letter to his friend, Mr. Knightley Chetwode, who had left college some time before, Edward Lecky describes the fray, which he called 'the massacre of College Green.'

'I had been in the enclosure where the affair took place, but getting tired, about half an hour before the charge, I went into the reading-room, and was at its window when the charge was made. Saurin B. was in it, but got off safely. Edw. O'Brien also was there. He, instead of joining in the rush to the college door, went into the open space to one side, imagining that he would not be molested. The police, however, came to him and beat him, though he remonstrated and did not (not having even a stick) resist. When he got out he was a little dizzy, and came up with

Dennis Fitzpatrick, Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, Sir Charles Scott, Dr. Traill, Sir Arthur Wilson, Sir Henry Wrixon.

[1] I am indebted for some of these particulars to Mr. Booth.

me to take a glass of wine, and got quite right again with the exception of a little bruising. I suppose you see some paper, so I need not say more upon it. In fact, my personal recollections are but few, as I was so horrified at the faces streaming with blood and men half insensible that I was rather glad to turn away. There seems but one opinion here —that the provocation in no respect justified the charge.'

It was while looking on at the proceedings that Edward Lecky and Mr. Booth—who were both very shy—for the first time spoke to each other, and this led to a friendship of over forty years.

Lecky has described in his 'Formative Influences' the currents of thought that prevailed at the time he entered college. The agitation caused by the Oxford Movement had found its natural channel in secessions to Rome, but there was a more serious perturbation in the intellectual atmosphere. The recent discoveries in geology with which the name of Sir Charles Lyell was prominently associated had thrown a new light on the beginnings of the earth and man, and the attempts made to reconcile the deductions of science with the biblical cosmogony were naturally keenly watched. Lecky had always had a strong leaning towards theological studies, and looked forward to a peaceful clerical life in a family living near Cork, and so, in addition to the ordinary university course, he went through that appointed for divinity students. Though he had been brought up in the strict Evangelical principles of those days, he approached the study of theology, as 'a college friend' says, 'with a far broader mind than was generally to be found among his fellow-students, or even among the professors,' and he was never infected with the narrow sectarian spirit which has been the bane of Ireland. This was due partly to his own independence of mind and wide general reading, and partly to his having spent some

time abroad. He confesses to have been perhaps culpably indifferent to college ambitions and competitions, and he threw himself with intense eagerness into a long course of private reading, chiefly relating to the formation and history of opinions. The writings of Bishop Butler and the personal influence of Archbishop Whately had a large and permanent share in moulding his character and strengthening in him that sense of duty and love of truth which were at all times the guiding principles of his life. Simultaneously he read writers of such different tendencies as Pascal, Bossuet, Rousseau, Voltaire, Bayle, Coleridge, Newman, and Emerson. But his private reading was not confined to the history of opinions.

'His main enthusiasm was directed to the literature and politics of Ireland. He studied the speeches of the principal orators and could repeat by heart many passages from them; he was thoroughly acquainted with the history and especially with the "wrongs" of the country; he was saturated with the writings and poetry of the patriotic party, and he looked upon a junior Fellow,[1] who was the author of "Who Fears to Speak of '98," with feelings of unbounded admiration. Patriotism seemed to be then his one absorbing passion: it found expression in his earliest poetry and formed the subject of much of his conversation.'[2]

He was, however, not blind to the faults of his countrymen: 'The great evils of Ireland,' he wrote in 1859,[3] 'are mendicity and mendacity'; 'The great desideratum in Ireland is a lay public opinion'; and in 1862,[4] 'Among the Irish generally there is a want of hard intellectuality.'

He had had from boyhood a passion for oratory, and found full scope for it in the Historical Society, which he joined two years after he had entered college, and where, in

[1] Dr. J. Kells Ingram.

[2] 'Early Recollections of Mr. Lecky, by a College Friend,' the *National Review*, March 1904.

[3] *Commonplace Book.* [4] *Ibid.*

1859—in his second session—he won the Gold Medal which was awarded annually. 'On one evening of that session,' writes Judge Snagge, 'he rose to his feet in the debate and, to the amazement of us all, poured forth a stream of mellifluous and finished eloquence that carried all before it. It was meteoric. It was not a speech, it was a recited essay, but it raised the standard of debating rhetoric enormously.' [1]

In paying a tribute to Lecky's memory at the first meeting of the Society after his death the President (Lord Ashbourne) gave his own recollections. He said he heard him make his first speech in that society, over forty years ago, in the year 1858, and he remembered the surprise with which they all saw him rise and come forward. 'He spoke very much as he spoke all through his life, with an extraordinary wealth of language, with the most marvellous affluence of illustration, with the most singular gift he [the President] ever knew of giving the most appropriate designations to every person and subject, no matter how numerous, that he desired to describe.' Lord Ashbourne believed that the great success which Lecky achieved among his contemporaries by being awarded the Gold Medal for oratory had a considerable effect on his character and future. It no doubt stimulated him and gave to his shy nature the self-confidence which he needed.

The 'College Friend' says:

'His speeches were always carefully prepared during long walks on the West Pier at Kingstown, though they were not committed to memory. A few notes on a slip of paper about two inches long and about one wide, crumpled up in the waistcoat pocket, were all he carried to remind him of the points in the subject. The language was always admirable, rising at times to a high pitch of eloquence, perhaps occasionally a little too ornate, but producing a distinct

[1] The *Academy and Literature*, October 31, 1903.

thrill through the audience. It was said sometimes that the matter was more emotional than argumentative, but those who had to reply found the task by no means an easy one. . . .

'There can be little doubt that for a long time his chief ambition was to become a great orator. His library was full of the speeches of the Irish orators. He rushed off every Sunday morning after chapel to hear Dr. John Gregg (afterwards Bishop of Cork), who was then considered the greatest pulpit orator in Dublin. Whenever Whiteside, who had a similar reputation at the Bar, was to be heard, Lecky might usually be seen an admiring listener. He frequently practised extempore speaking to himself in his own rooms, and no honour he received was so highly prized as the Gold Medal of the Historical Society.'

In a letter to Mr. Knightley Chetwode, Edward Lecky gives the following humorous description of Whiteside's oratory:

'13 *T.C.D.: Saturday night* [*postmark May* 1, 1859].—Our nomination went off very quietly to-day, and Whiteside talked splendid nonsense. It was one of the most imposing speeches I ever heard. He spurned grammar, trampled on logic, and contemned consistency, but did it most magnificently. The manner in which he intoned some of his sarcasms was perfect. He is indeed a most superb humbug, and I have an immense admiration for him. . . . I passed my degree examination on Wednesday and Thursday successfully, which is a great consolation.'

He wrote to the same friend, June 16, 1859:

'Yesterday we had the closing night at the Historical, which was rather a formidable thing for me, as I had to open and reply. The subject was Journalism—that its growth is beneficial to society. We had, I believe, about three or four hundred people there, Napier, of course, in the chair. I found that I was not the least nervous and liked it all very well. The subject, however, not being in my line, I did not make one of my best speeches. Also, not having the fear of conservatism and the clergy before my eyes, I had the audacity to review (in its relation to political and

sectarian public opinion) the struggles for nationality in Ireland and to launch a diatribe at the political clergy. . . . This evening the Committee have made up the Oratory marks and I have got the Gold Medal, which is, I confess, very gratifying to me. . . . My marking, they seem to think, is the highest which has been in the Society for some years. It is a fraction above what Plunket got last year, but perhaps they have got into a way of marking higher than they did then. Gibson tells me that one of the speeches I withdrew was marked very high, so perhaps it would have been better if I had kept that in and had withdrawn my speech of last night.'

He then speaks of his first literary venture—a volume of poems which he had published when he came of age.

'My small volume came out last Easter under the name of "Hibernicus." My publishers tell me that the reviews are often from three to four months after the publication, so it is scarcely time to expect any notices; hitherto I have only seen two, both very short, one praising and one condemning. I feel perfectly philosophical about it, and console myself by reflecting that those things are always, I believe, ultimately applied to useful purposes by the small grocer trade, &c. It was a very pleasant amusement to me, and that was the chief thing. . . .[1]

'This day week I have to attend an "Historical dinner" at Salt Hill Hotel, and to deliver sundry post-prandial orations, to which I look forward with no pleasure. After that I hope to go away for a week or ten days—where I do not know. I was thinking of either the Wicklow scenery or the Ballymena Conventions. About the 2nd or 3rd of July I hope to take my degree, and then I mean to go to Switzerland.'

[1] Once before Edward Lecky had appeared in print—in the *College Magazine* of December 1857, which contained a short poem called 'The Cloud.'

'How silently yon milk-white cloud
Is gliding overhead,
As though above life's busy crowd
It bore the silent dead.

And now its snowy wings expand,
And now again they're furled,
As though that happy spirit band
Just saw and fled the world.'

The Bushy Park home had been broken up some years before, his relations having gone abroad, and Edward Lecky had either spent his holidays with them at Brussels, Cannstadt, and Heidelberg (where they lived for a time), or travelled on his own account. The letters he wrote in those years to his friend Mr. Knightley Chetwode give some idea of his movements. During a journey to the Lakes in September 1858 he met Dr. John Gregg at Windermere, the person in Ireland whom, after Smith O'Brien, he most wished to know. He found him

'exceedingly pleasant and at the same time very odd. We talked a great deal about oratory, and it was quite amusing to see how enthusiastically fond of it he is and how intensely he admires it. He seems quite up in almost all English, Irish, and Latin orators, and as I knew them pretty well also we got on famously. He has also managed to hear most of the great preachers in the kingdom. He himself is more susceptible of atmospheric influences than, I think, anyone I know. He was perfectly wretched about the weather. He says in such weather he can't get up his spirits or preach or do anything well. He was full of odd pithy remarks, and so very free from cant, though a clergyman—such an intense admirer of man and of mind. Thus he was talking of some kinds of scenery which is seen best alone, and the reason he gave was "that mind is so far superior to matter that if your companion has any of it, the matter is liable to be lost in the mind."'

They agreed, too, about the wrongs of Ireland:

. . . 'Mr. G. seemed greatly to admire O'Connell's genius, appearance, and oratory, and to think that his agitation was not far at one time from succeeding. He also thinks that if there were but one religion in Ireland, no matter which it were, repeal would probably have passed. He believes, however, that it would probably eventuate in the dismemberment of the Empire, and that the R.C. party are not to be trusted.'

His love of travelling at that time was insatiable, and his

journeys had a considerable share in his development and often served a purpose he had in view. While writing his first prose book, 'The Religious Tendencies of the Age,' he says in a letter to Mr. K. Chetwode, dated from Trinity College Dublin, November 1859, that he had been travelling through Switzerland, the Italian lakes, Milan, Venice, Solferino, Padua, Verona, Trieste, the Caverns of Adelsberg, Vienna, Dresden, Prague, Cologne, Holland, and part of Belgium. He had been reading a very great quantity of French literature during the journey, studying pictures, improving his French, and practising English composition. 'I have seen several very interesting people of different nations,' he wrote, 'and have enjoyed myself very much. Not to speak of secular matters . . . I have been taking a good deal to French Roman Catholicism and to the Greek and Russian Churches with their dissenters.' Italy, where he had now been for the first time, appeared to him as 'the type of genius among the nations,'[1] and the pictures of Madonnas and saints must have inspired the comparison: 'Some people are mere aspiring intellects, like the pictures of cherubims by the old masters, heads and wings and nothing more.'[2]

'We had the Historical opening night last Wednesday,' he continues in the letter already quoted, 'and one of the grandest addresses I ever heard from Plunket. He delivered it, instead of reading it, and his delivery is, I think, finer than that of any speaker I know; I should be inclined to put him pretty much at the head of the living speakers of Ireland. Dudley, another of our Historical men, has got Mr. Maturin's curacy; I heard him preach last Sunday. A son of Fitzgibbon, the lawyer, is, I believe, to be the star this year. Napier has given a gold medal for composition, which has been gained by Gibson, whose essay he praised to the skies. Gibson is publishing it with his name

[1] *Commonplace Book*, 1859.

[2] *Ibid.* 'How curious it is,' he observes, 'that nearly all painters should have neglected the hand, almost the best index of the mind.'

and moderator distinctions. I am, as usual, going on with Divinity, writing, reading, and studying oratory. . . .'

'13 *Trinity College, Tuesday* [*February* 1860].—I returned from the North of Ireland about three or four weeks ago, and have since been reading almost incessantly (as I was in the North), for besides my Divinity examination, which is very formidable, I have been reading multitudes of books in some other departments which I had previously studied little or not at all. My Divinity examination is towards the end of March, but I do not mean to give up my rooms for some time after, as I have still much to read in the library.'

On March 29 he refuses an invitation from the same friend to stay at Woodbrook because

'I am just now perfectly overwhelmed with literature. I can only keep my rooms for a very limited time. I have more to read than I can well compress into that time, and do not think I can just at present leave college at all except perhaps for a few days in the co. Wicklow, where I can read, &c., incessantly. As you saw, I passed my exam. successfully—only nine candidates were in, and three were stopped. I made a speech the night before the exam., which was perhaps rather an audacious proceeding. I want you very much to go with me to Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. If you prefer any other countries, I shall be very happy to go to them (provided there are no long sea voyages). I was thinking of going in the early part of June, but can easily put it off if it suits you. . . . I know you will never go abroad by yourself, and for my part my enjoyment would be greatly enhanced if you were to go.'

'The Religious Tendencies of the Age' came out anonymously about this time.

'Since you say (much to my astonishment)' he wrote to Mr. K. Chetwode in June 1860, 'that you are curious about my book, I send it to you. It is an attempt to analyse and develop certain modes of thought pervading our present theological literature. Heaven only knows whether it will arrive at Woodbrook. To write a book requires some energy, but to pack it for the book post quite transcends my capacities. . . . I mean to go to Salt Hill next Wednesday

and to remain at all events till after the ensuing Wednesday, when the Historical closes.'

'The Religious Tendencies of the Age,' which has been long out of print, included chapters on Private Judgment, the Church of Rome, High Churchism, Latitudinarianism, Practical Christianity, and the Signs of the Times. The book already showed that remarkable detachment, that power of throwing himself into various modes of thought, which enabled him always to see the merits of each point of view. He describes with an equally sympathetic insight the place the Virgin Mary holds in the loftiest conceptions of the Roman Catholic worship and the ideal mission of the Protestant clergyman; and the object with which the book was written was to promote the spirit of charity and tolerance. It was in that respect a fit precursor of 'The History of Rationalism.'

'Do not imagine,' he says in the first chapter on Private Judgment, 'that you understand a religious system because you have mastered its history and can explain its doctrines. Your mind should be so imbued with its spirit that you can realise the feelings of those who believe in it; you should endeavour to throw yourself into their position, to ascertain what doctrines they chiefly dwell upon, what points fascinate the most, what present the greatest difficulty to their minds. You should try to divest yourself for a time of your previous notions and to assume the feelings of others. You should read, not merely their standard theological works, but also their ordinary devotional manuals; you should haunt the village chapel and the village procession and endeavour in every way to enter into the feelings of the worshipper.'

It was no wonder that some of his readers were puzzled. Writing afterwards to Mr. A. Booth from Rome he says:

'I had given him [Arbuthnot[1]] a copy of my book, which he has been showing to his friends, apparently to their

[1] The Rev. R. K. Arbuthnot, afterwards Vicar of St. James', Ratcliff, E.

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.

From a Photograph of a Group of Members of the Historical Society, Trinity College, Dublin, 1860.

great bewilderment and astonishment. He is very complimentary to my style, which he calls "a splendid mixture of Newman and Macaulay," but a good deal shocked with some of my views. One "very choice friend" is so immensely impressed with them that he is engaged in a refutation of my chapter on Romanism; while another at first thought I was a Jesuit; as he read on he became more puzzled, and at last determined I had no certain religious belief. The *Downshire Protestant* pronounced it "one of the most provoking books we have ever read," and remarked that it contained "able," "eloquent," "thoughtful," "instructive," "pithy," and "forcible" arguments against Infallibility and "much nonsense in favour of Popery."'

Edward Lecky was twenty-two when he published this book, and he left college soon after, having taken his B.A. degree the previous year. His future was unsettled, for he was then gradually coming to the conclusion that he was not suited to a clerical life; and as there was nothing to keep him in Ireland, he went to the Continent and led for some years a nomadic existence, returning at intervals. While writing the 'Religious Tendencies' he had been collecting materials for the 'Leaders of Public Opinion,' which he was writing when he started on his travels.

During the years that follow he kept up an assiduous correspondence with Mr. Arthur Booth; and as this is the chief material for that period of his life some extracts from the letters will be given, which will enable one to follow him both in his travels and in his intellectual progress. He began by going to France, seeing pictures and cathedrals, and then proceeded to Switzerland. His mind was still very full of the subject of theology, and in a letter dated August 10, from the top of the Rigi, he says:

'The evidences of Christianity are irresistible. . . . I believe that it is a man's duty to prove his creed . . . to seek for truth reverently, humbly, sincerely praying for the guidance of the enlightening Spirit and seeking

by good works the fulfilment of the promise, "He that doeth the will of My Father shall know the doctrine, whether it be of God." I believe that he who does so may commit himself fearlessly into the Almighty's hands, having done his part, and I believe that this is the belief generally held by Christian men.'

At Lucerne he found his college friend Mr. Snagge, who has described the meeting,[1] and they afterwards saw together the Oberammergau Passion play, which so impressed him by its beauty, solemnity, and the reverential spirit in which it was acted that eleven years afterwards, when it was given again, he returned there with his wife. The strong religious element in Bavaria and the Tyrol—the roads 'fringed with crucifixes and with so many saints with the conventional saint look'—was somewhat oppressive to him. 'It is almost a relief to get into a more secular country, and almost consoling to reflect that as I approach the Pope the religious element will probably wane still more.' He was all his life a great lover of art, especially of painting, and he now studied each painter in the various Italian towns where his pictures could be seen to most advantage. The relation of Italian art to the religious life of the people was afterwards treated by him in one of the chapters of the 'History of Rationalism.' He was also enthusiastic about good acting, and wrote from Florence, November 18, 1860:

'At Milan I came in for Ristori, who is now, I suppose, at Paris, and whom I admire most intensely. She is not, I think, at all pathetic; but for power, for passion, for transition from one feeling to another, and for representing the simultaneous working of opposite passions, I never saw anyone approaching her. I only saw her twice—not enough to drink in the full spirit of her powers—but she has been haunting me ever since. There is scarcely anything that I admire so much as a really great actor, scarcely anything I should so like to be.'

[1] In the *Academy and Literature*, October 31, 1903.

He was enchanted with Florence, and went on to Rome, stopping on the way a few days at Perugia, where he was struck with the number of churches and convents: 'Only think of the result of it all being that the people poured boiling water out of the windows on the Pope's soldiers.' Rome at that time had still all the picturesque features of ecclesiastical costume and ceremonial, which disappeared to a great extent with the temporal power, and which those who, like Lecky, revisited it subsequently could not help regretting.

He remained some time in Rome, making himself familiar with the various periods of art—chiefly early Christian and Renaissance—and reading and writing at the same time. 'I owe a good many of my ideas to Michelet,' he wrote. 'Quinet, whom Michelet puffs, is, I think, a humbug, and Guizot is very dull. Lamartine is sometimes beautiful (he draws characters better than perhaps any living writer), but egotistical and over-sentimental. Victor Hugo is, I think, the greatest poet and dramatist living.' 'At present my writing gets on very slowly, but still gets on.' He was not, however, very pleased with the result of his first book, for, in answer to a suggestion that he should follow a literary career, he replied from Rome, January 26, 1861, that there was a trifling obstacle to his adopting it, as he had not the faculty of getting any readers.

While he was in Rome news came of the fall of Gaeta. He writes from Naples, March 11, 1861:

'The Pope went to pay a visit to the ex-King to express his deep sorrow at the event. The people assembled in an immense crowd in the Corso (which they partially illuminated) to express their joy, and I prepared to go at once to the said fortress. I was there just a week, or a week and a day, after the surrender. Most of the houses have great holes about four feet square, made by the shells, and the whole of a bare

hill is literally ploughed up with them. It is scarcely possible to walk a second without coming on a piece of one, many having buried themselves deep in the ground, which they have torn up all round them. Others have shattered the rocks, others have made great ragged holes in the fortifications. Quantities of shells are still lying about unexploded. I was walking in a very lonely, out-of-the-way part of the fortress when I was startled by an explosion, and, looking round, saw a tall, thick column of smoke rising within a few yards of me. I found that a group of little boys had been suspiciously hammering at one of these shells, which had, of course, gone off. They came rushing away, screaming with terror and perfectly black with smoke, the faces of one or two badly burnt, those of one or two others bleeding, the clothes of one or two smoking and reduced to a black powder. I helped them to pull off said clothes, and they then ran as quickly as they could to the town.'

He watched with keen interest the struggle for freedom and unity in Italy, and his feelings are best described in a passage he wrote more than thirty years after :

'It was one of the most genuine of national movements, and very few who were young men when it took place, still fewer of those who, like the writer of these lines, then lived much in Italy, can have failed to catch the enthusiasm which it inspired. . . . The mingled associations of a glorious past and of a noble present, the genuine and disinterested enthusiasm that so visibly pervaded the great mass of the Italian people, the genius of Cavour, the romantic character and career of Garibaldi, and the inexpressible charm and loveliness of the land which was now rising into the dignity of nationhood, all contributed to make the Italian movement unlike any other of our time. It was the one moment of nineteenth-century history when politics assumed something of the character of poetry.' [1]

He returned to Ireland about May 1861, and stayed for some time with his relations at 5 Belgrave Square, Monks-

[1] 'The glamour has now faded,' he added, 'and looking back upon the past we can more calmly judge the dubious elements that mingled with it' (*Democracy and Liberty*, cabinet edition, i. pp. 490 *sqq.*).

town, where they were at that time living. He writes to Mr. (the late Judge) Addison: 'I had an admirable passage, was enchanted with the new boats, and so triumphantly well that I could even read a little Theodore Parker on board.' He was then much engrossed in Buckle, of which the second volume had just come out, and he says in a subsequent letter to the same correspondent:

'I wish you would read Buckle's "History of Civilisation"; it is, I think, one of the most interesting books and the *very* best history I have ever read. I have gone over nearly all of it several times, and each time with increasing admiration and amazement. I am convinced he will one day be regarded as one of the greatest men England has ever produced. The second volume is, I think, even better than the first. . . . For myself I was greatly flattered by finding that Mr. B. has adopted some rather uncommon views that I had myself independently worked out.'

Though he always retained his early admiration for Buckle, his opinions about Buckle's theories were greatly modified afterwards. He had at this time also been diligently reading the Fathers with that unbiassed mind which he brought to bear on all subjects, and he found them sometimes more curious than edifying.

To Mr. Arthur Booth he wrote that he 'was deep in Utilitarian philosophy, Jeremy Bentham, Helvetius, &c., with a parallel course of Irish biographies, Dr. Doyle, Lady Morgan, and Dermody, not to speak of innumerable works of a miscellaneous character.' He was also very busy correcting the proofs of the 'Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland,' which came out anonymously in July 1861. He writes on the 24th of that month: 'My book was published a few days ago. I do not know that I have much to say about it, except that I fear that I can't write biography in the least.'

When he republished this book in 1903 in a new form he said about this early production:

'Public opinion on Irish history at that time hardly existed. Scarcely anything of real value on the subject had recently appeared, and my own little book showed only too clearly the crudity and exaggeration of a writer in his twenty-third year. At all events, it fell absolutely dead. With the exception of Mr. O'Neill Daunt, who wrote a kindly review of it in a Cork newspaper and who was good enough to predict for its author some future in literature, I do not know that it impressed anyone.'

Someone else, however, appears to have been struck with it. Dr. Alexander (now Archbishop of Armagh) showed that clearness of judgment and insight which are among the great qualities that marked him out for the position he holds in Ireland. He writes that many years ago, when he spent a month or two at Bagnères, Lord Carnwath, who was living there, and whom he used to see constantly, one day put into his hands what he supposed to be Mr. Lecky's first book, the lives of some great Irishmen. 'I returned it afterwards to Lord C., and told him that my conviction was that Mr. Lecky was likely to become one of the greatest historians of the age.'

If the opinions expressed in it were in some respects immature, and the style more ornate than Lecky afterwards approved of, some parts were thought not unworthy of being retained in the later editions, which were to a great extent rewritten. To those who have read the 'Leaders,' whether in their earlier or later form, the tomb of Grattan in Westminster Abbey can scarcely fail to recall the striking final passage in the essay on that great orator.

CHAPTER II

1861–1867.

First visit to Spain—He decides not to take orders—Begins the 'History of Rationalism'—Naples—Monkstown—Italy—Bagnères—Chapters on the Declining Sense of the Miraculous—Pyrenees—Second visit to Spain—Reads in foreign libraries—Views about a profession—Lecture at Portarlington—Publication of the 'Rationalism'—Reviews—London Society—Visit to tenants—Venice—Spezzia—Meets Mr. Lever—Bagnères—Montreux—Dr. Newman—Begins the 'History of European Morals'—Literary methods.

After the publication of the 'Leaders' Lecky went abroad again, although, as he wrote to Mr. Addison before starting, he had 'arrived at that stage when the enthusiasm for travelling has passed, with its novelty, and when it requires some exertion to plunge into space.'

(To Mr. A. Booth.) '*Pau: September* 11, 1861.—I have been for the last four or five weeks wandering all over the Pyrenees with a volume of Spinoza and a treatise on Germany in my pocket, getting exceedingly enthusiastic about the scenery and exceedingly perplexed about the difference between Hegel and Schelling and about the nature of the Alexandrian Trinity.

'My book was in some respects difficult to write, for biography is not in my line, and the material for the life of Flood was so exceedingly scanty, and for the life of O'Connell so exceedingly bad, that it was far from easy to make anything out of them. I wanted to embody in the whole series some theories of mine about the relation of patriotism to sectarianism (which I have since found much better expressed in Mr. Buckle), and to make a collection of detached sentences from Grattan's speeches, which I admire greatly. Please don't let my book get known in T.C.D.'

His pleasure in travelling had reasserted itself, for he says: 'Next to reading, I am inclined to think travelling is nearly the pleasantest thing going.' He kept this taste all his life, though he disliked sea voyages and long journeys without interruption. He went to Spain, and wrote on October 9, 1861, from Madrid:

'I have been now for some time in Spain and am getting a good deal into the way of it. There is a great deal to be seen, more beautiful Gothic architecture, I think, than, and nearly as much beautiful sculpture as, in any country I know, an exceedingly quaint, curious people, and towns with very pretty walks about them, where the Spanish ladies peripateticise in the most killing manner, with their graceful mantillas and their never-ceasing fans. It is also refreshing in this age of scepticism and Mr. Buckle to see a people with such uncommonly good theological digestions. The number of miraculous images is quite bewildering. One crucifix at Burgos (carved, it appears, by Nicodemus) is said to have, among other feats, raised ten men from the dead, and its beard, which is of real hair, used once regularly to grow and to be cut.'

At the same time, in no other country had he 'seen priests, nuns, and inquisitors habitually ridiculed on the stage. They are usually represented as hypocrites, as misers, or as making love to one another.'

'The devotion of the Court is said to be the great strength of Catholicism in Spain. A large section of the Press is ultra-liberal. There are an immense number of enthusiastic admirers of Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel, and numbers who oppose the temporal power of the Pope and reiterate the old charge that the tone of his allocutions is not quite apostolical. Individually I think they are quite wrong; (you remember the first Papal allocution on record—"Then began Peter to curse and to swear")—but still the existence of the feeling in Spain is a striking sign of the times. The acting in Spain is, I think, better, as a general rule, than in any country in which I have been. The most popular things are comic operas, about the most amusing and best got up

I have ever seen. Amusement, in fact, bears, I should think, a larger proportion to business in Spain than in any other European country.'

He remained in Spain nine weeks, and was delighted with the people and towns, but found that one has to endure every possible discomfort: 'Diligence journeys of frightful length and sometimes along roads much like ploughed fields; the impossibility of sleeping as a general rule all night; the impossibility of getting many things which are almost necessary to civilised existence, an amount of staring that is utterly annihilating, and very great language difficulties.'

During the travelling in Spain he used sometimes not to speak to anyone for days, but solitude never made him feel lonely or depressed; indeed, he had loved it from boyhood, and acquired so much the habit of it that it remained for him a necessity through life to spend several hours of the day alone; and he never could do any real work unless he was absolutely undisturbed. He returned to Italy, where he found the diligence-travelling in midwinter also somewhat trying. Writing from Florence, January 1862, he says:

'Since I wrote I remained for about a month at Nice, where it was midsummer, and thence went to Bologna, where the snow was several inches deep.

'On the whole, I must confess it is not pleasant starting at 4 A.M. in deep snow in a cold diligence for an eighteen hours' journey across the dreariest mountain passes (in the Apennines) and through a brigand country. It almost makes one for a short time incline to the absurd heresy that it would be better to stop at home. I confess to getting sometimes so tired by the diligence that the brigands would be rather a relief than otherwise, and I cannot say that I get as frightened about them as do wise and sober-minded people. In Spain, where everybody goes armed, I got a pair of pistols, but feeling quite certain that I should blow myself up I have never invested in any gunpowder.'

His enthusiasm about Buckle had somewhat toned down. 'Buckle is, I think, a very wonderful man, but has taken, of course, only one aspect of things, and has borrowed immensely from Montesquieu.'

He had now definitely decided not to go into the Church, and did not see his way to any other profession.

'*Florence: January* 31, 1862.—I don't go into the Army because I would just as soon commit suicide at once, and I have a brother in it. The only other thing that I know of is the Bar, but I hate law. As I have no application and no legal interest, I should probably remain ten years without getting one brief. I should then hate the duty of doing people's quarrels for them, and the very highest position for a lawyer — Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench—would, I should think, be intolerable. Being, as you say, mad, the only two things I should the least care for are a seat in Parliament or a position as an author. The first I have not the smallest chance of ever getting, not having a particle of interest, not being at all rich, and not agreeing with a dozen people in the community. As a writer I have failed so egregiously, hopelessly, and utterly that I have lost almost every particle of hope and confidence I ever possessed. . . . An idle life is all very well for people of the dining-out class, but I have no patience for that kind of life—and, besides, such people are denounced in Scripture as putting their talents in a napkin—or for those who have (or can buy) great country places and take to farming—though these, again, I have always maintained to be represented by Nebuchadnezzar becoming a beast and eating grass.'

His thoughts, however, soon cleared; new vistas opened before him of unexplored historical investigation, and he began the 'History of Rationalism.'

'It is quite impossible,' he wrote from Naples, March 16, 1862, 'to study theology to any good purpose if you do not at the same time study history. Religious opinions grow out of different states of society, reflect their civilisation, are altogether moulded and coloured by their modes of thought.

You will perhaps think it a curious thing to say, but I am convinced that scarcely anything throws so much light on theology as a subject which, though I think one of the most curious in the whole scope of literature, is amongst the least attended to—the history of witchcraft.'

He had received some encouragement in the shape of an appreciative review of his 'Leaders.'

'I got the other day a long and extremely flattering review of my "Leaders of Public Opinion" in the *Cork Examiner* (I believe Macguire's paper) from the Young Ireland and Roman Catholic point of view. The reviewer says: "The author conceals his name, but we are inclined to think from internal evidence that he is connected with T.C.D. Perhaps he is one of that patriotic band who in 1860 introduced the question of the Union into the Historical Debating Society."'

He remained some five or six weeks at Naples, and, in spite of his feeling ill part of the time, it was to him a perfect Paradise. 'An absolute monomania, an infatuation perfectly childish and insane,' as he afterwards wrote. He remembered being just able to hobble to the Villa Reale, and there most deliberately coming to the conclusion that it was better to be ill at Naples than to be well anywhere else. 'I have often thought that death would lose half its bitterness on the cliff of Sorrento with that glorious sea below.' He spent Easter in Rome, and returned to Monkstown, Ireland, where he passed the summer with his relations, and had a few copies printed of 'Angelina,' which he afterwards published in his poems as 'A Tale of Modern Italy.' In the autumn of that year Lord and Lady Carnwath settled with their family at Bagnères de Bigorre, where Edward Lecky became henceforth a frequent visitor.

He had been writing a treatise on 'The declining sense of the Miraculous,' which was first printed separately and afterwards formed the first two chapters of the 'History of

Rationalism.' He went in the autumn to the Lake of Como, travelling through all the glorious scenery of the Via Mala and the Splügen, which he saw for the first time.

'*Nice: November* 1, 1862.—I have been for a long time at Genoa in a state of the most supreme felicity, reading and writing most of the day and walking half the night by moonlight through the streets of marble palaces, or going to see Ristori, who has been committing nightly murders there with a ferocity that is truly diabolical. After all, it is an open question whether one should go to Italy, for it completely spoils one for all the rest of the world.

'I am hard at work, and have been for a long time, on an enormous book which, as it seems to me, will ultimately comprise almost every conceivable subject. It is on the laws of the rise and fall of speculative opinions. . . . This subject I am examining historically and at length. . . . The chapters I read you at Monkstown form part of it. I have written a great deal more since. Heaven only knows how much I have still to write. Although I have long been reading incessantly with a view to it, I am, as you will easily imagine, still rather appalled at the amount of knowledge required, and the many vistas that open as I proceed seem endless.'

He spent the winter with his family at Bagnères de Bigorre, with the exception of a few weeks at Pau, whence he writes (January 10, 1863):

'I have been gathering together a large and rare library of old Latin and French books on witchcraft, written by the Inquisitors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Having been completely buried in the subject and (as one usually is when exploring quite unknown and out-of-the-way departments of literature) supremely happy in the research, having duly devoured some eighteen or twenty books on the subject, I came here to take a course of a volume a day reading for a few weeks in the circulating library. I am waiting with great impatience for a treatise on the Devil by Psellus (a Byzantine author of the eleventh century), having got which, I mean to go to a little village in the mountains till I have mastered it and a medical treatise by Cabanis which I have taken to.'

'Those who try to do their duty find in the effort its own reward; it dispels every fear, it dispenses with every hope. All cannot be great teachers or great philanthropists, but all, if they would honestly and with self-sacrifice labour to do so, could do something in the two great fields of duty in alleviating sorrow or in correcting error. Few, very few, do so from a mere sense of duty, and therefore these fields are generally abandoned to those who make them a profession—a mere means of money-making; but those who are the exceptions never regret their career.'

He remained a long time at Paris, having discovered that anyone who likes may read in the great library in the Rue Richelieu, and he made up some of the out-of-the-way art questions he was writing about, and also went three times to hear Père Félix, who was then said to be the greatest preacher in the world, 'an extremely eloquent man, perfect rhetoric flowing with unbroken rapidity from the beginning to the end, very sarcastic, admirable action,' but the substance was not equal to the form.

He went to Ireland in April, took his M.A. degree, printed the 'Declining Sense of the Miraculous,' and returned to Paris, where he read much in the Bibliothèque Impériale, and got, as he always did, 'enthusiastic about the charms of France.' He next writes from Bagnères de Luchon (August 19, 1863):

'The Pyrenees have been, till within a day or two, so hot that it is scarcely possible to exist with one's clothes on; and the garrulity of French ladies, the ceaseless cracking of whips, barking of dogs, and other atrocious sounds make me perfectly miserable, especially as I am trying vainly to understand the theology of the Gnostics and the philosophy of Scotus Erigena.'

Bagnères de Bigorre, where he spent the autumn with his relations, had become a favourite resort of his. It had the advantage of an almost perfect climate at that time of year, and of a very good public library, the deputy of the

town, who was a great antiquarian, having given his books to it. As scarcely anyone frequented this library, Lecky found it very agreeable, and followed up a good many lines of obscure reading, and he also wrote a good deal.

Many years afterwards—in 1885—he gave Mr. Booth, in a letter, some reminiscences of the Pyrenees in those days:

'I know them [the Pyrenees] extremely well, as my mother lived for several years at Bagnères de Bigorre, where soon after leaving college I had to go for part of every year. The railway, however, had then only got to Bagnères. Argelès was then a very pretty but very dull little village, with a curious and beautifully situated church dedicated to St. Savin, who loved God so much that when he put a candle to his breast it took fire, as is shown by a picture there. There is also a very curious church, Templar, castellated, and half a fortress, with a separate entrance and bénitier for the *cagots* (or accursed race) at Luz not far off. All that country is lovely, and the roads from St. Sauveur to Gavarnie, and in another direction to Bagnères de Luchon, are, I think, about as beautiful as anything I have ever seen. The road from Luz to Cauterets is also charming. I knew Lourdes before the apparition, when it was one of the most neglected places in the Pyrenees, and also in the years after the apparition, when it had little more than a local reputation. It used to be said that the poor people when they were ill went to the miraculous water of Lourdes, but the priests to the mineral waters at Bagnères; and it was so little known that when I met Dean Stanley in the Pyrenees I was the first person who told him of its existence. Afterwards the Legitimists took it up, and it soon attained its present popularity.'

Lecky's next move was another journey to Spain.

Madrid: December 6.—'To go from France to Spain is travelling not merely through space, but also through time into another age of civilisation. . . . I have been indulging in an immense amount of literary vagabondage, and find the public libraries very curious. The librarians look upon me as an inexplicable phenomenon, and their eyes grow perfectly circular at the names of the

books I ask for; but they are very obliging, and I have mastered an immense number of curious old Latin books by Spanish and other theologians I had never heard of before.'

After visiting Granada, Malaga, Cadiz, Seville, Toledo, and Madrid, he went to Barcelona, which he thought at that time the only really pleasant town in Spain, and one of the pleasantest in the world. There he

'stopped for a long time reading in a truly glorious public library (formed from those of suppressed monasteries) the original works on the Inquisition, &c., &c. The promenades were all full of beautiful (oh! such beautiful) people till ten o'clock at night; fires were undreamed of; all the colouring was of midsummer. I left it just before Christmas—spent three weeks at the libraries of Montpellier, Avignon, and Toulon.'

He proceeded *via* the Corniche to Florence and Rome, and writes from Sorrento:

'Nothing particular was going on in Rome except assassinations—except, indeed, that Dupanloup of Orleans was preaching every day to an enormous congregation in the "Gesù." He preaches like a charge of cavalry, very fiery, but sometimes very touchingly, and in an odd familiar, discursive (John Greggish) style.'

He returned to Rome at the end of April and 'archæologised' a good deal, enjoying the absence of tourists, who had now mostly fled. Part of the summer was spent in Switzerland, and on the way to Bagnères he wrote from Nîmes, August 14, 1864:

'To say the truth, I have been absorbing oceans of political economy, and have got so dreadfully shocked and frightened by all its denunciations of "unproductive consumers" and "luxury" and all the rest of it that I feel perfectly disreputable whenever I meet anyone I know who is in a profession, and shrink with perfect horror from all who regard me as an idler. . . . So I mean to publish a long book with my name. Adam Smith, indeed, considers authors in the unproductive classes, but J. B. Say and

most modern economists say they are "immaterial producers," so I suppose when known to belong to that class I shall be able without too much shame and trepidation to encounter the legal ex-historicals of the Four Courts.'

He feels that, having now a large library, he must eventually settle down in London;

'that is to say, if I could get a patent of respectability as an "immaterial producer." I suppose, on the whole, I have wandered a long way from Bagnères to Cadiz, from Cadiz to Naples, and from Naples back through Switzerland to Bagnères, but somehow or another I have scarcely the sense of motion, burying myself so quickly in libraries, and then a night in a locomotive armchair takes one so very far. . . . The French are at present discussing with terrific energy the question whether they are mind or matter, and (under the guidance of Renan, Littré, and Taine) are coming very rapidly to the conclusion that they are the latter.'

On a recent bereavement his correspondent had suffered he writes at this time:

Cauterets: September 8, 1864.—'After all, that hope of immortality which alone can light up the darkness of the grave is not the peculiar offspring of any creed, or even the result of any particular argument, but is rather an instinct implanted in our nature, and has been the sure hope and consolation of the best and wisest men of all ages and religions.'

And in the same letter he refers again to the non-producer theory: 'I suspect there is a good deal of delusion about going into professions on philanthropic grounds. It commonly means merely that a rich man, through his exceeding love of his species, appropriates a professional income which would otherwise belong to a poorer man.' He was now preparing to go to London with the manuscript of the 'Rationalism.'

'I look upon my stay there with positive consternation, for I want to try and get a decent publisher to take

possession of my scribblings, and I have the vaguest notions how to set about it or how long I shall be delayed. When I succeed I shall go to Salt Hill and correct proof-sheets. . . . I am at present putting the final touches to my book at a tiny little town, 3,200 feet above the sea, and surrounded by the most glorious mountains, seven or eight thousand feet high.'

He succeeded in finding a publisher, Messrs. Longmans, with whom from that moment his relations were always very amicable. He spent part of the winter at Kingstown, correcting the proof-sheets of the 'History of Rationalism' 'having sometimes fifteen or sixteen at once, which, as each proof consists of sixteen pages, and as correction implies reading it over three or four times and verifying many quotations, is no joke.'

In January 1865 he was asked to give a lecture on 'Early Christian Art' at Portarlington to an audience of young ladies, which greatly alarmed him, as he did not know how that 'dangerous class' should be addressed, as he had not spoken since the Historical, and as he was aware that his audience knew nothing whatever on the subject.

Kingstown : February 1, 1865.—'My lecture duly went off on Saturday. I was excessively frightened at the prospect, and went specially to the Four Courts to consult Plunket as to how one ought to address young ladies, but he could only tell me to trust to instinct ; besides, not having spoken once for three years, I questioned whether my power remained. We had a very large audience. The sublimity of J.P.'s flanked the desk, and ferocious Catholics and ferocious Protestants, like the wolves and lambs in the Millennium, were harmonised on the benches. I found at the beginning that a quiet conversational tone was quite out of my power, so I went off in the high-pressure "Historical" style, and went on for about fifty-five minutes. The *Leinster Express* reporters despairingly said it was impossible to keep pace with my delivery, so I had, to my disgust, to write a digest. I found next day a short notice in the *Irish Times* complimenting

me on the "language of exquisite simplicity" with which I clothed my ideas, giving very elaborately all my Christian names and only omitting my surname. Alas! such is fame. I need scarcely say I did not write to correct the mistake.'

The 'History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe' was published in January 1865, and in sending a copy to his uncle, Mr. Godfrey Tallents, he wrote:

'Its opinions, I fear, are not your opinions, and its subjects would scarcely interest you. Yet such is human, or at least author, nature that I could not help wishing that what represented a large measure of my thoughts and feelings should find some place at Newark. I have been leading for some time past such a half vagabond, half book-worm existence, diving into half the libraries of Europe and breaking unhappy porters' backs with boxes of books, and have at the same time been so much alone, that writing became almost a necessary vent; but this is the first time that I ventured to do it in my own name. For the last three months I have been in an hotel in Ireland, mainly occupied with proof-sheets; to-morrow I hope to cross to France and in a few days to be at Nice, there to remain all February and a little of March.'

In passing through London he saw Mr. Longman, who, he writes to Mr. Booth,

'was pleased to be very encouraging, saying he had shown it to several people, who appear all to have been a good deal struck with it. Two, it seems, have been particularly emphatic in their eulogies—Mr. Reeve, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Froude, who instantly wanted to put me down as a contributor to *Fraser*, which I don't at present mean to become.'

In February 1865 Mr. Thomas Longman wrote to him:

'It will be gratifying to you to know that there is but one opinion amongst the highest class of reading and thinking men on the distinguished merits of your book. I shall enclose you a letter I have received from the Dean of St. Paul's, and I think you will be pleased to read it. This, however, is only one of the many opinions that have come

before me, all being in the highest terms of commendation, and I have reason to know that the book has become a subject of conversation in a large circle of the most distinguished literary men in London, many of whom have expressed their desire to make your personal acquaintance.'

Dean Milman said in his letter :

'I have read Mr. Lecky's book with great pleasure and admiration. On its literary merits I think that I can speak without any bias, and on its literary merits I should pass a very favourable judgment. The range of reading is most extensive. He has evidently profited largely by foreign libraries. In this respect he approaches, if he does not equal, Buckle ; but as to his mind Buckle, after all, was a bit of a bigot. Mr. Lecky has much larger views and a far more dispassionate judgment. Buckle hated intolerance so much as to be blind, or nearly blind, to religion. Mr. Lecky pays all respect and gives due honour to religion, even as to its worldly influence. In some respects, on the other hand, my judgment may be somewhat warped. The book so completely reflects my own opinions—opinions which for many years I have been endeavouring to express at much disadvantage. It is the book which was wanted, especially wanted at the present time—one which if I had been younger I might have attempted to write, but which I rejoice to find has fallen into such able hands and has been taken up by a man fully qualified to do justice to it.'

Dean Milman expressed a wish to make his acquaintance, and offered to send some corrections for the next edition.

'The said book has been a very decided success,' Lecky wrote from Nice, St. Patrick's Day, 1865. 'The only printed review I have seen is an exceedingly stupidly written one in the —— ——. Two copies have come to me, so I send you one, which may possibly amuse you ; but Longman tells me that Mr. Reeve has written a review of me for next month's *Edinburgh*. It is very egotistical of me telling you all this, but you are the only person in the world who ever foretold that I might be anything but a dead failure in the literary world, so I thought it might interest you.'

Bagnères de Bigorre : April 8.—'The *Spectator* is mainly occupied with assailing my method, but is extremely eulogistic, and ends by recommending my book very warmly as likely to be especially invaluable to the clergy. An ex-Quaker gentleman in Dublin has also written to let off his very great enthusiasm, but he says the early Quakers were not worthy of Bedlam. Dr. Shaw had only got to the end of my witches when he found it necessary to write and say I was an honour to the University, and that he wanted to review me. The Dean of Emly [1] has . . . been writing to my stepfather to say he found my book discussed energetically at Oxford when there preaching, but that it was evidently one "no orthodox man could approve of." Happily my orthodoxy is quite safe under the broad brim of Dr. Milman's shovel hat, but I am so, so sick of writing. Were I only in the way of speaking, few things would give me greater pleasure than to throw pen, ink, and paper into the fire (not the ink, by the bye, for that might put it out)—dreary, frigid occupation.'

Bagnères de Bigorre : June 1, 1865.—'Longman told me about a week ago that only thirty-seven copies remained, and is rather in a hurry for the next edition, but says the elections will suspend the sale of books. Longman threatens me with dinners (that inevitable consequence of succeeding in anything in England), and I think I shall stop in London ten days or a fortnight. It is very hot here and I have been very idle, scarcely writing a line. I have read, however, a respectable amount, and very carefully revised my book for the second edition, correcting two or three inaccuracies in fact and two or three dozen inaccuracies in composition, and adding a few lines.'

He left his relations, and, having accepted a dinner

[1] Now Archbishop of Armagh. His judgment on the 'Rationalism' has been modified since, as the poem he wrote on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue at Trinity College, Dublin, shows:

. . . . . .
Champion of Reason, 'twas high joy for him
To watch its early dawning not in vain
First whitening on thought's window long time dim,
Till all the morning flash'd from every pane.
Truth was more to him than a world beside—
That one foundation did all else sustain.
. . . . . .

The poem appeared in the *Times* of May 11, 1906.

invitation in London, hurried through Paris, and was in London early in June.

'I can only free myself from the imputation of temporary insanity,' he wrote on July 13, 1865, 'by observing that it was a literary dinner (at Longman's) and that my particular magnet was Froude. Froude is much younger-looking than I expected. He does not look more than forty, though he is, I fancy, six or seven years older. He is very agreeable, talks pictorially, something in the style of Wills,[1] and is particularly amusing. I have seen a good deal of him, for besides Longman's, he dined this evening at the "Literary Club," to which I was invited (Walpole, M.P., Lord Kingsdown, the great lawyer, Reeve, and Newton, of the British Museum, were there), and as Froude sat next to me, and dinner lasted more than two and a half hours, we talked to no end.'

An entry in Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's diary may find a place here:

June 16, 1865.—'Dined with Lord Houghton, a large party given to introduce Lecky, whose "History of Rationalism" is exciting great attention. There were present Grote, Sir Edmund Head, Sir Henry Holland, Murchison, Arthur Russell, Venables, and Higgins, better known as Jacob Omnium, &c.'

He was now launched into society and formed many friendships which time only strengthened. It is not too much to say that the 'Rationalism' made its mark on the Continent as well as in England. It was, as Dean Milman said, the book that was wanted, systematising the currents of thought that pervaded the intellectual atmosphere. Among the many letters received after Lecky's death there was one that specially alludes to this period:

'The young people of this generation,' writes Lady Stanhope, 'owe him a special debt of gratitude for his "History of Rationalism." I can well remember how it

[1] The Rev. Freeman Wills, a distinguished speaker at the Historical Society.

focussed and classified the feelings which were everywhere in the air, and which in this work found their reason and their record. In these days of wide toleration the struggle caused by breaking down the trammels of prejudice and of narrow views is apt to be overlooked, and Mr. Lecky was emphatically the leader in many a righteous assault, and nobly to the end did he carry the torch of truth and of a just judgment.'

The title at first was somewhat of a deterrent to those who associated it with German biblical criticism, and men like Dean Milman and Sir Charles Lyell deplored that it should give rise to misapprehension, although Dean Milman confessed that it would have been difficult to find a better one. Those who read it soon found that, far from there being any want of reverence for religion in Lecky's book, he showed how the spirit of progress going hand in hand with tolerance gradually eliminated the elements that were unworthy of true religion, often converting them into poetry, to quote his own words:

'The religion of one age is often the poetry of the next. . . . The gods of heathenism were thus translated from the sphere of religion to the sphere of poetry. The grotesque legends and the harsh doctrines of a superstitious faith are so explained away that they appear graceful myths foreshadowing and illustrating the conceptions of a brighter day. For a time they flicker upon the horizon with a softly beautiful light that enchants the poet and lends a charm to the new system with which they are made to blend, but at last this too fades away. Religious ideas die like the sun; their last rays, possessing little heat, are expended in creating beauty.'[1]

Twenty years after the publication of the 'Rationalism' M. Albert Réville, the greatest French authority on the history of religions, said in a review of the book:

'Le rationalisme dont M. Lecky raconte la formation et les victoires continues n'a rien de commun avec le nihilisme

[1] *History of Rationalism*, cabinet edition, vol. i. pp. 260, 261.

belliqueux et iconoclaste que l'on prend trop souvent aujourd'hui pour du libéralisme. Ce rationalisme est religieux et tout disposé à s'incliner devant les croyances religieuses dans la mesure où elles favorisent la moralité publique et privée, l'essor de l'esprit et le progrès humain. . . . "L'Histoire du Rationalisme" de M. Lecky restera comme l'un des documents les plus instructifs de l'évolution religieuse et politique du monde moderne. . . .'

The book has now stood the test of more than forty years, and its vitality has not been impaired. 'Its influence upon human thought,' writes Mr. Andrew White, 'has been not only powerful but in a high degree salutary.' The different way in which it is viewed at present by the same people who denounced it on its first appearance is a remarkable illustration of Lecky's own arguments.

After some weeks of lionising he went to Ireland.

(To Mr. Booth.) *Salt Hill, Monkstown: September* 9.—'My literary news is scanty: 221 copies of my book (second edition) issued from Longman's the first day. I have been a little knocked up, have been specially ordered not to read or think (those operations being, Stokes [1] tells me, outrages upon the laws of nature), and desiring to be perfectly unintellectual I went to visit my friends, and have been for about three weeks wandering to and fro. I went, among other things, to visit (I am ashamed to say for the first time) some of my tenants, at the prospect of which I was considerably alarmed, for when one hardly knows the difference between a potato and a turnip it is not easy to be very imposing in conversation with farmers. However, I think that I acquitted myself satisfactorily, lamented the appearance of the potatoes, eulogised cows, did the cattle disease, and abused the Government for not stopping their importation (which they had not yet done).'

Soon afterwards he went abroad again, to Holland and Germany, in some parts where he had not been before, and he returned to Dresden, attracted as he always was by the

[1] A great Dublin physician. The Irish tradition is that in his day no one died in Dublin.

unique picture-gallery and the Madonna di San Sisto, which he had described after his first visit to Dresden with all the enthusiasm of a lover of art in the 'Religious Tendencies of the Age.' He went to Vienna, whence he writes:

'A curious article that of the *Westminster* to be written by an Anglican clergyman,[1] was it not? The *British Quarterly* has opened rather heavy artillery upon me, but has not done me much harm. Another quarterly, the *Journal of Sacred Literature*, has also reviewed me at great length. The *Dublin Review* and the *Anthropological* (a review set up, I believe, by some scientific gentlemen who say they are monkeys) I have not seen, and I find Fitzjames Stephen has just perpetrated an article upon me which he has long been threatening in *Fraser*. An American author (a Mr. Hillard), who says I have made an epoch in his life, has been writing to me, and tells me that a New York publisher is going to reprint me.'

The book was evidently making a stir in America. Mr. Ticknor (the historian of Spanish literature) wrote from Boston an enthusiastic letter expressing 'the pleasure and benefit' he had received from the book, and saying it was much read and by the most thoughtful people; that there were several copies in all the public libraries; that its circulation was fast increasing; and that, though in the rest of the country, where the old ideas were more tenacious, it might be less broadly accepted, it would do its work more or less wherever it went. Mr. Lea,[2] the historian of the Inquisition, in sending him a volume of essays, wrote from Philadelphia, U.S.A.:

'Your book is one which I think can scarcely fail to exercise influence on the direction and progress of thought, and I trust that you will follow it with others which may aid in the development of a school in which history may be

[1] 'Presbyter Anglicanus.'

[2] Mr. Lea first wrote to him on this occasion, and continued to correspond with him every now and then through subsequent years, but he and Lecky never met.

taught as it should be. We have had enough annalists to chronicle political intrigues and military achievements; but that which constitutes the inner life of a people, and from which are to be drawn the lessons of the past that will guide us in the future, has hitherto been too much neglected. Your richly stored pages show how much there is to be learned when apparently insignificant facts are brought together from the most varied sources and made to reflect light upon each other.'

He subsequently went to Venice and spent three weeks at Spezzia, where he met Mr. Lever. A letter written about this time to Mr. Booth completely disposes of the legend that as an undergraduate he did the honours of Trinity College to Charles Lever:

Pisa: January 2, 1866.—'Spezzia I was enchanted with. It is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen, with innumerable walks and perfectly quiet, and the climate better than Nice. It was very empty, and I made the acquaintance there of, I think, one of the pleasantest people I have ever met —Charles Lever, alias Cornelius O'Dowd, who is Vice-Consul there and stopping in the hotel. He is so amiable, so modest about his writings, and at the same time one of the most charming talkers one could possibly imagine, all sparkling with wit, brimful of the most ludicrous stories, which he tells to perfection, and pours out with a rapidity that is perfectly bewildering He has been for the last forty years nearly always abroad, but still the torrent of his Irish recollections and imaginings is inexhaustible He lives at Florence, where he is now, and where I hope soon to see him. He and his daughters are most marvellous swimmers He says he and they once swam together *en grande famille* to a little town in the Gulf of Spezzia, two and a half hours' swim off. He was once wrecked with one of his daughters and a terrier dog five miles out at sea, but they managed, without any difficulty, to get safely to the nearest ship and to carry their dog with them. Another literary person I saw a little, though not much of, was Mrs. Somerville, authoress of a number of scientific books. She is, Mr. Lever says, eighty-six, and having just completed correcting the proof-sheets of a book, the thought seems to have struck

her that she might possibly some day die, so she resolved to make her will, which Mr. Lever and I had to witness. And I sincerely hope we did it right, which, considering that all three parties were literary, would be remarkable. The Miss Somervilles complain that they were once all left without money, because their mother and Mr. Lever had both to sign some cheques, and having begun to talk of something else they both forgot it, and sent the cheque, unsigned, to England; and that on another occasion Mr. Lever duly witnessed a signature which Mrs. Somerville had never written. By dint of a long mountain walk every day I got quite strong again at Spezzia. Pray stop at Rome until the end of the month. You have nothing whatever to prevent it. I hope to be there on the 21st or 22nd. It is really a dreadful nuisance about the brigands *en route* and the assassins in Rome. Next year I suspect no one will be there. I want to read and write a little more here and, I think, at the Baths of Lucca, and to spend a few days at Florence (my address the *poste restante* there), and have not quite made up my mind how I shall go down to Rome, by land or sea.'

'My book got into the third edition,' he wrote from Rome on April 22. 'The *Times*, as perhaps you saw, is of opinion that one of my principal objects was to advocate woman's suffrage. I am at heart somewhat miserable, partly through literary pains and sorrows, of which you know nothing, partly because my whole life is darkened by the dreary consciousness that I shall never, never succeed in getting lodgings in London out of the noise, and tolerably comfortable, and the awful prospect of the attempt I shall have to make is, at present, my habitual nightmare.'

He wrote to his stepmother that he had one unfortunate monomania which put him in great difficulties: 'I must get entirely and completely out of the noise of carriages, for I am perfectly unable to write except in absolute silence. I rather want to be in London for the sake of many people I care to know, and not very far from the B. Museum on account of the library. But if I cannot escape the noise I must go elsewhere.'

He did not, however, intend to carry out this plan till the autumn. He stayed on in Rome, where he had many friends, and where he was interested to meet, among others, Mr. William Palmer, one of the early converts to Catholicism of the time of Newman, and one of the most learned men of the group. He afterwards went to Bagnères.

Montreux : August 10.—'I have been going through a six weeks' course of relations in the Pyrenees, and finally, wanting much to get out of noises &c., came to Switzerland and have been moving from hotel to hotel along the Lake of Geneva. At Vevey, where I was staying until driven away by a band, was no less a person than Dr. Newman. . . . Had I been more brazen I would have ventured to introduce myself, as I happen to know that he knows me in my disembodied state,[1] but I had not courage. However, he did not look engaging, speaking to no one, rarely smiling, and on the whole looking very melancholy—a striking face, though, with a very large nose (bending about a good deal in different directions to economise space), very gentlemanly, . . . and a general look, till you observed closely, of an English clergyman. He was travelling with ——, whom, if I remember rightly, he puffs immensely in the "Apologia," who had a general look of being his keeper, beckoning him with his eyes when to leave the room, and who at tea kept his hat on and read a book, leaving poor Dr. N. very sadly gazing at the bottom of his teacup. They were only there, I am happy to say, two or three days, for I own it tantalised me exceedingly, there being no one (scarcely anyone, indeed) I should so much have liked to know. However, I thought of an Irish saint in "Colgans Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ," who whenever (poor lady) she was in love used to put her feet in the fire in order that one fire might drive out another; and so, following her example, I got Buckle from the circulating library and always brought him down to tea. I have got so many books with me (nearly all since I left Rome) that I can scarcely move about.'

Lecky was not long before he began another book on a

[1] Lecky had been told that Dr. Newman had been struck with the *History of Rationalism.*

subject to which the 'Rationalism' had led up, the 'History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne.'

The following letter, written from Interlaken at this time (August 28, 1866), throws some light on his methods of work:

'A book requires endless patience, for I at least rarely finish a chapter without finding it necessary to recast it thoroughly. There are also innumerable little difficulties of style, arrangement, and research, which no one but an author can know, and there falls upon one not infrequently an utter brain weariness, a despondency which is very painful. But by long patience something really comes at the end. As far as my own experience goes, the chief motive of writing seems to be that one has thought much, has crowds of arguments, tendencies, speculations, &c., floating, often half formed, through the mind, which it at last becomes almost necessary to rescue from a subjective to an objective state. To develop one's being to its full capacity is, perhaps, on the whole, the least vain thing in this vain world.'

And in a letter written some time after he says: 'Good writing is a very much harder thing than people who have never tried it imagine, and, as far as my experience goes, it is only attained by incessant cobbling, by retrenching, condensing, and recasting again and again what one has written.'

There is a passage in the 'Religious Tendencies' which shows that from early times he had a high ideal of literary workmanship. Speaking of the passion of ambition in its loftiest sense and of its various outlets, he says:

'Inspired by this passion, the orator or the writer abandons the lucrative paths of mediocrity to develop, amidst the discouragement of friends and the sneers of hostile critics, his peculiar talent, dedicating all his time and sacrificing all his pleasures to the attainment of this object, moulding and clarifying his sentences till he has made them nervous, flexible, and melodious, capable of conveying the most

delicate modulations of his thoughts—a faithful mirror of his mind.'

Being once asked a question on the subject, he wrote:

'I have always cared much for style, and have endeavoured to improve my own by reading a great deal of the best English and French prose. In writing, as in music, much of the perfection of style is a question of ear; but much also depends on the ideal the writer sets before himself. He ought, I think, to aim at the greatest possible simplicity and accuracy of expression, at vividness and force, at condensation. The last two heads will usually be found to blend; for condensation, when it is not attained at the sacrifice of clearness, is the great secret of force. I should say, from my own experience, that most improvements of style are of the nature either of condensation or of increased accuracy and delicacy of distinction.'

He objected to the dryasdust method of some historians, who on principle exclude the picturesque from historic writing, but he still more objected to the tendency to be picturesque at the expense of truth. In a copy of an early edition of the 'Rationalism' in his library the following lines were written by him on the title page:

'Spirit of truth! still further urge thy sway,
Still further brighten our imperfect day;
From every other shackle set us free,
From every bond that is not knit by thee.'—Madan.

CHAPTER III

1867-1870.

Settles in London—Lord Russell—Elected to Athenæum Club—Mr. Gladstone—Reform Bill of 1867—Bagnères—Lord Carnwath's death—Lecture at the Royal Institution—Irish Church disestablishment—Publication of the 'History of European Morals'—Reviews—Irish Church Bill—Grand Jury in Queen's County—Third visit to Spain—Lord Morris—Rome—Œcumenical Council—San Remo—Irish Land Bill.

In the beginning of October 1866 Lecky took chambers at 6 Albemarle Street, which were sufficiently quiet, as they did not look on the street, and he found it convenient to house his many books; but he was a good deal away himself. He went to the north of Italy for part of the winter, and on his return he wrote to Mr. Booth (May 2, 1867):

'I got back here somewhat refreshed by a three months' dose of perfect solitude, and am falling into my usual ways. The Athenæum, I find, has, during my absence, been good enough to elect me a member. I have seen scarcely anyone except Dean Milman and Lord Russell, who has been good enough to want to know me and whom I met last night at Dean Milman's, who kindly made up a little party to bring us together.'

This meeting was the beginning of a friendship which only ended with Lord Russell's death, and which was continued to his children. In the 'Life' of Lord Russell by Stuart Reid, Lecky gives an appreciation of Lord Russell's character which testifies to the regard he felt for him and the relations that existed between them.

About the same time he made, through Dean Milman,

the acquaintance of Mr. Gladstone, whom he admired in those days more than any other living statesman, and whom he now frequently saw. The Government of Disraeli had astonished the world by bringing in and carrying a Reform Bill which went much further than the Bill their own party had thrown out the previous year. Writing to his cousin, Mr. Charles Bowen, Lecky denounced the *volte face* in his own vigorous way. Mr. Charles Hartpole Bowen, of Kilnacourt, Portarlington, though belonging to an older generation than himself,[1] had been from early years a great friend of his. He was an Irish landlord, a man of literary tastes, and a strong Tory. Lecky had always been a Liberal, but never 'a Radical,' as he said on this occasion, 'like Mr. Bright or Mr. Disraeli.'

6 *Albemarle Street: June* 11, 1867.—'The last Government were, I think, perfectly right in insisting upon a Reform Bill. The great desideratum is a legislative assembly which adequately represents and gives a legitimate vent to all the forms of public opinion that exist in the country. Since 1832 the immense growth of manufactures, the extension of education among the working classes, the formation of mechanics' institutes, &c., had all created a strong public opinion among the skilled artificers which was not represented, or at least adequately represented, in Parliament. Considering Parliament as a representative body, Mr. Gladstone was perfectly right in agitating to have this defect remedied. Considering it as a legislative body he was not less right, for the distinctive quality of the skilled artificer class is an energy and a generosity of spirit in reforming old abuses, and the greatest fault of the present Parliament is the marked decadence of this spirit which it has of late years manifested—its systematic adjournment of great questions, its eminently hand-to-mouth policy. This being the case, Mr. Gladstone brought in a Bill which, if it be judged by the true political tests—its suitability to remedy an existing evil and its adaptation to the existing

[1] His mother was Miss M. Hartpole, sister of Mr. Lecky's grandmother. *See ante*, p. 3. He married Miss Cooper, of Markree.

state of public opinion—was, I think, as nearly a perfectly wise measure as any that could be conceived. Your Tory friends threw it out chiefly on the ground that to depress the suffrage as far as the £7 line, to admit about 350,000 more electors, would be to give up the country to a torrent of democracy. They made Lowe their chief representative; they cheered him to the very echo when he pronounced against all depression of the franchise, and they won the day. Now the Bill of the last Government would have been accepted by the people as settling the question for many years. After the agitation caused by its rejection it was, of course, necessary to pass a Bill somewhat larger; but a Liberal Government trusted by the people could have still settled the question with a moderate Bill—probably with a £6 or £5 line. The Tories, however, through the simple desire of place and by an act of political dishonesty which I believe to be about the most glaring in Parliamentary history . . . determined to outbid the Radicals. Having one year declared that the Constitution would be subverted by a £7 line, they brought in household suffrage; having declared that to add one third to the constituency would be to swamp it, they have far more than doubled it, leaving the world at a loss which to wonder at most—the consummate skill of the political —— who has managed the apostasy, or the unheard-of, prodigious, almost supernatural stupidity of the really conservative members of the party who have managed to persuade themselves that their present conduct is anything but the utter abandonment of their past principles. Liberals usually canvass measures. Tories follow men, and this is doubtless with the majority the explanation of the phenomenon. . . . Bright himself, as well as nearly all the genuine Liberals, except Sir Roundell Palmer, consider the Bill too democratic. Some Radicals, however, I meet, such as Mr. Stansfeld and Mr. Hughes (both very extreme men), think it just right. My one consolation is that it gives a better chance to a favourite idea of mine, the representation of minorities, either by cumulative or distributive voting.'

He wished at that time very much to get into Parliament at the next dissolution, finding it ' very, very tantalising to look at the House from a gallery,' but ' unfortunately,' he wrote, ' I know no Irish Liberals, have not the gift of pushing,

and fear there is therefore no chance. If I went in it should be as a Liberal, not as a Tory or a Radical (the two just at present seem almost convertible terms).' 'With my usual great moderation of temper,' he wrote to Mr. Bowen in a subsequent letter, 'I have always kept equidistant from the two extremes of Toryism and Radicalism which those hybrid Tory-Radical monsters now in power alternately adopt.'

Though time soothed the vehement sentiments of the hour, and though Lecky afterwards supported a Conservative Government, he always maintained that 'few pages in our modern political history are more discreditable than the story of the "Conservative" Reform Bill of 1867.'[1]

Part of the winter of 1867 was spent with his relations at Bagnères de Bigorre, whence he writes, December 4: 'Of late I have been working very hard, much too hard to be pleasant. As far as my experience goes, I can always write very well on any subject when I care so much about it that the tears come into my eyes when I think about it.'

Lord Carnwath, who had been long ailing, died on December 14, and Lecky wrote to Mr. Booth:

Bagnères: Xmas Day, 1867.—'I have been having a very melancholy visit here, having been sitting by the death-bed of my stepfather, Lord Carnwath, for whom I cared much, and who was buried on Thursday. What a dreadful thing is, not death, but dying, even in the case of an old man with perfectly tranquil mind, surrounded by friends and not actually in pain. Those long days and nights, when every breath is a gasp and a struggle, are a very dreary ending to life. Naturally our Christmas is by no means as cheerful as I hope yours is.'

In the same letter he speaks of a request that had been made to him to lecture at the Royal Institution:

'I have been advertised to lecture for the Royal Institution in the spring. I hate the idea of it, but I suppose it

[1] *Democracy and Liberty*, cabinet edition, vol. i. p. 154.

must be done. Speaking, when you have long given it up, is very hard to renew, and dead-level speaking for a whole hour is a dreadful nuisance.'

He returned to London in March, and wrote from Albemarle Street:

'I stopped a few days in Paris and made the acquaintance of Scherer, whom I liked. Have been here four or five days; am not very well—overworked and dismal. Gladstone has been writing a tract (or review) on "Ecce Homo" and an essay on Phœnicia in the *Quarterly*. . . . The last Bampton Lecturer has, I find, been writing a quantity of nonsense about me, as has Mr. ——, the Ritualistic writer. I mean to be here three or four months, and hope by general cutting down and mutilating to finish my book by November and then throw aside literature. I have no belief in my future, and all the intellectual and political enthusiasm I ever had is extinct, the latter for want of any sphere for its development. . . . I am very glad Arbuthnot is going to be married, the life of a bachelor being always a condition of ultimate misery. . . . I think I appreciate the calm of great mountains above all things, especially here in London, where one grows so jaded and overwrought.'

Albemarle Street: April 1, 1868.—'I am very sorry to say your fears are quite unfounded. I have been solely occupied with the book of Ecclesiastes, and you know how far that is from the Song of Solomon. I have been seeing a variety of members of Parliament, newspaper writers, &c. I have also taken lately to very long walks with Carlyle, who, the last time I saw him, described very justly your divine Comte as "the ghastliest algebraic factor that ever was taken for a man."[1] I have

[1] This was, of course, not Lecky's deliberate judgment about Comte, as the following passage from a letter written from Rome in May 1864 to his friend Mr. K. Chetwode will show: "The position of Comte in literature is extremely curious. He wrote in such a hopelessly diffuse, monotonous style that his books are nearly unreadable, and this, combined with his extreme arrogance and the absurdity of the "religion of humanity" (which Littré has long since given up), has almost entirely kept him out of the knowledge of the general reading public; yet his very small band of followers comprises some of the ablest men of the age, and his suggestions have acted more extensively than perhaps those of any other author on almost all fields

been reading a great deal and writing a considerable amount. . . .'

His lecture 'On the Influence of the Imagination on History' came off on May 29, Sir Henry Holland in the chair; but it did not come up to his ideal, and he was not pleased with it. The atmosphere was overpowering in a crowded room on the night of a thunderstorm, and he was mortified at finding that the silence of many years had a good deal diminished his old readiness, fluency, and fire; but his audience evidently did not think so, for he received the most emphatic congratulations about it.

The proposed disestablishment of the Irish Church was then the question of the hour,[1] and Lecky saw all the dangers

of philosophy. J. S. Mill, who is never weary of eulogising him, pronounced his positive philosophy to be the ablest of all histories of science. Buckle called him the greatest philosopher of the nineteenth century, and speaks of Bacon, Descartes, and Comte. Lewes, after spending a life diving into German philosophy, declared that he owes to Comte the first sense of finality and repose he had experienced. Littré, who is a scholar of immense attainments, and one of the first philologists in Europe, declares that for years he has never pursued a subject of study without systematising it according to the principles of Comte. The two points on which the disciples of the school most insist are the law of the three stages and the hierarchy of sciences—the way in which each department of knowledge depends upon and is evolved from some previously mastered department. The grand resultant of the work of Comte is that he has done more than any previous writer to show that the speculative opinions of any age are phenomena resulting from the totality of the intellectual influences of that age—in other words, that, looking upon the opinions of large masses of men, there must always be a unity of character subsisting in all parts of their knowledge; that what they believe results from their predisposition to believe it; that this is governed by their measure of probability, which itself is derived from the analogy of other parts of their knowledge; so that when science has fundamentally altered men's conceptions of one department (say of the government of the material universe) the effects of this change will vibrate through all. . . .'

[1] As early as November 1865 he had written to Mr. Bowen: 'One thing I think is tolerably certain. A Gladstonian Ministry and a reformed Parliament will assuredly take up the Irish Church question, and this, which under any circumstances would come to pass, will be rendered doubly sure by Fenianism. When the trials are over the Government will certainly

of a long Parliamentary conflict on the subject. He believed that since the tithes had been commuted in Ireland there was little or no feeling against the Protestant Establishment, but that as the question had been brought before the country it was desirable to settle it speedily.

'If the conduct of the Parliament just after the '32 Reform Bill be any guide,' he wrote to Mr. Bowen (6 Albemarle Street, June 12, 1868), 'there will probably be some very energetic legislation in the first few years of the new constituencies; and if the Tories succeed in making a long fight about the Irish Church, if they insist upon identifying it with the English Church and on making the House of Lords its champion in opposition to the House of Commons, I fear a very revolutionary spirit may get up in opposition to the English Establishment and the House of Lords. I don't think politicians quite appreciate that these kinds of movements go with *accelerated* rapidity and that the past rate of progress is no measure of the future rate. However, if the Irish Church is quickly and easily abolished, and if a moderate Liberal Government presides over the first few years of the new constituencies, all will, I dare say, get quiet.'

'I can quite understand,' he wrote to the same correspondent (6 Albemarle Street, June 25), 'people thinking it impolitic to have raised the question of the Establishment; but now that it is definitely raised, that it is certain it can never be at rest again, and that public opinion in England unmistakably shows that only one solution is ultimately possible, I cannot understand sensible people who object in general to organic changes not wishing this one to be effected as quickly as possible. A long agitation means the revival of all sectarian bitterness in Ireland, the immense strengthening of the pure voluntaries in England, and a contest between the people and the House of Lords which, with new constituencies and many revolutionary ideas in the air, is more likely than anything else to precipitate

pass some conciliatory legislation about Ireland, and the great loyalty the Catholic priests have shown will have its reward. Nothing to my mind can be more evident than that public opinion in England has been tending steadily in this direction for some time past, and has now all but acquired the necessary force.'

England into pure democracy. I am not a Radical (except on matters of education, which I think in England are fundamentally wrong), and just for that reason I hope the disestablishment of the Irish Church will be rapidly and easily effected. There is not the smallest chance of my ever getting into Parliament. I have no influence, no pushing faculty, no popular opinions, and very little money.'

His mind was now concentrated on his book, which he wished to finish by the end of the year; and after some months in Albemarle Street he went into Devonshire—not, indeed, to take a holiday, but to find greater solitude than he could secure at home. On his return to London he wrote to Mr. Booth (November 5):

'I have been since I saw you going a vast deal about England, among other places to Lyme Regis, Exeter, Ilfracombe, Lynton, Dulverton, Torquay, Plymouth, Penzance, Bournemouth, Clifton, Ely, Lincoln, Matlock, Salisbury. Being a great deal alone, I have been very busy, and have also had a good deal of walking, which I always enjoy much except in London (a remark which I made to Carlyle when last I saw him, bringing down upon myself the snub, "Why, there's nowhere in the world that you can get such walking as in London—fifty miles of broad, well-lighted pavement"). I am extremely busy, having hardly time for anything, and carefully avoid all human beings.'

He remained the winter in London, working hard at proof-sheets. On the last day of the year 1868 he wrote in his 'Commonplace Book': 'The prayer of the Breton sailors: "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, aidez-moi; car la mer est si grande et ma barque est si petite!" The sea of thought, the sea of literature, the sea of life, the sea of death——'

The 'History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne' appeared in the spring of 1869. It made no less a mark than its predecessor, and was widely read, discussed, and reviewed at home and abroad. Students of philosophy who were opposed to the Utilitarian principles

spoke in the most appreciative terms of his exposition of the intuitive theory of morals.

On the other hand, the book was violently attacked by the Utilitarians, who maintained that in the first chapter justice had not been done to their position; and it also met with criticisms from the orthodox side. 'The chief meaning of fame,' was Carlyle's characteristic remark on the occasion, 'seems to be that you have all the owls of the community beating at your windows'; and Lecky writes to Mr. Booth: 'The agreement of the most opposite English parties in abusing me is quite touching'; and subsequently, speaking of one of these attacks, he says: 'I could easily point out many gross misrepresentations, but have no doubt the readers who will never take the trouble of comparing it with the original will think it very triumphant.'

Lord Tennyson's comment on the book was: 'It is a wonderful book for a young man to have written, a great book for any man to have written, and proves that he has genius, true genius.'

Mr. Lea, whose studies lay more or less in the same direction as Lecky's, wrote from Philadelphia: 'I have just finished your "History of Morals," and hasten to thank you for the very great pleasure which I have derived from it. It is a brilliant book, which for acuteness of thought and range of material is not readily to be paralleled in our literature.'

In London society, where there is always a dominant sensation, philosophic controversy became the passion of the hour, and, according to an amusing description in the *Saturday Review*, philosophical discussions were going on at every dinner-table between intuitional young ladies and utilitarian young gentlemen.

In a letter written some time afterwards (July 30, 1870)

to a foreign friend Lecky explains the thread of purpose running through this book and the 'History of Rationalism':

'The two books are closely connected. They are an attempt to examine the merits of certain theological opinions according to the historical method—that is, by examining the causes that produced and favoured them and the degrees and ways in which they benefited or injured mankind. The "Morals" is a history of the imposition of those opinions upon the world, and attempts to show how far their success may be accounted for by natural causes, how far they were connected with pre-existing opinions, and in what respects they were an improvement on pre-existing beliefs. The "Rationalism" is a history of the decay of those opinions, an examination of the causes of that decay and of the manner in which it has affected the happiness of man. Both books belong to a very small school of historical writings which began in the seventeenth century with Vico, was continued by Condorcet, Herder, Hegel, and Comte, and which found its last great representative in Mr. Buckle (from many of whose opinions I widely differ, but from whom I have learnt very much). What characterises these writers is that they try to look at history, not as a series of biographies, or accidents, or pictures, but as a great organic whole; that they consider the social and intellectual condition of the world at any given period a problem to be explained, the net result of innumerable influences which it is the business of the historian to trace; and that they especially believe that intellectual belief has not been due merely to arguments or other intellectual causes, but has been very profoundly modified in many curious ways by social, political, and industrial influences. I have also in my last book given a good deal of attention to the question of moral philosophy. I did so because I detest the dominant school among what are called "advanced thinkers" in England; because I thought that in trying to write what I believe had never been written before—a history of morals—it was necessary to have some clear idea of what morals were; and also because two very eminent Utilitarians had laid down positions that lay directly in my way. Mr. Buckle said that moral ideas have been always the same,

and that there therefore can by no possibility be a history of morals. Mr. Mill said that there is a history or progress in morals, but only on the supposition that moral ideas came from the experience of the tendency of actions and not from an original faculty. . . . I thought if you cared to understand what I had written that this might help you to have an authentic clue to my general purposes.'

Lecky was by nature and by conviction an intuitive philosopher; the belief in an original moral faculty was the keynote of his life, but he did not accept the principle without rigorously testing it by the experimental method. 'The basis of morals,' he says, 'is a distinct question from the basis of theories of morals. Those who maintain the existence of a moral faculty do not, as is sometimes said, assume this proposition as a first principle of their arguments, but they arrive at it by a process of induction quite as severe as any that can be employed by their opponents.'[1]

'The History of Morals' made steady progress. The first edition of 1,500 copies was very soon exhausted, and a second edition came out on June 1. The third edition was carefully revised, and Lecky explains in a short preface that in the first chapter four or five lines have been omitted and three or four short passages inserted, elucidating or supporting positions which had been misunderstood or contested. The book has been translated into several languages, and within the last years of his life a request came to him from Mr. Hirst, Principal of Gujarat College, Ahmedabad, that the first chapter might be reprinted separately for the use of students in India as being the best exposition of the prevailing systems of philosophy. This came out in 1903 under the title of 'A Survey of English Ethics'; and it has also been used as a text-book in England.

[1] *History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne*, cabinet edition, vol. i. p. 74.

Of all the books he had written Lecky had more or less of a predilection for the 'History of Morals.' When the book was finished he was glad, however, to turn to purely secular subjects, though requests came to him at different times to continue the history through the subsequent centuries. Dean Stanley was anxious that he should fill up the gap between Charlemagne and Luther.

'Being exceedingly tired of morals,' he wrote, January 15, 1869, to Mr. E. Wilmot Chetwode,[1] while he was correcting the proof-sheets, 'I mean to leave them for ever with Charlemagne. Besides, my way of treating them applies a good deal to all periods—*e.g.* I have written a very long chapter on the nature of women, who are a permanent perturbing element.'

After the completion of the 'History of Morals' Lecky suffered very much from overwork, as the letters of that time show. He had for many years lived too exclusively through the intellect, without giving himself the necessary holidays or without even the wholesome relaxation of outdoor games or a sufficient amount of social intercourse.

He had done more brainwork than most people at his age. While Gibbon only published the first volume of his history in his thirty-ninth year and Buckle the first of his in his thirty-fifth, he, at the age of thirty, had written two works of great research which established his reputation. His task had been a strenuous one and had required no little courage, for it was the misfortune of those who like himself held what in those days were very unpopular opinions that in pursuing a course which they believed to be a duty, and often a painful duty,[2] they risked alienating many sympathies.

[1] The father of his friend Knightley.

[2] 'The path of truth,' he wrote in a *Commonplace Book* as early as 1862, 'is over the corpses of the enthusiasms of our past.'

Soon after the 'History of Morals' had come out he went for a few days' rest to Arundel, a very favourite resort of his. He wrote from there to Mr. Snagge:

April 17, 1869.—'Do you know this place? I am very fond of it and am given to coming here when I want a few days' perfect quiet and solitude. The Duke of Norfolk's park, which is very large and beautiful, is always open, and beyond it there are miles and miles of beautifully wooded down. It is quite out of the beat of tourists, and I believe I am looked upon as quite a phenomenon for staying here. Thanks for what you say about my book. Perhaps it is rather soon for congratulations. My performance must clash in so many different ways with the opinion and feelings of so many different classes, and it deals with so many such difficult and sometimes such delicate subjects, that it will doubtless arouse a good deal of indignation in various quarters. It has cost me extremely hard work for nearly four years, and it is very improbable that I shall ever again write a book of such magnitude and research, so at least it at present seems to me. After a long book of the kind there comes a melancholy collapse, and it is humiliating to think how large a proportion of the ideas and knowledge acquired in many years may be condensed into a few volumes.'

He now went carefully over the 'Rationalism' for the stereotyped edition—the fourth—which was soon to appear, and he was much gratified with the warm appreciation the book found in Germany. There was a demand for a Hungarian translation; and the German translation of the 'History of Morals' had been undertaken by Dr. Jolowicz, the translator of the 'Rationalism.'

Meanwhile Lecky's interest in politics was as keen as ever. Parliament had been dissolved the previous year on the Irish Church Disestablishment question, and Mr. Gladstone had been returned with a mandate from the country to carry out his plan. On March 1 the

Bill was brought in, and Lecky closely followed it through its various stages.

'Few things have struck me more,' he wrote to Mr. Charles Bowen, March 15, 1869, 'than the extreme admiration I have heard expressed for it by some who were strongly predisposed against Gladstone and who thought it a complete blunder to raise the question. They say that the comprehensiveness and the finality of the Bill settling so large and complicated a matter is almost unparalleled—that all Gladstone's opponents counted upon his falling into numerous pitfalls in the way of compromise which he has completely avoided—that the allocation of the property to the alleviation of the extreme forms of suffering is a complete solution of what was thought the insoluble difficulty of finding a disposition of it which would not excite fierce contention; that the relief to the County Cess will ultimately (by the ordinary law of competition making tenants take land at the highest rent that will be compatible with its paying), be beneficial to the landlord, as will also the arrangements about the purchase of the rent charge, and finally that the adoption of the Canadian system of commuting the life interests of the clergy (which, by the bye, I predicted to you some months ago) will ultimately place a very considerable sum at the disposal of the new Protestant Corporation. This is the kind of estimate of the measure which I hear on all sides of me, and it is added that, looking at the matter as a statesman, this Bill has the immense advantage that, with the exception of throwing open Trinity College, it seems to settle fully and finally the long series of questions, of "special privileges" between the two Churches, while looking at it in a party light it would be difficult to conceive a measure holding out bribes to so many different classes, and which, while dealing with such vast interests, presents so few assailable points apart from the general question of the policy it executes. In fact, no one, I think, can follow the English newspapers of all classes or can catch the tone of political society here without perceiving that the Bill has immensely enhanced Gladstone's reputation. So far I have written simply as a faithful reporter. For myself I think there is one great fault in the Bill—that the compensation

for Maynooth and the Regium Donum comes out of Irish national property and not (like the endowments compensation) out of Imperial funds. Seventy thousand pounds a year less will thus go to Ireland from Imperial taxation. For the rest, I believe much more than you do in the ultimate good effects of religious equality. I think that the question having once been fairly raised could only be settled in one way, and that it was most important it should be settled quickly, and I believe it will prevent the grant of a charter to the Catholic University and probably of other denominational favours which would otherwise have been inevitable and would, I think, be most pernicious. I was glad to find that Lord Russell (with whom I dined very quietly about ten days ago) has come to nearly my views about the Catholic University, which Lord Clarendon, whom I saw about three weeks ago, holds most strongly. Such be the sentiments of an impenitent Liberal.'

With his moderate views he thought at the time that Irish Protestants instead of confining themselves to inveighing against the principle should have suggested modifications.

'Not the faintest expression of Irish Protestant opinion ever comes here,' he wrote in the same letter. 'If you had advanced any policy other than mere obstruction a few months ago, there are numbers here who would have been only too glad to compromise, and even now I believe the Irish Protestants might modify what they cannot possibly prevent if they only had anything definite to propose.'

The Bill passed that session through both Houses; and the change was carried out without the evil effects which its opponents had anticipated. It is even now recognised by many as having been a distinct benefit to the Irish Church.

During that summer Lecky was asked to discharge one of his duties as an Irish landlord.

'I have been rather locomotive for the last six weeks,' he wrote to Mr. Booth from Paris, August 12, 1869, 'some

three or four weeks in Ireland, chiefly at Salt Hill, partly in the Queen's County, doing what was a good deal out of my line, serving on a Grand Jury. The Assizes were rather unusually interesting from our High Sheriff being shot. His carriage came in spattered with blood while we were waiting for him to open the Assizes.'

The incident made some sensation at the time. The High Sheriff of the Queen's County was Mr. Richard Warburton, and he was shot at while driving to Maryborough, where the Assizes were held. The outrage—by which he lost an eye—was a mysterious one. Some believed it to be of an agrarian character, and such outrages were not uncommon then. Others said the motive was a sectarian one; but it was never explained, and no one was ever made amenable for the offence. 'Travelling,' says Lecky in the same letter, 'to me is now as weary as an oft told tale, and I have not much expectation of enjoying anything.' He wanted, however, to read a number of books he had collected, and he went to his relations at Bagnères, and made from there another excursion into Spain.

It was during this journey that he became acquainted with Lord Morris, who was then Judge of Common Pleas in Ireland, and who was travelling with his wife. They were thrown together in one of those long journeys which it is so difficult to break in Spain, and started a conversation on the manners and morals of various countries, which soon took a philosophical turn. In the course of it Judge Morris said, 'You should read Lecky,' whereupon Lecky very shyly produced his card and handed it to Judge Morris. The acquaintance thus begun ripened into a warm lifelong friendship.

On his return to Bagnères he wrote to Mr. Booth (October 11, 1869): 'I have been for about a month in Spain — Burgos, Madrid, Aranjuez, Toledo, Valladolid,

Valencia, and Leon—and I got away just before the Revolution. I have been reading very steadily at a single subject with scarcely any digressions into other fields, and there being happily no new books here (or next to none) I mean to go on in the same way till about the 20th or 25th November, by which time I hope to have got through about forty formidable volumes which I brought two months ago from England, when I mean to go to Rome.'

Lecky was in Italy when the Council met; and it was to him a very interesting time; for Rome was then the centre of a large number of remarkable people from all parts of the world. There are, unfortunately, but few letters of that period. To Mr. Charles Bowen he wrote from Naples, January 11, 1870:

'I have been going about Sorrento, Amalfi, and La Cava. Rome I find very interesting just now, knowing a good many people who are much connected with the great ecclesiastical world there. People at Rome were a good deal amused and rather scandalised at an odd proceeding of the Pope's about six weeks ago. A hideous little African bishop, all speckled with small-pox, was presented to him, and the Pope asked what language he spoke, and was told that the bishop neither spoke nor understood any but his own. Whereupon the Pope said in Italian, in a solemn tone as if he was giving a benediction, "Then since you do not understand me, I may say that this is the ugliest son of Christ I have ever seen."'

(To Mr. Booth.) *Rome: January* 27, 1870.—'Except about a month at Naples and in its environs, I have been here since about a week before the Council opened. It has been very wet, but otherwise not disagreeable, and by no means overcrowded, and the constant sight of seven hundred bishops has a very elevating effect. They sit about twice a week, and people are not allowed to go even under the dome of St. Peter's lest the bishops should be overheard. . . . I am also doing a great deal of reading, but not writing, and whether this latter will soon begin

again on any considerable scale I do not know. I often feel very low and down-hearted about it. . . .'

He saw something of American Catholics, and as he wrote many years afterwards to an American friend, they interested him very much. 'There was a Father Hecker who struck me as a singularly able man—at the same time he seemed to me intensely American, and amused me by the pathetic earnestness with which he said, "If the Holy Father could only be made to see how much better he would get on if he allowed public meetings and a free press!" and I attended a series of sermons by the American bishops, who seemed to me to take most of their models of supreme excellence from American history.'

The saying attributed to the old Duke de Sermoneta, 'The bishops entered the Council shepherds, they came out of it sheep,' seemed to him 'as true as it was witty.' To liberal-minded Catholics the result of the Council was a great blow. 'By committing itself to the infallibility of the long line of Popes,' Lecky wrote many years after, 'the Church cut itself off from the historical spirit and learning of the age and has exposed itself to such crushing and unanswerable refutations as the treatise of Janus and the Letters of Gratry.'[1]

Lecky returned to England in March, stopping a few days with Lord Russell at San Remo on the way. The Irish Land Bill which was then passing through Parliament was much discussed between them. Lecky before that time had not given much attention to the Irish land question, and he wrote somewhat diffidently to his cousin, Mr. Charles Bowen:

6 *Albemarle Street: March* 13, 1870.—'The subject is

[1] *Democracy and Liberty*, cabinet edition, vol. ii. p. 22.

one about which I do not, I fear, know very much, and I have been so short a time back that I have not had the opportunity of hearing the opinion of many politicians upon it, but as far as I can judge it would have been hardly possible to conceive a Bill on such a subject more generally approved by the moderate men on both sides of the House (all, that is, between the Newdegate type of Tory on one side and the Sir J. Gray type of agitator on the other) and by the papers of all parties. Lord Russell objects to one part of it a good deal, *i.e.* to the presumption that all improvements are done by the tenants. He thinks that there should be no presumption either way, but that direct proof should be required whenever a claim is made. I was talking over the Bill with Sir Erskine May, who is a very high political authority, and he made exactly the same objection. What struck me as most dangerous in the Bill was that there is no limit to the time for which claims for permanent improvements may be sent in, but the Attorney-General's speech seemed to show that that would be altered. I do not see why Gladstone should legislate at all for tenants over £100 per annum, as he introduced the subject by saying they were perfectly able to take care of themselves; but perhaps that is partly because I have tenants of over £100 per annum. Of course the Bill interferes a great deal with that freedom of contract which political economists long preached, though not at all more than the English Factory Bills, which have been among the most successful branches of modern legislation—but I think the immense majority of people have come to the conclusion that the social, political, and agricultural condition of Ireland is such that some special and, if you like, paternal legislation for Ireland is necessary; and if this postulate be granted I think the present Bill as a whole is moderate, honest, and comprehensive. Lord Russell thinks the landlords will be very foolish if they do not accept its principle; that if they do they can easily introduce modifications in Committee; but that all parties should strenuously insist that this is to be a *settlement* and not an instalment. I will tell you what I hear that is worth telling about it from time to time, but generally English M.P.'s know next to nothing about Irish questions and ask *my* opinion about them when we meet, and on land ques-

tions I am afraid I am by no means competent to give an opinion. Please tell me something of what you think upon it—in a judicial and not a high Tory or mere landlord mood. Did you not think the closing part of Gladstone's last speech extremely good? I wish Captain Damer's idea of having the Scotch system of jury in Ireland was carried out.'

(To the Same.) 6 *Albemarle Street: May* 29.—'I am sorry you are so pessimist about the Land Bill. I wish I was in Parliament to vote for it. I think a number of peasant proprietors would be one of the most useful and, in the best sense of the word, conservative of elements in Irish life, and that the Government project of helping tenants to buy their property will do much to call such proprietors into being on terms very advantageous to all parties.'

Lecky always remained favourable to the Act of 1870, though he thought it had some evil consequences which had not been foreseen and that it admitted a dangerous principle—the compensation for disturbance.

CHAPTER IV

1870–1873.

Queen Sophia of the Netherlands—The House in the Wood—Franco-German war—Revision of the 'Leaders of Public Opinion'—Engagement—Views on the peace conditions—Darwin's 'Descent of Man'—London life—Marriage—Travels—Publication of the revised edition of the 'Leaders'—Florence—Rome—Proposes to write the 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century'—Return to England—Knowsley—London society—Mr. Carlyle—Irish University education—Review of Mr. Froude's 'English in Ireland'—Family bereavements.

Not long after his return in March he first met, at Dean Stanley's, Queen Sophia of the Netherlands and the lady who attended her as her maid of honour, and who afterwards became his wife. It is now more than thirty years since Queen Sophia died, and her character and views are a matter of history. She was a very remarkable personality. Descended on her father's side from the House of Würtemberg, which played a considerable part in history, on her mother's side from the Romanoffs, she had inherited many of the elements of greatness. Her grandfather, the first King of Würtemberg, was the man whom Talleyrand called *un géant dans un entresol*. Her father was a clever and cultivated man. Her mother, the Russian Grand Duchess Catherine, sister of the Emperor Nicholas, was a woman with a great deal of character and a strong will, which her daughter inherited. Queen Sophia had a keen love of knowledge, a marvellous memory, a quick perception, and, though not without prejudices, a statesmanlike grasp of European

politics, in which her father had early initiated her.[1] With a decided philosophic turn of mind she combined all the vivacity of the South German. She had a great command of expression, and her conversation reminded one at times of the best traditions of the French *salon*. She was true and genuine, and disliked all mannerism and affectation; and though no one could ever forget she was the Queen, she was so genial with those she liked that she made them feel perfectly at their ease. Being free from the absorbing duties of a reigning queen and from some of the barriers which hedge a throne, she was able to read a great deal and to choose her friends, and she never let the opportunity pass of making the acquaintance of a remarkable man or woman. She was very fond of England, where she had some of her best friends. She had been greatly interested in Lecky's 'Rationalism' and 'European Morals,' and had expressed a wish to make his acquaintance. It was impossible to meet Lecky, even for the first time, without being struck with his transparent goodness and single-mindedness, his natural refinement, and the originality of his mind. He was then thirty-one years old, very young-looking, with a somewhat shy manner at first, but this soon wore off. His travels had given him that knowledge of the world which greatly facilitates intercourse with foreigners, and his mastery of many subjects, his large-mindedness, his delicate sense of humour, were much appreciated by Queen Sophia. He was asked to meet her several times during her stay in England, and the following summer she invited him to pay her a visit at the House in the Wood, near The Hague.

[1] Her political acumen was shown by the remarkable letter she wrote to the Emperor Napoleon in 1866, which was found in the Tuileries in 1870, and published at the time: '. . . Laisser égorger l'Autriche, c'est plus qu'un crime, c'est une faute. . . .' Thiers took the same view as regarded the Napoleon dynasty (*Hohenlohe Denkwürdigkeiten*, 11ter Band, p. 130).

'I should be glad to see you here,' she wrote, 'and I believe you would find points of interest in this country with its glorious past.' The visit took place at one of the critical moments in the world's history, and Lecky left the House in the Wood on the eve of the Franco-German War. 'When you left us on Thursday,' the Queen wrote on July 20, 'peace seemed a blessed certainty. A few hours later all was changed and the horrible struggle declared that throws two civilised nations into the most murderous war. The world in general will say, and I fear you among the number, the Emperor is the aggressor. . . .' She liked to remember their 'quiet conversations, so different from the political strife,' and she expressed the hope that he would return another year.

Queen Sophia was related to the Napoleon family, her father's sister having been married to Jerome, King of Westphalia, and she was attached to the Napoleonic traditions. All her sympathies were naturally South German. She disliked intensely Bismarck's policy, and looked with dread on the possible domination of Prussia in Germany.

To Mr. Knightley Chetwode, Lecky wrote from Berne, August 11, 1870, that he had paid a very pleasant visit of about a week, a month before, to the Queen of Holland. No one else was visiting there, and he saw a great deal of the Queen alone and liked her very much.

'I afterwards went along the Rhine, hearing of the declaration of war in the train, spent about a fortnight in the Engadine amid lovely scenery and in villages quite, or nearly, 6,000 feet above the sea, and so came down here. I confess newspapers just at the present moment are even more fascinating to me than mountains, and I must at all events wait at tolerably large centres of news till the decisive battle has been fought. I think if, as seems probable, this war ends with a German occupation of Paris and with the deposition of the Emperor, it will have been one of the most

striking instances of swift retribution on record. No war was ever more wantonly originated by a French ruler or more enthusiastically acclaimed by the French people or prefaced by more insolent and vainglorious boasting.'

Though subsequent revelations have shown that Bismarck bore a grave responsibility in bringing the crisis to a head, it seems doubtful whether, even without the garbled telegram, war could have been averted. The moderation of the two sovereigns counted for very little. There were mightier forces impelling the two nations to a struggle which was bound to come. Bismarck, having satisfied himself that his country was ready, only precipitated matters.

Lecky returned to England in September by the Rhine. 'Saw Strasburg with the cathedral rising sadly from a cloud of smoke, and had not even the excitement of being arrested as a spy.'[1] The temper of a section of the French nation at the time provoked much condemnation, and Lecky denounced it in very strong language:

'I think that there never has been in our time,' he wrote to a foreign friend,[2] 'a more pitiable, more frightful, and at the same time more despicable spectacle than that of the French nation in the first weeks of the war. All the lust for territory, the ferocity and the folly which 1815 for a time suppressed appearing again; the most popular newspapers full of the basest calumnies and the most brutal taunts directed against the great people they were attacking; the Emperor proclaiming openly that a "war is just whenever the people approve it," M. Rouher giving as the reason for making the war that they had now got their weapons ready; the streets of Paris full of crowds shouting "*A Berlin!*" and "*Vive la guerre!*" boasting without the slightest concealment that they were going to appropriate some of the most essentially German parts of Germany, and exulting with a brutal glee that, thanks to their chassepots and their mitrailleuses, they could attack the German

[1] To Mr. C. Bowen, September 20, 1870.

[2] The lady who afterwards became his wife.

people on unequal terms and with more bloody weapons, and could plunder them almost with impunity; while the Government in their bulletins and the newspapers in their accounts of the war have dealt in falsehood and misrepresentation to a degree which may have been equalled but has certainly never been surpassed. I think that the calm, patriotic, unboastful enthusiasm which the Germans have shown, their manifest love of peace, their simple piety in the hour of victory, have been very noble, and that on the whole this war justifies more fully than any other I remember the doctrine of my old friend Carlyle that "right is might" (which in general I don't believe). I think that though one can hardly exaggerate the miseries of this war, it is more likely (partly on account of those miseries) to be followed by a long peace than any previous war. If anything can extirpate the French love of war and lust for conquest it will be this war; the worship of the Napoleon ideal, which has done so much to debase them, must be seriously weakened, and the Germans, from their national character and from the nature of their army (which consists of civilians and married men) are not likely to be permanently aggressive, and if the dominating power on the Continent passes into their hands, I think the moral level of European civilisation will be raised.

'At the same time my feelings about it are very mingled. It is impossible not to feel a deep compassion for the French, and especially for the peasants of the invaded departments, or a great respect for the courage they have so often dis played. I do not like Bismarck. I think the bombardment of Strasburg was very bad, and that of Paris would be much worse, and I am very anxious to see whether the Germans will prove moderate and magnanimous in peace. They are, I think, a less generous people than the French.'

Although he took this strong view about the origin of the war, he did not like the line the war was taking;

'for there is a France,' he wrote to the same friend on October 3, 1870, 'the France of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of the *Débats* and the *Temps*, of M. Renan and Bishop Dupanloup, that I think the most charming of all countries, and I quite agree with M. Renan (in his admirable article in

the *Revue des Deux Mondes*) that the eclipse of that France would blot out a sun from the sky. I trust it may not come to pass, but I cannot conceal from myself that France was utterly wrong in the war, that she began it with an amount of boasting and of lying that was to the last degree revolting, that the notion of a country not being responsible for the acts of its Government (especially when that Government was cheered to the echo by a Parliament elected by universal suffrage) is grotesquely absurd, and that Germany has a perfect right to take such positions as will assure and strengthen her frontier. With these views I am a great deal more French than the people I meet in London. I have hardly ever, indeed, known the opinion of able and thinking men in England so perfectly unanimous, the prevailing sentiment with nearly all to whom I have spoken being a deep satisfaction that what they consider one of the most iniquitous attempts of modern times has recoiled disastrously upon its authors, and a persuasion that the substitution of Germany for France as the ruling power will be of great benefit to civilisation. I took a walk the other day with your prophet, Carlyle, who assured me that the result of this war was "the most beneficent thing that had happened in the universe since he had been in it," and that it reminded him of "how Sathanas went forth breathing boasting and blasphemy and hell-fire, and St. Michael, with a few strokes of his glittering sword, brayed the monster in the dust." My own view of it, you see, is not his, and I am a little sceptical about the resemblance between St. Michael and Count Bismarck.'

Lecky was then at Killarney, and about the feeling in Ireland he writes in the same letter:

'In Ireland, on the other hand, we are passionately French—partly because we think ourselves rather like the French, partly because of the Irish brigade which, in the seventeenth century, served under France, and partly because the English . . . take the other side. The country people stop one in the roads to ask for news of the war, and carmen and guides overwhelm one with political discussion. I wish you knew Ireland. I have so many enthusiasms and associations connected with it,

and its history and its politics have so deeply coloured all my ways of thinking. I always return to Killarney as in some respects the most perfectly beautiful place I have ever known. The lakes, and especially the mountains, are very small as compared with those of Switzerland, but the richness and variety of the foliage—arbutus and holly spangling the darker greens—and the beauty of the innumerable islands, I have never seen approached, and there is a soft, dreamy mist quivering over the mountains and mellowing the landscape which is to my mind the very ideal of poetic beauty. I am sure, too, you would be struck with the people, the most affectionate, imaginative, and quick-witted race I have ever known.'

He was now deeply immersed in the revision of his 'Leaders of Public Opinion.' He had been strongly urged to reprint these biographies, and the increased interest in Irish affairs made the time seem favourable to him for revising them and publishing them under his own name, with an introduction explaining his views. Much had happened in Ireland to modify his early opinions. The Fenian spirit had survived the suppression of the outbreak in 1867, and disloyalty was more rampant than it had been in the days of O'Connell, who indeed always maintained attachment to the connexion. Though Lecky felt that the national sentiment was too real and strong to be disregarded, he did not think that the conditions of Ireland justified a separate Parliament such as Mr. Butt advocated. However, the days were not yet when all power was to be taken out of the hands of the educated and propertied classes, and he was still sanguine enough to hope that some measure of local government in which these classes should have a predominant influence might be possible. As he said in his introduction, 'To call into active political life the upper class of Irishmen and to enlarge the sphere of their political power, to give, in a word, to Ireland the greatest amount of self-government

that is compatible with the unity and security of the Empire, should be the aim of every statesman.' He was also hopeful at that time that sectarian animosity would diminish, and that 'united education' under perfect religious equality would 'assuage the bitterness of sects and perhaps secure for Ireland the inestimable benefit of real union.' He eliminated passages that he thought too rhetorical in his early volume, left out the chapter on 'Clerical Influences,' and added much new information.

He was now also collecting materials for his 'History of England.' At the same time he thought seriously of matrimony, and became engaged to the lady he had met in London with the Queen of Holland, and of whom he had seen more at the House in the Wood. She was the eldest daughter of General Baron van Dedem and of his first wife, Baroness Sloet van Hagensdorp. He hoped to bring out the 'Leaders' in the spring of 1871, and worked hard through the winter, only allowing himself a three weeks' holiday in January to go to The Hague. It had been arranged that the marriage was to take place in the summer, and that Mr. and Mrs. Lecky should travel for some time and spend the subsequent winter in Italy. Lecky was therefore anxious to make the most of this last winter of bachelorhood in London and to get his work into such shape as to be independent of libraries for some time. He found, however, to his disappointment, that the revision took much longer than he had anticipated; that the publication would have to be delayed; and that he could not give as much time as he had hoped to his new book, 'which was as yet only in its first stage.'

The devastating war between France and Germany was now at last drawing to a close, and early in February the conditions of peace were announced. To Lecky they appeared extremely harsh, and he feared that in our

lifetime the world would never be again as prosperous and advanced as the year before, and that 'to arrive once more at the state of things before 1848 was a dream too sanguine ever to hope for.'

The publication of Darwin's 'Descent of Man' was another great event that winter.

British Museum: March 4, 1871.—'What I have read of it, he wrote,[1] appeared to me extremely powerful and plausible, and I think the book by far the most interesting, and even fascinating, on physical science I have ever read. The notion of perpetual orderly progress from the lowest zoophyte to the highest man appears to me a most noble one and the promise of a great future to the world and (in spite of all Bismarcks and Napoleons) extremely consoling. The book appeared on the day that horrid peace was signed, and I dare say in the long run it will prove the more important event of the two. I know, unfortunately, very little of physical science, but I know no book which seems to me to go so far towards what Buckle somewhat ambitiously called "solving the problem of the universe."

'I must say this peace seems to me to have thrown the world generations back, and the intense international animosities it will produce and the permanent depression of thirty-seven millions of men is very dreadful to think of. I detest Bismarckism very much, but still more allowance must be made than you at —— will make for a nation embittered by the brutal crushing tyranny that followed Jena, by the exultation with which that tyranny was recalled by the French newspapers only a few months ago, by a war which was one of the most infamously unprovoked and wanton aggressions in history, and by the tone of the Paris papers, which, even after the surrender, pretended that Frenchmen had not really been beaten. A nation is not apt to be forbearing when nearly every family has lost a member in resisting an unrighteous attack. Still, the terms are atrociously hard, and I am very sorry indeed for the French, especially the moral degradation they have

[1] To E. v. D.

exhibited. On the whole, one sees little consolation for Europe except in the monkey theory.'

At the time of the Commune he wrote to the same correspondent:

6 *Albemarle Street: March* 28.—'I am quite in despair about Paris: it is so sad and at the same time so unspeakably contemptible. The Revolution and that most hateful Empire have corroded the character of the people to the core, and all Burke's prophecies, which people had called so exaggerated, are coming true. What a contrast to the attitude of Prussia when she was crushed in 1806! To anybody who had been trying to believe in human progress it is all profoundly disheartening.'

In those days, while at the British Museum, he came across a little incident which gratified him a good deal. Someone connected with the Museum told him that he had been immensely indebted to his last book (the 'History of Morals'), and that in a public discussion which had been going on in London about the effect of Christianity on the world he had, relying on this book, so far succeeded in defeating an atheistic lecturer who had been contending that Christianity was an unmixed evil that the latter had acknowledged his errors and quite separated from his former associates.

One of his letters at that time[1] (Athenæum Club, April 2, 1871) gives an epitome of his former life:

'For four or five very happy years after I left college I lived in almost complete solitude and in pure thought, but since I settled in London, which was, I think, in '65 or '66, I have been for about five months of every year going out a great deal, on an average, I think, about three times a week, and know enormous numbers of people, and have generally spent about two months of the remainder of the year, not indeed in the house, but chiefly living with my mother, so that a very moderate amount of real solitude remained. I think everyone who does serious intellectual

[1] To E. v. D.

work must be a good deal alone, and I have found the alternation very propitious for my work. Here one gets over-strained and over-excited with the throng of conflicting interests and ambitions, reading hastily and superficially innumerable books on innumerable subjects, seeing crowds of people who stimulate and tire one's intellect, and amassing quantities of undigested facts; and when I have got into a state of morbid, feverish excitability I have usually gone, with some long and serious books which require minute and patient study, somewhere far from everyone I know, and have there, in long, solitary mountain walks, calmed my mind and systematised my thoughts.'

'I am afraid, so far,' he wrote to the same correspondent (Athenæum, March 28), 'I have never succeeded in being even approximately happy, except when working hard, and that I have measured my life chiefly by what I have learnt and what I have done.'

His ambition, as he explained, was 'chiefly the desire of the plant to produce its fruit, that intense longing to realise ideals of force and beauty, to make confused subjects plain, and to imprint certain views on the minds of men,' which was, he suspected, the strongest passion of most people with any real faculty. 'I should not, for example, the least care to get into Parliament to make a noise and so forth, but simply because it is the sphere in which a certain order of capacities can alone be developed.'

While working hard that spring he saw much of his friends, visiting Lord and Lady Russell at Richmond, one of his greatest pleasures; Sir Henry and Lady Taylor at Mortlake; walking with Mr. Carlyle, to whom he was very devoted, but of whom he says on one occasion that 'he talked much eloquent and exasperating nonsense'; talking over Irish history with Mr. Froude or discussing political questions with Mr. Trevelyan; breakfasting with Sir Henry Holland, of whom he was 'very fond'; meeting 'Anti-

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.

From a Photograph by Mayall, 1871.

quarians' at Lord Stanhope's, the Historian, 'a singularly agreeable dinner party; Lord Houghton was there and told many most curious anecdotes, and Lord Acton, who is a person I like and admire greatly.' After dining with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe he wrote: [1]

'I always look at Lord Stratford through the halo which Kinglake's book has thrown around him, and I cannot realise that quiet, gentle-looking old man being at times so very terrible. A great friend of the late Duke of Newcastle told me that the Duke said he had never witnessed anything so terrible as the explosion of Lord Stratford's fury, and all the authorities at Constantinople, from the Sultan downwards, seem to have literally cowered before him! He has been having much gout, and looks a good deal broken. He is always very kind to me.'

He also met again the great Irish novelist, Mr. Lever, whose acquaintance he had made at Spezzia, and whom he greatly liked, 'perhaps all the more because people in general make rather a set against him.'

He went to see his friends the Chetwodes at Cheltenham, and liked revisiting the places he knew as a schoolboy, and also the house of his old tutor near Gloucester.

'It is a curious, dreamy sensation,' he wrote (March 4, 1871), 'going back to a place one knew many, many years ago and recalling various painful associations; for I hated public-school life greatly, never playing any games, and being driven to the very verge of distraction at living always with other boys.'

Lecky all his life disliked ceremonies in which he had to play a conspicuous part.

'I own,' he wrote [2] (6 Albemarle Street, March 22), 'I envy a good deal (since one cannot follow Adam's precedent and be married in a deep sleep) the lot of a great friend of mine,

[1] To E. v. D. Lord Stratford was a friend of both Mr. and Mrs. Lecky before their marriage, in which he showed a kind interest.

[2] To the same.

Thackeray's daughter,[1] who was married a few years ago in what seems to me a really rational way—the event not talked about before outside the family circle, and the pair duly walked one morning at eight o'clock, with one or two relations and in ordinary costume, to the church and went through the operation and then returned quietly to breakfast.'

The marriage took place in June 1871, and it was one of the little ironies of life that Lecky, who desired his wedding to be as quiet as possible, should have been married at a Court; but this was inevitable, as Queen Sophia wished it to be from her house. The civil ceremony took place at the Hôtel de Ville and the religious service at the British Legation, over which Admiral Harris at that time presided. The wedding breakfast was given by the Queen at the House in the Wood, in the fine hall called 'Oranje Zaal,' where the Peace Conference of 1899 was held. Prince Alexander, the Queen's second son,[2] proposed the healths of the newly married couple, which Lecky acknowledged in a few felicitous and graceful words, such as he always had at his command.

The Oberammergau play had been put off on account of the war from 1870 to 1871, and Lecky, who had been much struck with it the first time, wished to see it again with his wife and to spend some time among the beautiful Bavarian and Austrian scenery on the way to Switzerland and Italy.[3] Meanwhile he put the finishing touches to the revision of the 'Leaders.' He had the proof-sheets sent out to him at Montreux, and it was published in the December of that year. Though he did not anticipate that the book would be as successful as his former ones, he thought it

[1] The first Mrs. Leslie Stephen.

[2] He became Prince of Orange after his brother's death in 1879, and died in 1884.

[3] Some of Lecky's admirers in America had suggested that a journey to the United States and a course of lionising there would be the most agreeable and congenial way of spending the honeymoon!

might make some impression at a time when Home Rule was a prominent subject, as it contained 'a great quantity of little-known Irish history and outrages the feelings of all respectable Englishmen about the Union and about Pitt, concerning whom I have been very violent.' He was, however, much disappointed with its reception.

'I fear the world does not at all agree with you about my performances,' he wrote to Mr. Booth from Florence, January 24, 1872. 'Just thirty-four people bought this piece of unparalleled historical writing when it first came out, and whether it is going now to attract any considerable attention seems to me very doubtful. Before it appeared I never saw it noticed in any one of the letters about forthcoming literary works as one in which anybody took the smallest interest. Two or three days after its appearance the Longmans, in writing about it, noticed that they were surprised at the comparatively small number of copies taken by the trade, and, except one polite but very insignificant review in the *Standard*, I have not seen a line in print on the subject. Compare this with Hepworth Dixon's "Switzers" (which, I believe, came out some days after my book), the praise of which is in every newspaper, and you will see how little hold I have on the general mind in England. As for Irish people, they seem to me chiefly to know me by Cardinal Cullen, who is good enough to make me a standing argument in support of his denunciations of T.C.D. . . . I quite agree with you in thinking Grattan the best, and in your criticism on Flood. All I can say on this latter point is that those who knew Grattan and Plunket nearly all said that Flood was fully their equal, while, on the other hand, there is scarcely a vestige in print of his early achievements . . . that he gave a justification of his conduct which is not unreasonable; that his contemporaries thought him a very great man; that Lord Charlemont, who was his close friend and a very good man, admired him to the end; and that his biography and that of O'Connell are among the poorest and worst written in the English language. Concerning style, some of the passages you admire I think too declamatory, but I could not well improve them. One's imagination is in full vigour at twenty-two or twenty-three, but one's taste

is still imperfect. There are passages in my "Religious Tendencies," I think, as eloquent as anything I could now write, but there is also a good deal of bombast and tinsel in the book of which I could not now be guilty. . . .'

In the course of a few weeks a certain number of reviews appeared; but though they were all favourable, Irish history did not prove to be a popular subject, and the English public do not seem to care for new editions, even though the first may have been quite unnoticed.

At a later date he wrote to Mr. Booth from Rome, March 16: 'My Irish book is being translated into German: rather more than five hundred copies have been sold, and it seems to have excited some enthusiasm among the "mendicant patriots" of my country, judging from the number of people who have been asking for copies.'

In Germany, where his books were very popular, a new edition of the translation of the 'Rationalism' came out that winter; while in Russia a publisher was tried for publishing a Russian translation, on the ground that it contained attacks upon Christianity. Although he was acquitted, the book was put under clerical supervision, which was equivalent to its suppression.

Among the social incidents of the journey were a warm reception by Lord and Lady Russell at Renens-sur-Roche, near Lausanne, where they were settled for some weeks; visits to Queen Sophia at Bex and Lausanne, and to that interesting old lady, Mme. de Bunsen, 'widow of *the* Bunsen,' who was staying with her daughters near Montreux. At Florence Lecky found his old friend Sir James Lacaita.

(To Mr. Bowen.) *Florence: January* 17, 1872.—'We came down from Montreux over the Corniche as being the least cold way, found the promised railway not yet opened, spent a few days at Nice and a whole week in the bright sunshine of Mentone, and so, through Genoa and

Parma, came down here. We are very busy with picture-galleries, and there is an admirable circulating library, of which I largely avail myself. I met, too, an Italian London friend, and we have in consequence been a little into Italian society, seeing the Corsinis, General La Marmora, and a host of deputies. Most Italians I speak to seem rather disgusted with their new capital, especially as the Parliament Hall they have built there has turned out a failure. On the whole, however, they seem getting on very well—education spreading rapidly, the product of the taxes increasing with wonderful rapidity, and some reasonable prospect of closing in three or four years the period of deficits. Many people, however, have got (what appears to me to be) a very unreasonable fear of France attacking them. I met, too, here lately Lord Salisbury, who has had a slight attack of fever at Rome; and Mr. Adams, who had just come from Geneva. He complained bitterly that the arbitrators had had to postpone the discussion for six months, and that he alone of the number had no home to go to in the meantime. He says that two of the arbitrators do not understand English, in which language the cases on both sides are drawn up; and he struck me as being by no means proud of the very extravagant claims of his countrymen, and as scarcely denying that they were put forward on the principle of Italian shopmen, who ask about three times what they expect to get.'

Writing to his stepmother from Rome on February 13, 1872, he says:

'We stopped on our way at Perugia and Assisi and arrived here quite impregnated with St. Francis. People are grumbling a good deal about the changes in Rome, but, as usual, exaggerating a good deal, for the change in most ways is of a rather superficial kind. Great excavations are going on at the Forum, and the new life of newspapers, &c., strikes one who knew Rome of old very forcibly.'

To Lecky Italy was the true terrestrial Paradise which supplied him with ideas and memories that brightened all after-life; and it was a privilege, his wife wrote from Rome at the time, to see it with one who knew it so well. No one

could better initiate others into the spirit of early Christian symbolism—or the beauty of the art of the Renaissance, both in its initial stage, imbued with that childlike, sincere piety which no modern art can reproduce, and in its culmination, when pagan ideals of physical beauty began to reassert themselves. Lecky and his wife spent many pleasant hours in the genial society of that remarkable man, the old Duke de Sermoneta, and of Mr. Story, the American sculptor, and his family. They saw M. Minghetti and his charming wife, who had expressed a wish to know Lecky; and they were introduced to Cardinal Antonelli, who dwelt on the Pope's imprisonment, and to whom Lecky retorted that it was at least the most beautiful prison in the world.

(To Mr. Charles Bowen.) *Rome: March* 8, 1872.—'We saw here, among other people, General Sherman, the American Commander-in-Chief. He is going to Egypt, which does not look as if he feared a war, and he says the U.S.A. have only 28,000 men under arms. All American accounts I hear represent the Southern States as quite unreconciled, and as the Americans have very little fleet I do not think we have much to fear from that quarter. We see a great many people here, Italians as well as English, some of the former rather interesting. The Pope and Antonelli (the latter of whom I have seen) remain "prisoners" in the Vatican, and as when the cat's away the mice will play, Rome is swarming with "Evangelists" of different descriptions—Gavazzi among the rest. There was a great discussion a few weeks ago about whether St. Peter was ever at Rome, which was remarkable from the Pope having authorised Catholic priests to take part in it. An authorised report has been published, and all the little boys in the streets are crying, "La venuta di San Pietro in Roma!" as if he had but just arrived. There was also a Bible meeting got up, chiefly by English, at which Père Hyacinthe made a very eloquent speech.[1] I fancy in politics people are here

[1] It was the first Bible meeting ever held in Rome. 'It was curious to see,' wrote Lecky to Mr. Knightley Chetwode, March 8, 1872. 'Gavazzi spoke

much divided and by no means enthusiastic ; and no wonder, for with the new Government they have got an income tax of over 13 per cent., extending so low as to include quite small shopkeepers, besides a very severe tax on ground corn, which reaches the very poorest class—all this in time of perfect peace, and with all this an annual deficit of some four millions sterling. Italian unity brings with it many blessings, but it is certainly bought at a very high price. We know Minghetti, who is one of the leading Ministers here, and who is kind enough to be very enthusiastic about my books, and we thus hear a good deal about Italian politics.'

They saw the bust of Mazzini carried to the Capitol to be placed among those of the great Italians.

(To the Same.) *March* 22, 1872.—'We had last Sunday a wonderful demonstration here to Mazzini's memory. The procession along the Corso was, I should think, nearly as long and certainly quite as well organised as the great reform processions in London a few years since. It took about three-quarters of an hour marching by each point, was accompanied by banners and a bust of Mazzini, and ended on the Capitol under the statue of Marcus Aurelius (whose extended arm seemed stretched out to bless the crowd).'

After describing the scene to Mr. Knightley Chetwode (March 27, 1872), he adds :

'The sight was a very imposing one when one thinks that it was done in the very metropolis of Catholicism, in honour of one of Catholicism's bitterest enemies, after twenty years of the closest despotism, during which the main object of the Government was to prevent the faintest inculcation of Liberal opinions of any kind in Rome, very wonderful, too, considering that Mazzini did it all by his pen from a foreign country. Père Hyacinthe is also here, and began yesterday a course of lectures on the reform of Catholicism. Perhaps he may in course of time become

with a great display of physical force, but what was really interesting was Père Hyacinthe, who made a most eloquent and really touching speech. Everyone who knows him seems to be persuaded of his purity and gentleness of character, but his position as a Catholic priest outside Catholicism is very anomalous.'

definite, but the one I heard was mere rhetoric and sentiment—very graceful and very amiable, but doing nothing either to define or to defend his very untenable position. . . . One does not clearly see what is going to become of religion in Catholic countries, for Catholicism is rapidly becoming incredible to all intelligent minds. I suspect the prospects of Protestantism are now better than they have ever been since the end of the sixteenth century. All political changes tend to make Protestant nations more and more the rulers and the magnets of the world, and the Infallibility decree is inclining very large bodies of Catholics in the same direction.'

Lecky read a good deal that winter for his new book, but he did little or no writing. 'I am reading a great quantity of politics,' he wrote to Mr. Booth (November 9, 1871), 'and am just now a good deal pleased with Lord Grey's book on Parliamentary Reform, which I had never before read, and which seems to me to deserve a greater reputation than it had. But to my mind nothing is comparable to Burke, especially his "French Revolution."'

About the purpose of his new book he wrote:

Florence: January 24, 1872.—'I want greatly to write a kind of analytic history explaining as well as describing about English politics for the last century and a half, and have read a great deal for it and made quantities of notes; but this, which has long been suspended, will not, I suppose, really get on again till I am in England.'

'The vanity of literature is very true,' he subsequently writes from Rome. 'Still, the end of life is to bring out one's capacities, and literature is the readiest and, on the whole, most satisfactory way of accomplishing it, and the power of expressing in a single work a long train of connected thinking is, I think, one of the highest of all pleasures. . . . I think I could write a tolerably good book on English politics.'

In the spring Lecky returned to Albemarle Street, and 'found my dear library looking as well as could be expected

after its long widowhood' ;[1] and he afterwards joined his wife on a short visit to Holland. The rest of the summer was spent with his relations. Lady Carnwath had given up the Bagnères home when the war broke out, and she and her family were now spending the summer at Torquay. Her son, Captain Lecky of the 78th Highlanders, who had returned from Canada with the germs of consumption, was giving his relations much anxiety, and the presence of the elder brother was a great support.

In the autumn of that year he and his wife were asked to meet Queen Sophia of the Netherlands at Knowsley, and after that time an almost yearly visit was paid to that hospitable house, either in the autumn or at Christmas. The late Lady Derby was in some ways a remarkable woman. Very shy and reserved in general company, she was extremely genial in the society of those for whom she cared. She was keenly interested in science, art, literature, politics, and she had originality and insight. Lecky had much admiration for Lord Derby, for his high-mindedness, his well-balanced practical judgment, his simple, unworldly tastes, which his wife shared. Neither of them had any social ambitions, and, though bound to do hospitality in the sumptuous fashion of a great English house, they kept clear of all the idols of modern society, and there was an old-world atmosphere about them which had a great charm.

In the autumn Mr. and Mrs. Lecky went to London with the intention of settling there. He now felt pretty confident that if he continued well, with a quiet life among books, he could write a book quite as good as the 'Morals' and 'Rationalism.' The Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley suggested the house over the porch of Dean's Yard, and had Lecky at that time been in

[1] To his wife.

Parliament it would have been in some respects an ideal residence, but under the circumstances a house in Onslow Gardens, close to his stepmother, who settled in London at the same time, suited them better. In the early spring of 1873 Lecky's books and furniture were moved into it from Albemarle Street, and it became his permanent home.

There was in those days in London, in the winter, a very pleasant intellectual society, most of whose members have long since passed away. Sir Charles Lyell, the great geologist, and his wife—one of the accomplished Horner sisters—were among the first to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Lecky in their house in Harley Street. Sir Henry Taylor, the typical bard with the fine head, long beard, and slow and impressive diction, and his clever and charming Irish wife gathered round them a circle of old friends, among whom were Lord and Lady Minto [1] and their sons, Sir James and Lady Stephen, Sir Frederick and Lady Elliot, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Stephen, Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield, Mr. and Mrs. Earle,[2] Miss Thackeray, Miss Cobbe, Mr. Spedding, Mr. Greg, Mr. Browning, Mr. Venables. The poet Tennyson and his wife and Lord and Lady Russell used to come up for some months. Lord Russell's eldest son, Lord Amberley, and his wife—the daughter of one of the most distinguished women of her time, Lady Stanley of Alderley—were then living in London and taking an active part in all progressive movements. Both were great friends of Lecky, who deplored their early deaths. The Deanery of Westminster was a centre where remarkable people of all shades of opinion

[1] Lady Minto wrote *The Life of the First Earl of Minto* and a *Memoir of the Right Honourable Hugh Elliot.*

[2] Mrs. Earle, author of *Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden.*

met; and Mr. Reeve, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Mrs. Reeve received in their house some of the most distinguished members of English and French society. Lady William Russell, who had lived a long and interesting life in many countries, was at home in the evenings to a small circle, and the hospitable traditions of the house were continued after her death by her son, Lord Arthur Russell, and his wife. Other pleasant hosts and hostesses were Sir Henry Holland,[1] Lady Stanley of Alderley, Sir Frederick and Lady Pollock, Sir Lewis and Lady Mallet, Mr. and Mrs. George Trevelyan, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson.[2] Sir Charles Newton, who by his personal initiative and his excavations had given such an impetus to the study of archæology, was much appreciated in this society, which included also Mr. Charles Villiers, who had all the social gifts of his family, and Mr. Kinglake, whose quiet humour delighted his hearers. Among men of science, Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndall, and Mr. Herbert Spencer were in their zenith: Huxley, brilliant, versatile, combative; Tyndall, keen, enthusiastic, resourceful, with all the Irish charm of manner and conversation; Herbert Spencer, combining with his uncompromising logical intellect the frankness and simplicity of a child, and losing no opportunity, even in futile conversation, to cull materials for building up his all-embracing philosophy. The Friday evening lectures at the Royal Institution seemed to play a somewhat more important part in London life at that time than they do now, and even Lecky, who did not generally care for lectures, keenly enjoyed Huxley and Tyndall's admirable expositions. A genial atmosphere and a total absence of ostentation made intercourse easy and

[1] The father of Lord Knutsford.

[2] Mrs. Simpson was the daughter of Mr. Nassau Senior, and wrote, among other things, *Recollections of M. and Mme. Mohl.*

pleasant; and it was the kind of society Lecky liked the best, and where he was the most appreciated.

Mr. Carlyle now rarely showed himself in society; the death of his wife had cast a lasting gloom over him, but he went occasionally to see his friends and liked them to visit him. He had from the first been very friendly to Lecky, and expressed the wish to see him often, and he gave his wife 'many welcomes to England' and extended his unfailing kindness to her. Lecky admired him as a genius and a moral force, but he was in no way a disciple of his, and anyone who did not reflect Mr. Carlyle's views never wholly escaped his criticism. Their relations, however, were most amicable, and a weekly walk or drive became an institution. Once only a shadow passed between them. Mr. Carlyle, knowing Lecky's views, had been inveighing in his emphatic monologue fashion against Ireland and the Irish. This was particularly distasteful to Lecky, who always resented any attack on what he cared for, and he stayed away longer than usual from Cheyne Row. Though no explanation was given, Mr. Carlyle was too acute not to understand, and he showed himself so much concerned that Lecky, who had no rancour in his disposition, and who, moreover, was very devoted to Mr. Carlyle, resumed his visits; the intercourse went on smoothly as before and the offence was not repeated. Mr. Carlyle always praised Lecky's kindness, and used to say in his old age that he was as well taken care of during the drives and walks as if he had been a young lady. He was the kindest and most gracious of hosts, always insisting as long as he was able on taking his lady visitors himself to the door; and if one had not called for some time he used to say in a gentle, reproachful way, 'You have become quite a stranger here.' This aspect of Carlyle is so little known, and a certain impatience

which he exhibited in his irritable moods has been so much emphasised, that it is well to recall the other side of his character. In some notes on Mr. Carlyle in one of Lecky's 'Commonplace Books' he says:

'His conversation was certainly of its kind immeasurably the most beautiful, singular, and impressive I have ever known, and two of the best talkers of their day, Mr. Venables and Mr. Brookfield, who knew well the best literary society of London for some forty years, said that it was in their time wholly unrivalled. One of its charms (which I have not seen noticed) was a singularly musical voice, a voice peculiarly fitted for pathos, and this (to me, at least) quite took away anything grotesque in the very strong Scotch accent. It also gave it a softness and a charm which is wanting in his writings. The latter-day pamphlets seem to me to represent better than anything else his conversation. I have heard great parts of the "Shooting Niagara" from him before it was published. It was never for an instant commonplace. The whole diction was always original and intensely vivid, and it was more saturated and interlaced with metaphor than any other conversation I have ever heard. It was a conversation which was peculiarly difficult to report, for it was not epigrammatic but continuous, and very much of the charm lay in the extraordinary felicities of his expressions, in the vividness of his epithets, in his unrivalled power of etching out a subject by a few words so as to make it stand in prominent relief. He was the very greatest of word-painters. It was always, as Sir Henry Taylor said, "the vision which the prophet Isaiah *saw*." What Johnson said of Burke, that no man could talk with him for five minutes under a porch without perceiving that he was a great man, was most literally true of Carlyle. The intense individuality of his expressions, his thoughts, his imagination, was always apparent, and his talking was never more wonderful than when walking alone with one companion, for whom he certainly made no effort of display, whom indeed he seemed sometimes almost to forget. His conversation was mainly monologue and, in a greater degree than any other talkers, soliloquy. Not slow enough to be wearisome or to give any sense of effort, yet so fully and perfectly articulated that every sentence seemed to tell,

it streamed on by the hour in a clear, low voice, glittering with metaphor and picturesque epithets and turns of phrases of the truest eloquence. Though chiefly monologue he had on occasions a wonderful quickness and dexterity of argumentative repartee, seizing in an instant a weak or unguarded point, and his language seemed to kindle as it flowed. Never was such a master of invective, welling and surging up in an irresistible geyser at opposition. He was also the most pathetic of talkers—indeed, the only talker I have ever heard who was really pathetic. Pictures of his early life, or of the sorrows of those he had known, or scenes from history were related in a tone and with a manner that drew tears to the eye. On religious matters his language had a sublimity and an air of inspiration which always reminded me (and many others) of what a Hebrew prophet must have been; and sometimes when very earnest he had a strangely solemn way of turning and looking full in the hearer's face for a second before speaking, which added extraordinarily to the impressiveness of what he said. I have never seen this in anyone else, and it always reminds me of Luke xx. 17. His knowledge and memory were very great, but of a peculiar kind, and his mind was like the electric lamp, which throws out both strong lights and deep shadows. There were large tracts of subjects, well-known books, large interests of which he was utterly ignorant—much more so than most educated men—and these were not always the subjects on which he was least dogmatic. . . .'

In the winter of 1873 Irish university education was on its trial, and Lecky, who was always watching the interests of his own university, wrote to the *Times* in defence of Trinity College and of Fawcett's scheme, which abolished the last remaining tests—those for fellowships. A few words of warning from the letter may be appropriately quoted:

'To destroy the prestige and position of Trinity College would be to drive the ablest Irishmen more and more to the English universities, and thus more and more to denationalise the talent of Ireland. . . . It is almost the only corporation in the country which is at once eminently national and eminently loyal. Its education is probably

not inferior to that of the English universities, and there can be no reasonable doubt that if it is suffered to remain national, while its religious disqualifications are abolished, its usefulness will be immeasurably increased.

'To destroy such an institution, or to degrade it to a subordinate position, would be one of the greatest calamities that could be inflicted on the country, and the act would have a peculiar baseness if it were perpetrated by that Liberal party which has for generations made the establishment of united and unsectarian education in England one of the main objects of its policy.'

A few days later Mr. Gladstone's Bill was brought in, and though at first his eloquence threw a glamour over it, the more people looked into it the less they were pleased with it; and it was finally thrown out and Fawcett's Act was passed.

That same winter Lecky published in *Macmillan's Magazine* a review of Mr. Froude's first volume of the 'English in Ireland,' and when the next two volumes appeared he reviewed them in the June number of 1874. The divergences between the two historians are too well known to require being dwelt on here. While yielding, as he said, to no one in admiration of the many great and splendid qualities which Mr. Froude has brought to the study of history, his wide research, his eloquence, his consummate artistic skill, Lecky severely criticised his methods and his defence of the penal laws and of the persecutions which the Roman Catholics in Ireland had to undergo. His whole nature revolted against the spirit of intolerance of which Mr. Froude was the advocate, and the use he made of his authorities. 'I wish,' he wrote to Mr. Booth, 'that I did not get into quite such a vehement state of mind about these matters as I do.'

Though he did not like reviewing the book, he thought it so mischievous, so sophistical, and so insulting to Ireland

and Irishmen that he felt it a kind of duty to do so. The articles met with a great deal of appreciation. His friend Dr. Bence Jones, secretary of the Royal Institution, wrote (January 6, 1873): 'I read your article in *Macmillan* last night, and like it exceedingly in every way. In thought, in language, in tone, it is all that your friends could wish, and it ought to be prefixed as a preface to the first volume of Froude's book by everyone who buys his book.'

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy wrote from Melbourne after the first part of the review appeared (March 15, 1873):

'I have just read in *Macmillan* your paper on Froude's last book, and I cannot refrain from thanking you for it. It is such an answer as will satisfy just and reasonable men, whatever may be their national or party prepossessions. . . . If, like Mr. Froude, you had "come to the succour of the stronger party" you would have had more applause from the critics, but you would have missed the silent gratitude of men in many and far-divided countries who may never see your face.'

After reading the last review, Professor J. E. Cairnes, the political economist, wrote (June 5, 1874):

'I cannot help sending you a few lines—I trust I am not taking an unwarrantable liberty in doing so—to say with what admiration and gratitude I have read your review in the current number of *Macmillan* of Froude's "English in Ireland." I had just finished reading the work, and have rarely risen from a book with stronger feelings of indignation and disgust. So greatly, indeed, was my equanimity disturbed that, observing the almost universal favour with which until the appearance of your article it had been received by the English press, I had quite resolved to attempt something myself in the way of criticism, or at least of protest, against its gross perversions of history and malignant attempts to stir up the worst and most dangerous passions of a sensitive and excitable people. But having read your article, I feel that it would be idle to say another word, and that the best thing that can now be done is to promote its

circulation far and wide, so that the antidote may be at hand wherever the poison has been taken. You have indeed done your work in masterly fashion, and, if you will allow me to say so, with a restrained dignity of manner and a charm of style which contrast most favourably with the literary qualities of the writer you review.'

Lecky strongly encouraged Professor Cairnes to carry out his first plan and write a review, but he replied:

'I quite recognise the force of what you say as to the importance of several independent refutations. But the difficulty I feel is that you have seized so completely all the strongest points of the case and put them with such admirable force that one can do little more than echo your arguments in words which, as they are not the same, can only be weaker.'

Professor Cairnes, however, ultimately expressed his views in the *Fortnightly Review* of August 1874.

(To Miss Alice Chetwode.) *Athenæum Club : January* 13, 1873.—'We shall probably get into our new house in March. Till then we are at 72 Park Street. I am very deep in Methodist literature and not altogether satisfied with what I am doing. My article [1] appears to have attracted a good deal of notice in various quarters, and will, I hope, have some good influence. The Irish side of things is in general so deplorably represented at present. Father Burke, who is very amusing and popular, appears to have the vaguest possible notion of the difference between fact and fiction; and Mr. Prendergast, author of the "Cromwellian Settlement in Ireland," and really a very competent scholar, has been writing a series of half-frantic letters in which he describes Froude as a viper, a cold-blooded hypocrite, a bloodthirsty fanatic, &c., &c. I have no doubt what I have written will bitterly offend Froude, which is very disagreeable to me, as we are old friends, see each other constantly, and are to be near neighbours. F. is so disappointed with his reception in America that he has cancelled his engagements and must by this time have returned.

[1] On Mr. Froude's 'English in Ireland,' in *Macmillan's Magazine*, January 1873.

. . . I have been making the acquaintance of a very enthusiastic Irish lady of your persuasion, a Miss Wyse (related to the Minister at Athens). She lives in the upper part of a house, the ground floor of which is occupied by a great friend of mine,[1] and she seems to have looked upon me with extreme horror till my "Life of O'Connell" was put into her hands, when she so far relented as to say, "I am really afraid I might like Mr. L." My article completed her conversion, and she insisted upon coming down to make my acquaintance, and has since assured me that she felt personally quite ready to have shot Mr. Froude till she read and was pacified by it! which I consider rather a triumph.'

In the spring of 1873 a domestic sorrow fell upon his family through the death of Lord Carnwath, at Harrow, from measles, at the age of fourteen. He was the son of Lecky's stepmother by her second marriage, and had succeeded to the title in 1867 on the death of his father. He was an exceptionally fine and attractive character, and like a younger brother to Lecky, who felt the loss keenly; but his own regrets were merged in a mother's greater sorrow. With all the reserve of his nature, he possessed to a rare degree the power of throwing himself into the feelings of others and giving that tactful sympathy which does more to soothe than anything else. 'God bless you,' wrote his stepmother at the time; 'I trust that you may be able fully to know the intense blessing and comfort you are to me. . . . I do thank God from my heart for it. . . .'

Little more than a year after his stepbrother, Captain Lecky, of the 78th Highlanders, died of consumption, and was laid in the same grave at Harrow. It was during that year that Lecky wrote in his 'Commonplace Book' some of the thoughts on death which have since appeared in the 'Map of Life.'

[1] Miss Elliot, daughter of the late Dean of Bristol.

CHAPTER V

1873–1878.

Dutch country life—Ireland—Views on a seat in Parliament—A Home Rule debate—Working habits—British Museum—Record Office—The Literary Society—The Club—Mr. Herbert Spencer—Professor Huxley—Scheme of the 'History'—Visit to Ireland—Irish friends—Reads MSS. in Dublin Castle—Revises the 'History of European Morals'—Atlantic Coast scenery—Speeches—Return to London—Bulgarian massacres—Mr. Gladstone's Blackheath speech—Paris—St. James's Hall conference—Completion of the first two volumes of the 'History'—Death of Queen Sophia—Death of Mr. Motley—St. Moritz—Publication of the first two volumes—Aim of the 'History'—Appreciative letters.

In the summer of 1873 Lecky became more intimately acquainted with Holland. After the usual visit to the House in the Wood he saw a good deal of Dutch private country life. The houses struck him as much more human institutions, much better both for the owners and for the country than most English ones, being on a smaller scale, without the vast lawns and parks, enclosures of square miles of land, and armies of servants. At the same time he found they had a great deal of finished and concentrated beauty, magnificent trees, beautiful artificial lakes, and extremely fine gardens and hothouses; sometimes very fine pictures; and 'there was a wonderful air of comfort about it all.'

'I own,' he writes from The Hague (July 24, 1873),[1] 'it staggers me a good deal to see the immense development of the country gentleman's life going on under the Code Napoléon, going on, too, in the form which strikes me as

[1] To Mr. Booth.

socially very useful. I always had thought that the Code Napoléon would have made that impossible, and suspect that we sometimes attribute consequences to that Code which are much more due to the character of the French among whom we usually observe its operation. By this time I have a very wide circle of Dutch acquaintances, and there is a good deal interesting to be learnt among them. We return to London in about a week, and about a fortnight afterwards mean to go to Ireland for five or six weeks. I am working steadily at my book, but not by any means satisfied with my progress or sure that the subject suits me. I want to present a picture of the political changes, social and industrial changes, in England in the last century, to analyse the different forces that were at work, and to estimate their good and evil consequences. It is now more than four and a quarter years since the appearance of my "Morals," and I feel humiliated at being so little advanced, but during that period there was one year in which I wrote nothing, and another in which I did nothing except my Irish book. I want to be back in London at the beginning of October, and to remain there steadily for nine months, working hard.'

A very enjoyable journey to Ireland was accomplished in the summer. Lecky took his wife to visit his tenants and some of the most beautiful scenery of Ireland: Killarney, Glengariffe, Cork, Kilkee, the Cliffs of Moher, Lisdoonvarna, and Galway.

His views about entering Parliament had undergone a considerable change. At an earlier period (May 1871), when there was some question of a dissolution, he wrote:[1] 'I fear I have not yet quite sufficiently schooled myself to help looking with a rather envious feeling on the actors on that great stage, a stage which, I fear, it will never be my lot to mount.' But now, in August 1873, he wrote in a letter to Mr. Booth: 'I cannot say I at all wish to go into Parliament just now. My book is a task quite sufficient for what

[1] To E. v. D.

little energies I possess, and Parliament is getting every session less and less interesting.'[1]

(To the Same.) *February* 26, 1874.—'Thanks for what you say about Parliament. I find now that it is a sort of conventional thing among people I know to say they expect me to stand for somewhere, but I am not aware that anyone in Ireland even mentioned my name; and people with my mediocrity of position and fortune can never get into Parliament unless they take the line of a demagogue or have someone to help them. No one has ever really helped me, and I do not at all feel inclined to make any great sacrifice for Parliament, though one might like it if it came naturally in one's way. I cannot say I care very much about it, or about any pending question, and the probabilities are that this Parliament will be a long one, and that by the time it is over I shall be (if still alive) too old to do anything in a new career, and much too unambitious to care.'

And again, in answer to the same correspondent, he writes (March 24, 1874):

'Nobody in Ireland wants me or cares for me, and I am wholly unambitious of Parliamentary life. It is one thing when the majority of a constituency agrees with your views—is in some degree proud of you and imagines you might do them some honour. It is quite another thing to get in by the division of your adversaries; to know that the majority of your constituents hate your views and will upset you on the first occasion; to feel that every single thing you have done in the world is, in their eyes, an objection, not a recommendation. I should have some chance if I had not published a line, and the constituents can easily find a candidate without the disqualification of authorship. I really do not care for any political question now impending, and have so much to do in my own line that it would require a very tempting opening to draw me into the arena.'

[1] He observes in the same letter: 'It is a curious sign of the times that I appear to be turning into a father of the Church. I find myself quoted, usually with warm approbation, in nearly every page of Eaton's *Bampton Lectures on the Permanence of Christianity*.'

He occasionally went to hear a debate.

(To Mr. C. Bowen.) *July* 6, 1874.—'I have been going to the Home Rule debate, which was very amusing, Butt, Sullivan, Lord Hartington, Sir M. H. Beach, The O'Donoghue, O'Connor Power, and Disraeli speaking very well indeed, the others (including Ball) very badly. I think the close was the most disgraceful scene I ever saw, —— dead drunk, making a long speech, amid shouts of laughter, about how he was a member of the great Latin race, called on by his name and lineage to defend his country; while in the midst of it, amid loud cheers, —— came reeling in as drunk as could be and subsided on the floor. I was told that in this latter case it was quite habitual, and could only devoutly pray that —— may soon be disfranchised and not suffered to disgrace itself and its country much longer. I saw Gavan Duffy, who is here, and who interests me a good deal, soon after, and found him not a little disgusted with the Irish representation.'

He found a London home a very good place for steady work. 'I hardly think I ever wrote so steadily as I have done since in Onslow Gardens,' he wrote on March 18, 1874. He was a man of very regular habits, was always at breakfast at 8.30; and when he had read the *Times* he worked uninterruptedly most mornings and for many years in the evenings, but he gave up late hours in middle life. Although he was never robust, he had great working power, but he required absolute freedom from street noises or neighbouring pianofortes, or interruptions or cares, and on the whole he got a fair amount of this freedom.

'It is the essential merit of literature,' he wrote to Mr. Lea in 1882, 'that with a little force of will we can always measure and regulate our work according to our strength. It is surprising how much may be done in writing by moderate work steadily pursued. Herbert Spencer is in this respect a striking instance. Many years ago he had a complete breakdown, and since then he has strictly limited his work

to three hours a day and done all his writing by dictation. The essential thing is to avoid worry, which is much more trying than work.'

He was frequently asked to give lectures or write magazine articles, but he generally refused. 'It was my early aim in literature,' he wrote in his 'Commonplace Book' in 1883, 'to turn away from the fragmentary and the ephemeral and to the limit of my capacity to embody my best thoughts in complete, elaborate, and well-digested works of enduring value.'

The subject of his 'History' grew as he went on. 'I am at present,' he wrote to Mr. Booth (March 18, 1874), 'strongly in favour of appearing in print only up to the end of George II., and if possible this time next year. My Irish politics I have a good opportunity of airing in a parallel, or rather contrast, between the Scotch and Irish business, and in one more sketch (I earnestly hope it will be the last) of the penal laws.'

But as time advanced the date of publication receded. 'I find the book I have undertaken,' he wrote to Mr. Charles Bowen from Pitlochry (September 2, 1874), 'to be alps upon alps, the horizon perpetually extending, and certainly shall not be able to have two volumes ready before the end of next year, which seems a long time; but unlimited patience is the first condition of doing anything really worthy in history.'

Through the winter of 1874–1875 he worked at the MSS. in the British Museum.

'I find,' he writes on April 11, 1875, from Bournemouth [1] where he had gone for a few days' change of air, 'they are very well classified and very easily to be got at, and I have made a list of about forty volumes, I think, chiefly relating to Ireland, I must run through, and have done rather more

[1] To Mr. Booth.

than half. When I go back I must get an order for the Record Office, where, I am afraid, I may have a great deal to do. What vexes me more than I can say is that I clearly see it is simply impossible for me to have finished my two volumes by the end of the year, and this implies that they will not come out till the following November. History is so long and life is so short, and some three weeks ago I passed my thirty-seventh birthday—a great age.'

He was afraid sometimes that the subject did not suit him as well as former subjects, and he was apt to get low, especially when he took a holiday. 'Do you know,' he writes to Mr. Booth in the same letter, 'the story of Theophrastus, who, having got to his hundredth year, was persuaded on the occasion of some family festivity to spend a day without work, and it was too much for him, and he died?' He found, however, a pleasant relaxation in the society that he liked. In the spring of 1873 he had been elected a member of the Literary Society, a dining club of eminent men in various walks of life, of which Mr. Spencer H. Walpole, former Home Secretary, was the president, and Mr. Henry Reeve the treasurer. In the following spring a very distinguished and exclusive body, 'The Club,' founded by Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and Reynolds, elected him one of their members, an honour which he duly appreciated. He also liked seeing his friends at his own house.

'I have been seeing,' he wrote to Mr. Booth, 'rather more lately than I had done before of Herbert Spencer, who (with Huxley) dined with us a short time ago, and whom I think very curious and interesting, though very wrong-headed. He was giving such a multitude of the most ingenious scientific reasons to show that modern painting is much better than that of the time of Raphael, that modern sculpture is much better than that of the Greeks, that Shakespeare could have written so much better had his compositions been based upon an accurate knowledge of psychology. What to me is most amazing about him is

that he says there is, and for many years past has been, something the matter with his brain, and that he can never read more than one hour at a time or work altogether more than three in the day. He has written all his books in this state. They have all been dictated; his reading is chiefly done by secretaries, and he spends much of his afternoon playing billiards at the Athenæum, because he says he must find something to do to while away the time. He says reading the most abstruse and reading the lightest book is to him just the same. I think, considering all he has done, this is quite unique in literary history. He has an odd way of making his own knowledge and habits the measure of all sound education. For example, he assured my wife that it was a perfect waste of time learning languages; for his own part, he is happy to say he never could be brought to learn any except a smattering of French. He thinks people should read less and think more; that much reading is usually a mistake. After the ladies had gone up, my philosophers (Huxley and Spencer) got into a most animated dispute about the inferiority of women in every respect, both, indeed, asserting it, but Huxley attributed it chiefly to the struggle for ascendency in the first human stage; Spencer to the expenditure of forces in generation. Huxley is very strongly of opinion that men are greatly superior to women, not only intellectually, but also morally and in point of beauty, which must be very consolatory to us.'

In the summer Mr. and Mrs. Lecky went to Franzensbad, whence he writes (July 3, 1875):—'We stopped on our way here at Strasburg, Carlsruhe, and Nuremberg—all old friends of mine. A very pretty ceremony, the crowning the tombs with flowers on St. John's Day, was going on at the latter place, and the whole country looked like a flower show. One epitaph I thought very touching: "I will arise, oh God, when Thou callest me; but let me rest awhile, for I am very weary."' During his stay he got a new German translation of his 'Rationalism,' by Dr. I. H. Ritter, who had also translated Buckle. It was in a cheaper form than

Dr. Jolowicz', and showed that the number of his German readers was increasing.

'My present performance (about which I am apt to get deplorably low),' he wrote to Mr. Booth from Franzensbad (July 18), 'will, I perceive, be in one respect the complement of what I wrote before. I then dealt chiefly with the power of general causes in dominating individualities and determining the general character of successive ages. In this book I am dealing largely with the accidents of history, with the many causes in which a very slight change in individual action or in the disposition of circumstances might have altered the whole course of history. I quite think, with Grote, that the master-error of Buckle was his absurd underrating of the accidents of history; and Herbert Spencer represents the same tendency in an even exaggerated form. Sir Henry Maine once said to me that he knew no modern reputation which had declined so much in so short a time as Buckle's, and that he believed that the reputation of everyone who, like Herbert Spencer, treated society mainly as an organisation must suffer a similar collapse. There is, I think, a vast amount of exaggeration current on both sides between Carlyle, who resolves all history into the acts of individuals and deliberately says that it is wrong ever to write the history of small or bad men except as far as they illustrate the lives of great men, and Buckle, whose idea is history, leaving out the men and women.'

The winter of 1875–1876 was spent in hard work. *London: January* 18, 1876.—'I am, as usual, very busy over my book for the last time, and have almost completed the final revision of the first volume. I do not at all know what to think of it, and am sometimes very desponding on the subject. We have been, or rather are, seeing a good many people. Dined on New Year's Day with Huxley, Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer. Have the latter dining with us to-night.'

At Easter Lecky went with his wife to Ireland, and they spent some months at Bray, in the midst of the beautiful

scenery of the co. Wicklow and within easy reach of Dublin, where Lecky went to work every day. There were some old family friends in the neighbourhood, such as Lord Monck, a former Governor of Canada, and Lady Monck, whose pleasant society in their lovely place on the Dargle was a great attraction; and Miss Selina Crampton, who lived with her sister, Mrs. Jephson, in the neighbouring village of Enniskerry, where her cottage, covered with roses, was a bright spot to all her friends. She was a unique personality. Possessed with the most vivid imagination and power of expression, she was inexhaustible in amusing and poetic descriptions of Irish village life. Old age, and even the blindness of years—from which she ultimately recovered—did not seem to touch her. Her buoyant spirit rose triumphant above all the discordances of life, and her company was as refreshing to those who came near her as the streams and valleys and mountains that surrounded her. She had much affection for Lecky, whom she had known from his boyhood; and many a drive on a car took him and his wife to picturesque Enniskerry, often past Tinnyhinch, where the memory of Grattan lingers. Her brother, Sir John Crampton, formerly Minister at Madrid, lived close by at Bushy Park, which he had filled with Spanish pictures and other reminiscences, and it was a pleasure to Lecky to revisit his old home and the scenes of his youth. Sometimes, as of old, he liked a walk on Kingstown Pier. He loved the sea in all its varying aspects, and especially on those dreamlike summer days in Dublin Bay when sea and sky seem to blend and the ships appear like phantoms floating in the air and reflected in the glassy surface.

They now first met Father Healy, the great wit of Ireland, who became from that time a very fast friend; and

Mr. Prendergast, author of the 'Cromwellian Settlement,' an Irishman racy of the soil if ever there was, cordially disliking England, but much attached to the connexion, having reluctantly come to the conclusion that Irishmen were not fit to govern—'least of all themselves.' Among other friends made at the time were Miss Stokes, whose labours in Irish archæology have received a permanent recognition, and Professor Mahaffy, the learned and brilliant Fellow of Trinity College. The Historical Society, with whom Lecky dined, gave him a most enthusiastic reception.

'We have been here very enjoyably,' writes Lecky to Mr. Booth (Bray, May 15, 1876), 'for some ten days past; find Bray very empty, but extremely beautiful, with an almost Italian sky and scarcely a cloud. . . . I spend three hours every day reading MSS. in the Castle. They are admirably arranged, much better than those of the same period in London; Sir Bernard Burke, the Ulster King of Arms, who is at the head of the establishment, is the kindest of guides. I am all alone there and have a comfortable room to myself, and find the MSS. extremely curious and valuable. I am going through all the informations and presentments before, or of, the grand juries in the different counties of Ireland in the first sixty years of the eighteenth century, and the confidential letters of the Lords Justices to the Viceroys, who were usually in England; and there is also a vast mass of curious miscellaneous correspondence which I must examine. It is most strange that all this mass of interesting and often most quaint and picturesque information, though open to everybody and, for the most part, nearly as legible as print should be almost absolutely unknown. Not half a dozen persons in a year, it seems, come there, and then usually only to make out some particular point. Sir Bernard Burke says that the whole secret history of the Rebellion of '98, all the treachery and all the secret informations of the United Irishmen, are there preserved and perfectly unknown—Froude, who seems to have gone very superficially through these papers, not having even gone over that part. I am finding a great deal that is useful to me, and

I fear it will give my Irish chapter a very disproportionate magnitude and originality of research. I expect to be at least six weeks more at work here.'

It was about this time that he heard that a new edition of his 'Morals,' for which the demand had increased, would be required in the autumn; and as he was anxious to revise the book very carefully it gave him additional work. He, however, found time to go with his wife and sister-in-law for a tour through County Wicklow—the Vale of Avoca, Glendalough, Luggala, and on to the Lakes of Killarney and Achill Island. It was an ideal summer with almost uninterrupted sunshine. At Achill Island the beauty of the Irish coast scenery was seen in all its grandeur. From the top of Croaghaun the eye looks down 2,000 feet almost perpendicularly into the dark blue Atlantic Ocean; a transparent mist was hovering over the cliffs half way, where wild goats were feeding, and made the depth seem deeper still, the slow, regular motion of the broad Atlantic waves adding to the magnificence of the scene, 'the grandest cliff view,' Lecky said, he had ever seen in any part of the world.

He writes to Mr. Booth from Achill Island:

July 24, 1876.—'I have been a long time writing to you, but till about a week ago I was working very hard in Dublin, and since then I have been leading a kind of purely animal life, out all day, and finding it impossible to keep awake much after ten. We have been having the most wonderful weather—hardly four showers since the beginning of May. The sea has been nearly, if not quite, as blue as the Mediterranean, and I find myself in always recurring wonder at the beauty and the variety of Irish scenery. There are views near the mouth of Clew Bay, to my mind, unsurpassed upon the Corniche, and there is a mountain called Croaghaun on this island from which the view is, I believe, of its own kind nearly unequalled in Europe: a sheer cliff of considerably more than 2,000 feet high runs down into the broad Atlantic; while on the other side Clare Island lies exactly like Capri

from Sorrento; and the magnificent range of the cliffs of Menawn (900 feet perpendicular), with the distant views of Croagh Patrick, make the framework of a view as beautiful as Spezzia or the Bay of Naples. It is surprising, too, how much this country has within the last ten years improved. The hotels are usually more than fair, and as they are rarely overcrowded like those of Scotland, travelling here is immeasurably more agreeable than in that country. In the co. Wicklow and in many central parts of Ireland—in the country, that is, but not in the towns—the houses and dress seem very nearly as good as in England; and even here, where the hovels still go on, everyone speaks of the improvement in well-being. . . . My work for my Irish chapter has been very considerable. The informations and presentments of all the grand juries, the correspondence of the English authorities with the Lords Justices, the correspondence of the country gentlemen with the Government, the newspapers of the first half of the last century, and the magnificent collection of pamphlets at the Academy—most of them I have gone through. I hope my Irish chapter may be good, but I am not altogether satisfied with it; and I know that what I write about a certain author you know of will get me into a great deal of hot water, which will take a long time to cool. Nor am I satisfied with my English chapters; but I find myself more and more fastidious about my writing and more and more conscious of the many subjects I ought more fully to explore. I am greatly afraid I shall have to make an expedition to Paris to make out for myself the extent of Bolingbroke's relations with the Pretender (through Iberville) in the last months of Queen Anne's life. . . . People here have been extremely kind and cordial to me, Sir Bernard Burke and Mr. Prendergast (of the "Cromwellian Settlement") giving me every help, and many other people, including the Provost, more than civil. I dined once with the Fortnightly Club—a very flourishing debating society—and also with our old Historical, and had in the course of about a week to make three speeches, one of them quite unprepared. I was glad and somewhat surprised to find how easily it came to me. How difficult it is to realise that one is getting old! I find myself with old associations dropping back so easily and naturally into old modes of thought and life!'

On the return to Bray, Lecky resumed work.

(To Mr. Bowen.) *August* 16, 1876.—'I often think of a visit which Sir C. Lyell told me that Darwin once paid him when they had both just finished their respective books. "Well, here we are, Sir Charles, once more like gentlemen, walking about with nothing to do!" I think Dizzy's step is very graceful and skilful. Lord G. H—— told me his memory was not as it was, and he was evidently not quite up to House of Commons work. Northcote will make a very good leader. I have always a great regard for him for his "Thirty Years of Financial Policy," the very best *résumé* of recent financial history. You should read, if you have not yet done it, the *New Quarterly* with Gladstone's article on Macaulay, and Hayward's on Croker. But Gladstone certainly does not review Macaulay as well as Macaulay reviewed him. I have been working very hard indeed at my State papers, which are perfectly appalling from their number.'

He was back again in London in the early autumn, whence he wrote to Mr. Booth:

'I am just now bringing to a close the revision of my "Morals," which has been a very considerable work. It will come out in the same stereotype form as my "Rationalism," but with a somewhat smaller margin, so that the two books may be nearly equal. I have done everything I can to make this book as nearly perfection as in my power, for, to my mind, it is much better than either its predecessor or its successor, and it and the "Rationalism" together comprise most of what I have thought on the most important matters.'

[*London: Autumn* 1876.]—'I am going through a quantity of rather curious reading about the Irish massacre of 1641, which massacre seems to me one of the great fictions of history, though a great quantity of isolated murders were committed. The consensus of modern English historians, however, about it is so great that it is hardly possible to shake the belief in the English mind.'

The Bulgarian massacres were now exciting great indignation all over the country, and Mr. Gladstone made his famous speech at Blackheath on September 9.

(To Mr. C. Bowen.) *Athenæum: September* 13, 1876.—'I think you Irish Tories are the fiercest partisans in the three kingdoms. It is very hard that an old statesman who is notoriously sick of office and enamoured of theology, and who is as notoriously distinguished for the keenness of his sympathies, should not be allowed to protest at the most atrocious murders of from 12,000 to 15,000 people, accompanied by every kind of outrage, without it being assumed as absolutely certain that his sole object is to eat a Ministerial dinner at Greenwich. The *facts* of the case are surely established by Mr. Schuyler and Mr. Baring beyond reasonable doubt, and I am sure that sooner or later the Turkish question can only be settled by the policy of contracting circles—giving home rule to province after province, and thus producing among them that capacity for self-government and susceptibility of independence which can alone make them a possible barrier against other nations. We were extremely fortunate the other day in hearing Gladstone's great speech. —— insisted (a good deal against my will) on going, but as we had and could get no tickets, and were not electors of Greenwich, I expected only to hang somewhere on the outside of the crowd. ——, however, audaciously went up to the platform (greatly to my horror) and asked, on no possible ground, to be admitted; and it so happened that the organiser of the meeting was an admirer of my "Morals," and accordingly brought us in, and asked me to second a resolution, which I did not do. It was nearly, if not quite, the finest speech I ever heard him deliver, and the effect on an immense audience of from 8,000 to 10,000 extremely intelligent and appreciative men I shall not soon forget. Considering that all those leaders who could artificially organise an agitation are at this time scattered, the strength and volume of English feeling on this subject is very remarkable, and the *Times* is fully supporting it.

'. . . I have been working extremely hard, and have at last sent to the printer the new edition of my "Morals," which will, I think, be decidedly my best book. About my new book I am much exercised in my mind, not feeling sure whether I shall be able to bring it out this book season or not. I devoutly hope to do so, being much fagged with the five years' steady work I have given to it. I have seen

very few people since my return, except Lord Russell, who is very flourishing, but does not approve of Gladstone inviting Russia to enter Servia; Layard, who says any attempt to drive out the Turks will produce a religious war and a general massacre; and Carlyle, who has been ill this summer, who has aged greatly, and who is strongly of opinion that Russia must go to Constantinople [1] as sure as fate, and that she is the only Power who now knows the secret of governing anarchical and uncivilised nations.'

'I was yesterday,' he wrote to his wife (September 21), 'a long omnibus and walking expedition with Carlyle, who seemed very well, is deep in Swift, was much pleased with some more books I have got him about Swift, and had been just having a long visit from no less a person than the Lord Mayor. . . . In the evening I dined quietly at the Athenæum with Herbert Spencer. . . . We talked much about style in writing, he being strong about the uselessness of knowing the derivation of words, about the bad writing of Addison, about the especial atrocity of Macaulay, whose style "resembles low organisations, being a perpetual repetition of similar parts. There are savages," &c. He has nearly finished the first volume of his "Sociology," and seems very confident that it will be a complete explanation of human life. He finds it, however, longer than he intended, as "he had quite forgotten" the existence of one part, "domestic relations." . . . However, these, too, will be explained.'

He then adds that Mr. Spencer 'seems devoted to the theatre; complains of his difficulty in remembering the people's (especially ladies') lineaments; had been in Ireland, at Dublin and Belfast, but did not find the hotels comfortable enough.'

Lecky went to Paris, but found that he could not see the 'Archives,' as they were shut up for the vacation. He arranged, however, to get copies of what he required sent to him. 'Please tell the Queen,' he wrote from Paris

[1] Lecky heard on good authority at that time that the Czar strongly disclaimed all wish to have Constantinople, saying two capitals would be ruinous to Russia, and that his own idea always was that it might some day become a free city like one of the old German ones.

(September 24),[1] 'how very sorry I am that I cannot be with her this autumn, but that I am obliged to work so very hard that every day is of real importance to me.'

He found not much going on in Paris, except 'a commemoration of the anniversary of the French Convention in 1792, which is supposed to have regulated French politics in such a very intelligent and successful and enlightened manner that it is still right to commemorate it with a quantity of eloquence about "the history of kings being the martyrology of peoples." Bulgarian atrocities do not seem to be exciting the very faintest interest in France.'

Lecky was one of the conveners of the conference which took place in the St. James's Hall on December 8 to protest against a warlike policy, and he was asked to speak, but from long disuse he had now got somewhat nervous about speaking, and refused, not without regret;

'for,' as he wrote to Mr. C. Bowen (December 18, 1876), 'it is a pity to have a capacity going all to waste, and the opportunity was rather unusually good. However, I at least can only do one thing well at a time, and for the present I am occupied very exclusively with my books. I do not know whether you ever see the *Times*. It has, in my opinion, been taking a very sensible line on all this, and I believe that if Lord Salisbury is looked upon as sent to try and get really good government for the Christians and not primarily and mainly as the champion of the Turks and the antagonist of the Russians, there will still be peace. The main danger lies in the obstinacy of Turkey, due to the notion that England will fight for her; and I think our "indignation meeting," representing as it did a very unusual assembly of classes and political forces, was of some good in disabusing them of that notion. Gladstone's speech, though very moderate and statesmanlike, was feebly delivered, and as a piece of oratory very inferior to that of Blackheath.'[2]

[1] To his wife, who was staying with Queen Sophia at the House in the Wood.

[2] Mr. Gladstone was conscious of this. He says in his 'Diary': 'Spoke (I fear) one and a half hours with some exertion—far from wholly to my satisfaction' (Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, vol. ii. p. 559).

The winter of 1876–1877 was mainly spent in correcting and revising the proof-sheets of the first two volumes of the 'History,' containing 1250 pages and comprising the first sixty years of the eighteenth century. An active correspondence with Mr. Charles Bowen at that time related chiefly to a translation of 'Faust' which Mr. Bowen had done in his youth, and which, stimulated by the example of his juniors, he was now anxious to see in print. Lecky's help and advice were constantly required, and given with that ungrudging devotion which was characteristic of him, though his hands were full at the time.[1]

'I am so glad,' he wrote to Mr. Bowen (May 26, 1877), 'that you have brought this little enterprise to pass. . . . I agree very much with you about the East, and no one that I know of except Carlyle wants Russia to be at Constantinople. Mr. Wallace,[2] who knows Russia better than anyone I meet, thinks she will be contented with Batoum, and he is very sceptical about her passion for great territorial acquisitions which do not pay. I think Russia is right in this war, and also that the Turkish is the worst Government in Europe, and that it is so undermined by internal decay that it would be perfect madness making its maintenance a main object of policy; but, that being admitted, I think the more that is done in the way of creating autonomies the better. . . . I dined a few days ago with old Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars. He says Kars has been much strengthened since his time, and that it will give much trouble if properly provisioned, but that in that country if you buy provisions or anything else you are sure to be cheated.'

Mr. Wallace's book on Russia came out that year at an opportune moment to enlighten the public about the inner life of a country which was but little known. Lecky knew the author, who struck him as 'an extremely clever man

[1] The *Faust*, written some forty years previously, was first privately printed and afterwards published and very favourably reviewed, in spite of the many translations of *Faust* there were already.

[2] Now Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace.

as well as a good observer.' They frequently met, and always kept up most cordial relations.

The publication of Sir Leslie Stephen's 'English Thought in the Eighteenth Century' was of great interest to him. He thought it a very remarkable book, and, as he wrote to Mr. Bowen,[1] 'I hope we two may rather help than injure each other, he being concerned with the intellectual and speculative side, I with the practical, active, and social.'

(To Mr. Booth.) *Athenæum: May* 22, 1877.—'I have been a good deal overtasked by proof-sheets. I am now in my second volume and very near my Irish chapters, which are the most difficult part, as hardly any part of Irish history has been tolerably written, and one has to gather one's materials very much at first hand and from an immense mass of contradictions.'

(To the Same.) *Nimègue: July* 12, 1877.—'I have been busy revising my "Methodists," which I am happy to say I have found not a difficult task. I am afraid I shall have to run over to Ireland for a few days in September to verify some of Froude's references. It is a great bore to me that my new book will lead to a personal quarrel, and the length of the Irish part (about 330 pages in a book of about 1200) is very disproportionately great; but I cannot help it, and want, at any literary sacrifice, to put on record, once for all, what I believe to be the true version of the facts of this part of Irish history.'

Students of the 'History' cannot fail to realise the immense trouble Lecky took to disentangle the truth in every detail of the subject he was dealing with, never slurring over any difficulty, sparing no pains in sifting the original sources and bringing to bear on all matters his judicial impartiality.

In the early summer of that year Queen Sophia of the Netherlands died. In a letter of May 24 (on which Lecky wrote 'l'ultima') she asked him and his wife, as usual, to stay with her at the House in the Wood. She wrote in low

[1] March 31, 1877.

spirits and spoke of increasing ill-health. It was settled they should go in the middle of June, but on the 3rd of that month the Queen died. She had bravely struggled against her ailments and the troubles of life, but now a few days' severe illness carried her off. The death of so remarkable a personality could not but leave a great blank in many spheres and in the lives of those who had enjoyed her friendship. To Lecky she had proved a very kind and faithful friend, and he admired her and was much attached to her. As early as 1873 she wrote, after one of his visits: 'I am very grateful for your letters and kind expressions, and sincerely hope the little I could do for dear —— and for you may give you some wish to return to a place where you are appreciated and loved as few are I assure you.' She admired his intellect and his character, and the fact that he by no means always agreed with her views did not diminish her affection for him. She had been much interested in all his ways of thinking. She had read his 'Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland' as well as his other books, had followed his controversy with Mr. Froude in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and she was looking forward to the publication of his 'History.' The historian of Holland, Motley, who had been a great friend of the Queen, died a few days before her. Lecky had a sincere friendship and regard for him and had seen much of him, especially of late years, when sorrow and illness had cast a deep shadow over his life. He went to the funeral, and joined his wife at The Hague soon after. He wrote to Mr. Bowen from The Hague (June 22, 1877): 'It is impossible to express how melancholy this is with nearly everyone I know in deep mourning, only one subject on every lip, the streets hung with flags with black streamers, and the coffin lying in the great hall in which we had our wedding breakfast.'

(To Mr. Booth.) *Nimègue : July* 12, 1877.—'I am at last under way for Switzerland. We spent a fortnight at The Hague, which was as gloomy as any place I have ever seen. I was really extremely fond of the Queen, who was always most good to me, and the long interval between death and burial and all the accessories made it more than commonly gloomy. Her palace shut up, to remain uninhabited probably for many years, . . . a beautiful garden she loved so much already getting overgrown with weeds, the swans she daily fed wandering listlessly and neglected about.' . . .

Four years later he was asked by the last surviving son of Queen Sophia—then Prince of Orange—to write her life, but for various reasons he could not undertake the task.

Part of the summer was spent at St. Moritz, where Mr. and Mrs. Lecky and her sister, who accompanied them, saw much of Madame Ristori, who was no less fascinating in private life than she had been on the stage. 'An old flame of mine,' he wrote to Mr. Bowen, 'the great actress Ristori, is here, and it gives me much pleasure to make her acquaintance and that of an extremely beautiful daughter who is with her.'

Lecky loved Alpine nature, and long mountain walks were to him the most exhilarating of pleasures. He did not follow the rules of practised mountaineers, and he used to run down long grassy slopes with great rapidity, maintaining that it tired him less than a slow descent; and when his companions were laboriously toiling downwards he was seen resting in an enviable position at the foot of the mountain.

They returned by Friedrichshafen, on the Lake of Constance, where Queen Sophia's half-brother, the late King of Würtemberg, had invited them to stay; and early in September Lecky went back to England, intending to go to Ireland to verify some references.

He remained in London for some days working hard

at very difficult proofs relating to Irish history at the time of the 1641 Rebellion and of the Revolution, requiring reference to numbers of obscure books and pamphlets. At the same time he saw a good many friends and took a long walk with Mr. Carlyle, who appeared to be extremely well.

'We got all the way to Regent's Park,' wrote Lecky.[1] 'He was only for a fortnight away—at Miss Bromley's—and seems to have spent his time reading French novels. . . . C. says he has seen no one he knows for a long time, but seemed in good spirits and talked very well. "The two things I think most of are the stars and the little children." . . . People here are, of course, exuberant about their beloved Turks.[2] As Mr. Villiers says, "English people always take a sporting view of foreign politics."'

In Dublin Lecky found, to his regret, that all the libraries were closed, and that the most important MSS. of his period had been removed out of Sir Bernard Burke's jurisdiction from the Castle to the Four Courts. 'I am making out,' he wrote from the Dublin Record Office, 'one or two difficult matters in my MSS. I found a quotation in Froude which seemed quite inconsistent with one of my views, and was anxious to get to the bottom of it, but find that I was quite right, . . . he quite suppressing . . . what is inconsistent with his view.'

The first two volumes of the 'History' appeared in January 1878, and were at once recognised as a standard work. The *Times*, in reviewing them at length, spoke of them as a 'very remarkable' and 'admirable book.' In the preface Lecky explains that his aim was not to write a history year by year or to give a detailed account of battles or of the minor political incidents, but

'to disengage from the great mass of facts those which relate

[1] To his wife.

[2] The Turks had been having some successes in the war.

to the permanent forces of the nation or which indicate some of the more enduring features of national life. The growth or decline of the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the democracy; of the Church and of Dissent; of the agricultural, the manufacturing, and the commercial interests; the increasing power of Parliament and of the Press; the history of political ideas, of art, of manners, and of belief; the changes that have taken place in the social and economical condition of the people; the influences that have modified national character; the relations of the mother country to its dependencies and the causes that have accelerated or retarded the advancement of the latter form the main objects of this book.

'In order to do justice to them within moderate limits it is necessary to suppress much that has a purely biographical, party, or military interest, and I have also not hesitated in some cases to depart from the strict order of chronology. The history of an institution or a tendency can only be written by collecting into a single focus facts that are spread over many years, and such matters may be more clearly treated according to the order of subjects than according to the order of time.'

The philosophy of history had been from early days, and always remained, Lecky's favourite and special subject. 'The quarrels of statesmen and party conflicts which are now dead and gone, and which involved no permanent principle,' were subjects which did not interest him, although they had necessarily to be touched upon. He felt that a good book should contain original thought.

'I had thought a good deal on religious questions,' he wrote to Mr. Bowen (January 9, 1878), 'and put what I thought into my former books. I have also thought a good deal on politics, and it is to find a repository for those thoughts that I have written this book. If I had gone on with my old subjects, though there would have been new facts, there would not have been to any considerable extent new thoughts or views. I did not, however, originally intend my present work to be as full or detailed as it has almost insensibly become.'

'I do not think,' he wrote to Mr. Booth (February 1, 1878), 'I have any reason, so far, to be dissatisfied with the progress of my book. I asked a few days after its publication, and about nine hundred copies had then been sold, which is about the same number as were sold a few days after the appearance of my "Morals." A good many people—some of the people whose opinions I value—seem much pleased with it; among others Reeve of the *Edinburgh*, who says he means to review it himself; Dean Stanley, and (very much to my surprise) Carlyle, who has read it all. . . . I suppose before very long it will get me into the hot water that usually awaits my books. I am sorry my Irish chapters bore you, for I took great pains with them, and am (to say the truth) rather proud of them. I venture to think they are the first serious attempt to analyse the political and social state of Ireland somewhat philosophically; and if they are disproportionately long and detailed, you must remember, first, that a great part of them is quite new; and, secondly, that I had to prove, often from very recondite sources, positions which are in direct opposition to the best English authorities. Besides Clarendon, Hume, and many old writers, the story of a general St. Bartholomew Massacre in 1641 is repeated by Hallam, by Goldwin Smith, and by Green; while my story of the Jacobite Parliament of 1689 is in direct opposition to Macaulay. The question how far the penal laws were acted upon is one still grimly contested, and it is only by collecting particular cases that a reasonable judgment can be formed. As for the Froude controversy, it has been as disagreeable to me as anything could well be, and I am perfectly aware that it impairs the artistic character of my book. But Froude's book is the only considerable book on Irish history read in England. It is the source of nearly everything on Irish history that has of late years been written here and, I believe, in America. It is written with very great power, and its single object is to blast the character of the people, representing them as hopelessly, irredeemably bad, justifying every past act of oppression, and trying to arouse to the utmost, sectarian passions both against and among them. I believe no one else in Ireland could do anything very considerable to supply an antidote, for I happen to have the ear of the English public, and I am one of the very few persons in

Ireland who have the patience to go through the original documents and who are not (I hope at least) under the influence of some overpowering craze. I have always hoped to get through my literary life without a quarrel, but I believe that in putting on record my views about Mr. Froude's book and the grounds on which those views are based I am doing some real service to history, to the cause of truth, and to the reputation of Ireland. Nothing I have ever written has been so painful to me to write, and no one could wish more than I do, as a general rule, to keep history clear of personal controversy.'

This letter fully explains the reasons why Lecky devoted a disproportionate space in his 'History' to Ireland, for which he has been sometimes criticised. He always took a very high view of the task of the historian. The public, he said, had no time or opportunity to go to the original sources, and the historian was therefore all the more bound to sift these sources and to interpret them with the most scrupulous honesty and truthfulness; and the greater his literary skill, the greater his responsibility.

He was particularly gratified at hearing from various quarters that his Irish chapters were much admired, as they formed the part of his book which he considered the most original and which he prized and cared for the most. As for his criticisms on Mr. Froude's 'English in Ireland,' they led to no quarrel. They were irrefutable, and he and Mr. Froude were both men of the world who knew how to keep their historical divergences, however serious they might be, out of social intercourse.

The 'History' was more extensively and more favourably reviewed than any of Lecky's previous works. It was warmly received in America, and was at once translated into German by Dr. Löwe.

Lecky's fairness in dealing with the facts of Irish history was gratefully recognised by his fellow-countrymen,

and not least so by the educated Irish Roman Catholics. Sir John Pope Hennessy reminded him of their meeting. 'Possibly you have forgotten it,' he wrote (from Hong Kong [1]), 'but as I read your sixth and seventh chapters I felt no small satisfaction in thinking that at all events I had made your acquaintance'; and he spoke of 'the delight and gratitude' with which men like himself had read the work. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's appreciation was a foregone conclusion. Ever since he had read Lecky's early 'Leaders' in 1861 he had felt 'respect and good will' for him. In sending him his 'Young Ireland,' in 1880, he expressed on the first page his 'profound respect for his [Mr. Lecky's] gifts and the use he has made of them as an historian.'

Mr. Aubrey de Vere sent his 'warmest thanks as an Irishman for the noble defence you have made in your recent "History." The unwearied assailants of Ireland will find in that work what they can never confute. . . . It is just the work I wanted to see written, and I know no one who could have written it in a manner so felicitous and useful.'

To a different category of readers belonged Sir Henry Taylor, whose judgment was that of a detached literary critic, one of the best of the time—perhaps of any time. In a charming and characteristic letter he said that for several months he had been reading the 'Eighteenth Century' and nothing else, and that he had only now finished the first volume.

'You will perhaps wonder as much at the limitation of my reading as I at the boundless extension of yours. I am going on in my slow, brooding way with the second volume, but as I may die before I come to the end of it I feel a wish

[1] He was Governor of Hong Kong at the time.

to thank you now. The pleasure and interest I have taken in what I have read is far beyond what I expected when I began, and I think, in parts of it, beyond what I have ever taken in other histories. My expectations, indeed, were very much lowered by the announcement of your design, in so far as it was to reject the personalities of history. My own predilection is for historical biography, taking some eminent centre and gathering history round about it. Yours is for the reverse. But you have made the life of a people for a century as living an object of interest as if it was one great man.'

Sir Henry asked about the reception of the book, being, as he said, very much out of the way of knowing anything; and he called Lecky's attention to an article he had written about the Irish poet Edmund Armstrong in the *Edinburgh Review* of July, which also contained a review of the 'Eighteenth Century.' Lecky replied that he was very proud of having furnished Sir Henry's chief reading for so long.

'About the reception of the book concerning which you kindly ask, I do not think I have any reason to complain. Both here and in America it has been very favourably (though usually very feebly) reviewed, and it is already being translated into German. It had the misfortune of appearing at the worst possible moment, when political excitement and commercial depression were at their height, and when publishers say that the sale of nearly all books had sunk to an almost unprecedented extent. Still, as an edition of 2500 copies is likely, I believe, to be exhausted by the end of this year or early in next year, the sale cannot be said to have been very bad, and my publishers are content. Please excuse all this egotism, but your questions make it necessary. . . . I am very glad to hear you have been writing in the *Edinburgh*. . . . There is something very graceful and touching in the oldest of contemporary poets thus scattering flowers on the tomb of the youngest. It was a sad pity that Armstrong died so young, for, both in prose and verse, what he wrote seemed full of promise. We were at college together, but he was two or three years my junior,

and I never knew him. I hope the autobiography is by this time finished.'

Among many appreciative letters which he received in the course of time there was one from Mr. O'Neill Daunt,[1] who had reviewed his earliest historical book, the 'Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland.' Lecky's acknowledgment, which is so characteristic of him, may be appreciated by young authors.

April 7, 1879.—'Dear Sir,—I must thank you most sincerely both for writing and for sending me your very kind review of my book. It is now, I am afraid, little less than eighteen years since you wrote in a Cork newspaper about a little anonymous book of mine (which scarcely anybody then read) what I believe I may call the very first really appreciative review I have ever had; and though there have since then been many reviews of my books, which have made a good deal of noise in the world, I doubt whether there has been any which gave me so much pleasure. I rejoice to find that you, who even then had so long a literary career behind you, are still able to write so vigorously, still willing to write so kindly about my performances.'

[1] Mr. W. J. O'Neill Daunt had been private secretary to O'Connell and associated with Butt's Home Rule movement. He wrote *Personal Recollections of O'Connell* and other books on Ireland. Though differing from Mr. O'Neill Daunt on the Home Rule question, Lecky had a great respect for him. As he wrote to Miss Daunt in a letter which prefaced a memoir of her father, 'From his long personal intercourse with O'Connell, your father perpetuated, perhaps more faithfully than any other Irishman, the traditions of the old Repealers, and he represented a type of Nationalist which is now rapidly passing away. It is a type which was not without its defects and limitations, but it was pure, honest, disinterested, and, in my opinion, Irish life is much the poorer for its loss.'

CHAPTER VI

1878–1882.

Portrait by Watts—Visit to Oxford—Italian lakes—Switzerland—Visit to Professor Tyndall—Senior's 'Conversations'—Spencer Walpole's 'History'—Irish University education—The Hague—Ireland—Dublin University degree—Mr. Gladstone on the Evangelical Movement—Reply in the *Nineteenth Century*—Reads MSS. in Dublin Castle and Four Courts—Death of Mr. Bowen—Henry Brooke—Letters to Mr. O'Neill Daunt—M. Renan—Visit to Tennyson—Carlyle—Dissolution—More letters to Mr. O'Neill Daunt—Carlyle's death—'Reminiscences'—Carlyle Memorial—Irish Land Act, 1881.—Mr. O'Neill Daunt's Catechism of the History of Ireland'—Mr. Richard Brooke's 'Hymns.'

After the publication of the first two volumes of the 'History' Lecky found that the long strain of work had somewhat weakened his eyes, and though his oculist reassured him, saying they were on the whole a remarkably good 'pair of optics,' they continued to give him trouble every now and then, and he had to regulate his work in such a way as to do all he wanted without overtaxing them. There were, however, times that he was not his own master. 'Though I work steadily,' he wrote to Mr. Bowen, 'I do not really work very hard till it comes to the proof-sheet period. One cannot then take one's own time, and as my last two volumes were very long, I was writing at the end of them while I was printing the beginning.'

The struggle between Russia and Turkey was the all-engrossing subject in the winter of 1877–1878, and was keenly watched. The situation was critical, for the country and the Cabinet were extremely warlike, and there was every fear of England drifting into war. Lecky was among

those who felt strongly that it would have been quite unjustifiable.[1]

In the course of the winter he gave sittings to Mr. Watts, who had asked to do a portrait of him. Lecky was difficult to do, and, in spite of all the pains Mr. Watts took, the likeness is not as characteristic as that of most of the great painter's portraits. Lecky had a sincere admiration for Mr. Watts, and much enjoyed the conversations about art which they had during the sittings. He was struck by Mr. Watts observing that the study of English portraits had convinced him that in different periods the English face has been marked by different characteristics; the faces of the age of Elizabeth having been eminently structural, with prominent bone ridges, while from the Restoration to the end of the eighteenth century the bones in faces are almost invisible, as shown in the portraits by Reynolds and Gainsborough. Watts found that in the present generation the faces of remarkable men had in a great degree returned to the Elizabethan type. Lecky's portrait was in the Academy Exhibition in the spring of 1878, and is now in the National Portrait Gallery.

(To Mr. Booth.) *March* 18, 1878.—'We have been going out a great deal in the evenings—in fact, rather too much for my taste—and between my weekly visits to Carlyle and my sittings to Watts for my portrait my afternoons have also been much taken up. I am trying to get on with my new volume, but find it very hard work, and am not very well, which always makes me languid, idle, and incapable. I suspect I shall not really get into it till we settle down here in October. A number of newspaper reviews have come in, nearly all favourable, but very superficial. Most of my friends seem to like my new book a good deal, but politics absorb all general attention,

[1] The situation remained serious till the Berlin Congress in the following summer settled matters for the time.

and Sir E. May tells me that Murray even said that it is useless publishing a book till the Eastern Question is settled. However, in the first six or seven weeks rather more than a thousand copies were sold, and Carlyle tells me that it was only in the third year that his "French Revolution" got to the second edition, though the first was only a thousand copies.'

He paid at that time a visit to the Master of Balliol (Dr. Jowett), and was much struck with the change that was coming over the old university, as the following letter shows.

(To Mr. Bowen.) *March* 27, 1878.—'Oxford was very cold, and we left it covered with snow; but it is always interesting, and I saw a good many distinguished scholars there, some of whom I did not know. It is curious to see the rapid secularisation of Oxford: chapel no longer compulsory, fellowships all thrown open to laymen, and questions concerning the truth of Christianity, the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul the almost usual subject of unrestricted discussion. A strange seething seems going on, and when one considers that the present of a university is in a great measure the future of a nation, it is perplexing to think what is coming. There seems a breaking up here of old beliefs hardly paralleled since the Reformation—perhaps even since the decadence of paganism. I am glad you like my book. Somewhere about 1200 copies have so far been sold; but most of the reviews, though generally favourable, have been weak and very superficial. . . . I greatly doubt whether I can finish my "Century" in two volumes more. The last two cost me more than six years of hard work—and, alas! I was forty yesterday! How time slips away! I cannot get fairly adrift in my new volumes, and suspect I shall do little till we are settled here in October. In the beginning of May we mean to go to the North of Italy.'

He went with his wife to the Italian Lakes and Venice, and found the Lake of Como bathed in sunshine and in all the exuberance of spring vegetation.

(To Mr. Booth.) *Venice: June* 7, 1878.—'We spent a very delightful fortnight lately at Cadenabbia, on the Lake of Como, which I never saw looking more beautiful:

the villas and statues festooned with roses, camellias growing in large trees and in full bloom, and such a multitude of nightingales as I never before heard. It was a very pleasant, idle, languid kind of existence, with a hot sun but a cool air, and a good many rather pleasant people. Among others we had a Canadian judge who knew Goldwin Smith well, and who afterwards sent me a large Canadian amethyst as a souvenir of our meeting.' [1]

At Venice they met his stepmother and sister, who had gone to live abroad for some years. After spending the mornings in museums and churches, drinking in the beauty of all that art offers in Venice, they enjoyed nothing so much during the hot summer days as the fresh breezes on the Lido. They went on to Switzerland, and from Aigle, in the Rhône valley, Lecky made an expedition of a few days to the Belalp, which he thought 'a wonderfully beautiful and at the same time pleasant place, a very good hotel, situated right on the largest glacier in Switzerland and in the very heart of the snow mountains.' He was glad to find his friends the Tyndalls, who had a charming little house there, and were very kind and hospitable to him. On the way home they saw the Paris Exhibition—the first of those huge exhibitions which it is impossible from their size to see with any satisfaction. France struck him, on the whole, as coming out much the best, 'for in nearly everything that depends on taste and delicacy of workmanship she is in the first line, while in many she is unrivalled.' That summer his university wished to confer the honorary degree on him; but as, owing to his absence, the news did not reach him till too late, the ceremony was put off till the following summer.

He was back in England in October, and wrote to Mr. C. Bowen, after a visit to Knowsley:

[1] Judge Gowan, afterwards Senator Sir James Gowan.

October 15, 1878.—'We spent a few days very pleasantly there. Part of the time there was nobody with us except Mr. and Mrs. Lowe and a connexion of the family, and I did a good deal of walking with Lord Derby alone, which I always like much. I always come away impressed with his admirable good sense, his very wide knowledge, and his complete freedom from what were once the superstitions of his party. . . . As you are always so kind in taking interest in my books, you will be glad to hear that I am already beginning to print a new edition (which is, I believe, to be stereotyped) of my "History of England." . . . What I care most for is the opportunity a new edition gives for correcting all mistakes that I have been able to find out, and in several ways improving my book.[1] A German translation has also been already begun. . . . I am trying slowly and lazily to get afloat on my new volumes, but have been a good deal troubled with weak eyes. The oculist, however, says that nothing is really wrong.'

He had the happy faculty of mastering with great rapidity the contents of a book, and this enabled him to do a large amount of miscellaneous reading at the same time that he was going through MSS. or special books for his history. Among the books which came out at that time were Senior's 'Conversations,' chiefly with the leading Frenchmen from 1848–1858, revised by themselves. 'It is a very curious picture,' Lecky wrote,[2] of 'the political life of that decade, and I think most people will be struck with the uncertainty of all political prediction which it illustrates; for I suppose four out of every five prophecies made by the ablest men in the most advantageous positions came wrong.' His own view was that

'the events of history seldom reproduce themselves so exactly as to justify forecast. The endless diversity of circumstances and conditions baffle all human foresight,

[1] He also suppressed a few controversial lines about Mr. Froude, which, though quite true, he did not want to perpetuate.

[2] To Mr. Bowen.

and the light which history throws in this respect on the present, if not misleading, is at best very fitful and uncertain. But the same types of character reproduce themselves much more faithfully from generation to generation, and it is much more possible to forecast the course they will take and the destiny that awaits them.' [1]

Sir Spencer Walpole's 'History' was also published that year, and was considered by Lecky as a book of 'sterling value.' In the course of time the two historians were brought together and became great friends.

Mr. Carlyle was eighty-three that winter. He had almost entirely given up walking and had taken to daily drives, in which he liked his friends to accompany him, though he was often wrapped in silent gloom. 'He is not ill,' wrote Lecky at the time, 'but very weak and very melancholy, exceedingly tired of life, and, I think, gradually sinking. I drive with him once a week, as also does my wife.'

In January 1879 there were rumours that the question of Irish university education was once more to be dealt with.

'I asked Sir E. May,' he wrote to Mr. C. Bowen (January 25), 'if he thought anything was doing about Irish universities, and he fancied enquiries on the subject must have been made in Ireland to give the rumours of intended measures the consistency they have. I should greatly regret to see a priestly and denominational university which would be sure to lower the standard of university education in Ireland and to prevent that mixture of the gentry of the two religions which is one of the things most wanted. Nobody is likely to ask for or care for my opinion, but I have myself a theory on the subject. I think the only grievances Catholics can possibly have about Trinity College are (1) that if the parents of Catholic students do not live in Dublin, the students, if they are to attend

[1] From his Commonplace Book, 1887.

lectures, must either live in an institution where most of their companions are Protestants, or in lodgings; (2) that no provision is made for their religious teaching and worship analogous to that which is made for Protestants; and (3) that ethics and modern history are subjects which touch disputed theology, and that Catholics might reasonably ask that some distinctively Catholic books should be introduced into those courses. It seems to me that the creation of a new university is very unnecessary to remedy these defects. I would annex the Catholic college to T.C.D., give it an endowment as the place where Catholic students of Trinity College may, if they like it, reside and may have their own chapel; and I would endow distinctively Catholic professorships of ethics and modern history. I should do this on condition that the Catholics should in all other respects be simply students of Trinity College, attending its lectures and examinations and competing for its honours. I think this might very fairly be offered. If it were not accepted, I would do nothing. It is certainly easier for this Government than for the Liberals to deal with the question, but little good is apt to come of negotiations with priests, converts, and representatives of agricultural peasants.'

The university project which the Duke of Marlborough[1] wanted was given up, it was said, on account of the Cabinet being divided. Lecky was not sorry for it, though he wished there was a Catholic chapel with priests to teach Catholic students their own religion in Trinity College.

'I suppose,' he wrote to Mr. Bowen (February 21), 'that most of the session will be fully occupied by the interesting squabbles between Churchmen and dissenters about where they are to be buried. There are, I understand, no less than five Burial Bills for consideration. Old Bishop Phillpotts used to maintain that even in cemeteries it was essential that there should be a wall at least (I think) four feet high between the episcopalian and non-episcopalian corpses—I suppose on the principle that "evil communications corrupt good manners" extends to the ghosts. The English people are very curious about these matters. . . .

'I was so sorry to hear that Sir G. Hodgson's (of Bray)

[1] Then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

son is among the killed in Zululand. If it were not all so horrible there would be something almost comical in this Zulu episode happening almost immediately after we had annexed the Transvaal on the ground that their defeat by the natives had shown that the Dutch were not strong enough to hold their ground.'

In the spring they went to see their friends at The Hague, and on his return he wrote:

May 2, 1879.—'We only came back from Holland a week ago, where we have been spending a very busy but very pleasant fortnight, seeing an immense number of Dutch friends, but finding it bitterly cold. . . . Dutch society I always find very agreeable, even after the kind of society we see in London. People who usually know three or four languages quite perfectly and have read largely in them all have a large assortment of ideas, and there is an artistic, æsthetic tinge about Dutch life which is a good deal wanting over here.'

In June he went to Ireland and received the University LL.D. degree on the 26th, at the same time as that great benefactor of mankind Dr. Lister (now Lord Lister). He had an enthusiastic reception while the Public Orator (Dr. Webb) extolled his merits in an eloquent Latin speech. He and his wife stayed at Monkstown, whence he went daily in the usual way to read MSS. in Dublin.

(To Mr. Booth.) *Monkstown: July* 13, 1879.—'I spend two or three hours every morning on the State papers in the Castle, and have also during the last ten days been a good deal occupied with an attack on one of my statements which Gladstone has made in the *British Quarterly*. Gladstone has been writing to me very civilly about it, and Knowles persuaded me to reply in the *Nineteenth Century*. Happily, my article has now gone off, and I hope you will see it in the next number.'

Mr. Gladstone wrote to him (June 28, 1879): 'In reading your valuable History, which in nearly every

sentence commands my sympathy and concurrence, I found an incidental statement which, as mere matter of fact, I have undertaken to controvert, but not, I hope, in a manner which will displease you.'

Lecky maintained in his 'History' that the Evangelical clergy had before the close of the eighteenth century exercised a dominant influence in the Church of England, 'and had completely altered the whole tone and tendency of the preaching of its ministers.' Mr. Gladstone, while admitting the great influence of the Evangelical teaching, contended that this had not become prominent till after the Tractarian Movement. Lecky, in his reply in the *Nineteenth Century*, while making some concession to Mr. Gladstone as to the numerical proportion of the Evangelical clergy, which he admitted he had overrated, maintained and argued out his position, expressing his belief 'that at the close of the eighteenth century the Evangelical movement had not only fully developed its principles and its powers, but had also become, both in Nonconformity and in the Church, the chief centre of religious activity in England.'

'I am very glad,' Lecky wrote to the Rev. Richard Brooke (August 19, 1879), 'that you approve of my description of Evangelicalism, for no one can be a better judge of it than you are. Mr. Gladstone, in a note I had from him when his article appeared,[1] maintained that the doctrine of justification by faith "was always treated as raising the opposition between faith and works, not between the priest

[1] On receiving my article, Mr. Gladstone wrote, July 3, 1879, 'if it tempts your curiosity, you will find perhaps that the collateral points of difference between us are fewer than you suppose. I agree in thinking that the Evangelical doctrine had influenced many of the best clergy before the Tractarian epoch; and I have not said, and do not think, that Tractarianism has had any great direct influence on the preached doctrines of the Evangelicals. Into the very wide question of the sacerdotal system I have not entered, nor have I written anywhere in the article, knowingly at least, as a partisan of any opinion, but by way of recording facts and offering suggestions. So far, however, as I have seen, the Evangelical doctrine of

and the individual," and the *Saturday Review*, which supports him against me, maintains that the habit of mind which I have described as Evangelical—the *solus cum solo*—is common to devout minds in all creeds ; but I persist in thinking it is much more congruous to an unsacerdotal than to a sacerdotal creed. I hope Mr. Gladstone may now turn his thoughts to Homer and Midlothian, for nothing short of his great name could have drawn me into a controversy and a theological controversy, and I much prefer going on in the routine of my own quiet work.'

(To Mr. Booth.) *August* 5, 1879.—'I have done my MSS. at the Castle and at the Four Courts, but I shall not, I fear, have finished my other work here. The chief part of it is the Halliday pamphlets at the Irish Academy, which is by far the best collection I have ever met with. It was made by a gentleman who lived at Monkstown and died a few years ago, and though the greater number of the pamphlets relate to Ireland, the collection includes everything that is really valuable relating to the English history of the time. I got some of the most valuable materials for my last volumes from this collection, and I find that the pamphlets relating to the thirty years which my next two volumes are to cover extend to about 280 volumes. No doubt in the British Museum they have these and many more, but there it is necessary to look out every pamphlet in the catalogue, whereas here they are bound in volumes chronologically, so that I look through fifteen or twenty volumes a day. I have also been allowed to look at the private papers of Lord Charlemont, the head of the Volunteers. On the whole, I am doing nothing but imbibe, having written of late notLing but a little article on Gladstone, and I fear this will continue for some time.'

justification was always treated as raising the opposition between faith and works, not between the priest and the individual. Had it touched the latter of these oppositions, it would hardly have retired into the shade as it now has retired. The preaching of many sacerdotalists, as preaching, now satisfies men of the Evangelical school, as I have known in marked instances. But I should have wished, had I seen you, to quit this ground and to have offered you orally my thanks for the great services you have, in my judgment, performed upon subjects entering more profoundly into the purpose and scheme of your book, especially in your development of the historical question as between England and Ireland.'

During that summer in Ireland Lecky saw the last of Mr. Charles Bowen, and the correspondence with him came to an end. Early in the following year (January 6, 1880) Mr. Bowen died; and by his death one of those old family ties and friendships which cannot be replaced was severed. In September he was again in London. He went through a long course of Irish despatches at the Record Office, and then spent some weeks at Cannes and San Remo, where he met his relations and greatly enjoyed basking in the sun by the blue Mediterranean. He meant after that, as he wrote to Mr. Booth from San Remo,

'to be stationary for some eight months, working steadily five hours a day; for this last summer, though not exactly idle (as I have looked through, I believe, 200 or 300 volumes of MSS. and about 100 volumes of pamphlets), I have written very little and only about fifty pages of print, besides my little article, since the end of June. The Irish papers in London, though very interesting, are a severe task—eighty large volumes, and nearly all important for the thirty years I am writing about. However, I have done all but about fourteen, which can wait for two or three months.'

Frequently Lecky received letters from those whose ancestors or connexions had played some part in the history of the eighteenth century. Thus his old friend the Rev. Richard Brooke was anxious to know what view Lecky might take about Henry Brooke, the author of 'The Fool of Quality.' [1]

'Although we may differ a little,' wrote Lecky to Mr. Brooke (December 30, 1879), 'about the enormity of Whigs and Romanists, I am happy to find that there is no real difference between us about H. Brooke. You appear quite ready to admit that he received money from the Catholic Association for writing in their cause. I am quite ready to admit that the very sensible views which he so

[1] See Lecky's *History of Ireland*, cabinet edition, vol. i. p. 296, vol. ii. pp. 183 sqq.

admirably expressed may have been his genuine convictions. Clogy's account of Bedell was printed from the British Museum MSS. in 1862. I know it well, and should have thought that it was alone sufficient to convince any dispassionate man of the prodigious mendacity of the popular Protestant account of the "massacre" of 1641. However, on that subject "liberavi animam meam." I have said all I have to say in the second volume of my History, and if people go on repeating and believing the old falsehood I cannot help it!'

(To the Same.) *March* 30, 1880.—'I have been reading with great pleasure your new book—especially the essay on Owen, which seems to me the best thing you have ever done. I am sorry you did not write more about those Puritan times, which you know so well, and about those Puritan divines who now find so few readers, so *very* few admirers. Carlyle tells me that Owen's works were the favourite reading of his father, but I do not think he himself knows much about them. You have also managed to put a wonderful amount of literary criticism and knowledge into the articles on Chaucer and Savage; "Orion" I have long known in its earlier home—your volume of poems which still adorns my library. The little I shall have to say about H. Brooke will, I think, be chiefly eulogistic, though I must mention his connexion with the Catholic Association. His Trial of Witnesses struck me very much, and I regret that I had not read it when I was writing in my last volumes about 1641; and there is a singularly beautiful passage—which I find he repeated two or three times in his works—about the passiveness of the R.C.s during "a winter of seventy years." Do you know his picture of fashionable society?'

> 'Where laughter no pleasure dispenses,
> Where smiles are the envoys of art,
> Where joy lightly swims on the senses,
> But never can enter the heart.'
> *Little John and the Giants.*

'Unfortunately, however, it is still a long time before I can say anything about H. B. or anyone else, and one sometimes gets very weary of a book which requires for its

accomplishment so long a period of most exclusive work, so rigid an abstinence from many subjects I should like to go into.'

To anyone who loved his country as deeply and sincerely as did Lecky, the condition of Ireland was now one of grave concern. In his youthful days he had been able to feel some sympathy for Irish aspirations, represented as they were by leaders who were animated with a lofty patriotism and whose methods were untainted by crime or lawlessness, but disillusion had shattered his early dreams. The leaders whom the Irish people had now selected were of a very different mould from Grattan, O'Connell, and even Butt. They were, as Mr. Gladstone described them before his secession to Home Rule, ' gentlemen who wish to march through rapine to the disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire.' In some letters written about this time to Mr. O'Neill Daunt, Lecky expresses his views about the Home Rule agitation, against which he fought so strenuously with pen and speech in after years when it became the burning question of practical politics.

December 14, 1879.—' Dear Sir,—I must thank you for so kindly sending me the *Nation* with your letter, but you must forgive me if I say that I entirely disagree with you. Whatever else Parnell and his satellites have done, they have, at least in my opinion, killed Home Rule by demonstrating in the clearest manner that the classes who possess political power in Ireland are radically and profoundly unfit for self-government. That a set of political adventurers who go about the country openly advocating robbery and by implication advocating murder (" keep a firm grip on your land " without paying rent, in Ireland, means nothing less) should enjoy an unbounded popularity and command a multitude of Irish votes ; that a popular press should extol them as the true leaders and representatives of the Irish race ; that great meetings should be held in which cries for murdering landlords elicit loud cheers and not a word of serious rebuke ;

that such a movement should have attained its present dimensions in Ireland appears to me a most conclusive proof that the very rudiments of political morality have still to be taught. There is no civilised country in Europe where such things would be possible. Whatever else Government has to do, *the protection of life and property is its first duty.* Respect for contracts, *a high sense of the value of human life,* a stern exclusion from public life of all men who in any degree coquet with or palliate crime, and a hatred of disorder and violence and lawlessness are the qualities that are found in all classes which are capable of self-government; and the freedom of a country depends mainly upon the success of its public opinion in crushing the elements of socialism or anarchy within it. Judged by such tests, the political condition of Ireland seems to me at present the most deplorable that can be well conceived, and the reputation and character of the country are rapidly sinking, not only in England, but throughout Europe. It certainly passes my intellect to conceive how men can imagine that they are improving the political condition of Ireland by instigating a fierce war of classes, or its economical condition by destroying all respect for contracts and making property utterly insecure, or its moral condition by persuading the people that dishonesty backed by intimidation is the best resource in bad times. As for the Irish Parliament of 1782, it was a body something like the present Irish Church synod, consisting mainly of Protestant landlords. It had its faults, but it had also, I think, great merits, and I have much too much respect for it to doubt that it would have applied exceedingly drastic remedies to such proceedings as those of Mr. Parnell. There is really something too ridiculous in a party preaching a furious crusade against Irish landlords and then denouncing England for "robbing" Ireland of a Parliament of landlords—creating by systematic obstruction a kind of Parliamentary anarchy in England by way of showing how admirably fit they are for managing a Parliament of their own! You must excuse me, sir, for expressing my dissent so emphatically; but until this new communism is extirpated from Ireland or at least branded with the infamy it deserves, I can see no real prospect of political improvement. I rejoice that there are a few Irish politicians like Sir G. Bowyer who venture to speak boldly

on the subject, and I am sorry that you and I should diverge so very widely in our estimate of it.'

Mr. O'Neill Daunt in a detailed reply explaining his views agreed at least in strongly condemning the methods of the Land League. 'Pardon this prolix letter,' he wound up, 'from an old man who heartily admires your genius as well as the mode in which it has often been exerted.' Lecky wrote that he was glad to find that they did not disagree quite as much as he feared. 'I own I do not myself believe in democratic Home Rule in Ireland, and I think Home Rule which is not democratic would never be tolerated. At present, however, the great danger to the country seems to me this new disease of communism, which when it once passes into the constitution of a nation is apt to prove one of the most inveterate and most debilitating.'

On February 8, 1880, he wrote on the same subject:

'I must thank you for the *Nation*, with your very vigorous and eloquent letter. I must own that, whatever may have been the case in other days, Home Rule would seem to me now one of the most certain ways of driving great masses of property out of Ireland; for what sensible man would, if he could help it, leave his land or other property at the mercy of an assembly guided by "the Leader of the Irish People" and his satellites? However, I fear we shall not agree on that point. I hope something may be ultimately done to multiply peasant proprietors in Ireland, which would politically at least be a very great advantage; but the difficulties are enormously increased by the attitude of "patriots" about the payment of debts, by the strong anti-Irish feeling which the recent proceedings of Parnell and Co. have very naturally produced in England (which threatens to postpone considerably the return of the Liberals to power), and by the furious hostility the national Press shows to emigration, which in some parts of the country is the indispensable condition of all economical progress. I am glad you have said something about the distinction between different kinds of landlords. I am

deep in the history of the 1782 period, and find the papers in the Record Office on that time very copious, valuable, and curious.'

To Mr. Booth he wrote:

Athenæum Club: March 16, 1880.—'I have just finished about a month's hard work at the Record Office over Irish despatches from 1783 to 1793. The amount of material there is quite appalling, often four or five long letters a week between the Governments of England and Ireland. It has thrown back my writing very much, for besides occupying all my mornings, it usually makes me so tired in the evenings that I have done very little.'

In April 1880 M. Renan gave the Hibbert Lectures on 'Rome and Christianity.' Lecky, who had known him before, saw much of him and his wife, but 'unfortunately,' as he wrote to Mr. Booth, 'M. Renan does not speak a word of English, which restricts a good deal the number of persons with whom one can ask him. We had him here the other day, among other people, with Herbert Spencer, each of them extremely glad to meet the other, but each with the most extreme difficulty in communicating with the other.'

Mr. Spencer soon turned to one of the ladies of the company to rest, as he said, from the exertion. M. Renan was very pleasant and good-natured, and, like all men of genius, very unpretentious. He talked extremely well about history, especially his favourite subject—the French Revolution. Whenever he was laid up with the gout he had parts of its history read to him, and he was always struck with admiration at the splendid courage with which the people of that period met death on the scaffold.

That same spring Lecky made an expedition with Lord Tennyson to Stonehenge, after having stayed with him some days at Farringford, in the Isle of Wight. There was

a great deal of the hero-worship element in Lecky's nature, and Tennyson was one of the people he most admired. He had made his acquaintance at the end of the sixties, and from that time a visit to Tennyson was always one of his chief pleasures. On this occasion he wrote : [1]

Athenæum Club : May 21, 1880.—' As I think I told you, Tennyson pressed me much to stay at Farringford till Wednesday, and he then, at the last moment, determined (with his son) to go with me to Salisbury. We had a charming excursion in the loveliest of weather to Stonehenge, Amesbury (where King Arthur sent his unfaithful queen), Wilton, and the church of George Herbert the poet. Altogether, such an expedition with such a companion is a thing that will always dwell very pleasantly in my memory, and makes a really interesting episode in life. Tennyson returned yesterday in the middle of the day. Had the hotel been pleasanter, I would have stayed on till next day, but as it was I thought it better to return. I always hate mortally returning to London, and feel in a few hours physically, mentally, and morally several degrees below my country level.'

In a few pages of reminiscences which Lecky wrote for Lord Tennyson's Life by his son, he describes this excursion and how they sat long in the gardens of Wilton, which were a perfect dream of beauty. When twelve years later he was one of the pall-bearers at Tennyson's funeral in Westminster Abbey the remembrance of this episode rose vividly before him.[2] On his return to London he saw Mr. Carlyle at once as usual, and wrote to his wife (May 24, 1880) : ' I have just been driving with Carlyle, who struck me as better and more cheerful than I have seen him for a long time, and having just had his hair cut gave him a sort of juvenile appearance.' This rejuvenescence, however, was but a flicker, and did not arrest the increasing weakness. The niece who lived with

[1] To his wife at The Hague.

[2] *Lord Tennyson : a Memoir*, by his son, vol. ii. pp. 200–207.

him, Miss Aitken, had married her cousin, Mr. Alexander Carlyle, and the baby that was born in due course at Cheyne Row was now a source of great interest to Carlyle, who, never having had any children of his own, was curiously ignorant about children, and looked upon this one as a wonder of nature. He used to speak of it as 'our baby,' and said it was 'an odd kind of article,' and that it was strange Shakespeare should once have been like that.

The great public event of the spring of that year was the dissolution.

'We are here in all the fuss of the election,' Lecky wrote to his sister-in-law at The Hague (March 27, 1880), 'and people hardly think or speak of anything else. To give you an idea of how it pervades everything, I may say that yesterday we were at Westminster Abbey, where Dean Stanley preached a sermon on the darkness of the Passion, which he compared to the general election preceding the meeting of Parliament, and he accordingly devoted much the greater part of his Good Friday sermon to the proper frame of mind to be maintained at an election!'

The Liberals were returned with a triumphant majority, which Lecky thought would be sufficient to make them independent of the Home Rulers, and he expected that the new Government were likely to deal more firmly with them than the former one.

'This whole election is a curious proof,' he wrote,[1] 'how impossible it is to calculate or predict political forces since household suffrage and the ballot, and I suppose it is the first instance in which a party has been overwhelmingly beaten at a time when it was enthusiastically supported by nine-tenths of the London Press. It shows, too, that the public-houses are much weaker politically than was supposed. I suspect, however, that, independently of a real and very proper dislike to sensation policy, mystification, and bad finance, a great deal is due to a mere desire for

[1] To Mr. Booth.

change, which will now probably bring about a political fluctuation every five or six years.'

Lecky and his wife spent part of the summer in Switzerland and returned home by Paris as usual. Two letters which he wrote at this time to Mr. O'Neill Daunt contain much that is of permanent interest, as they go to the root of the Irish land troubles and suggest what might be effectual remedies as distinct from palliatives which are unsuited to the economic conditions of the country and to the nature of the soil.

Paris, October 1, 1880.—'Dear Mr. Daunt,—I must thank you for your two letters—the private one and the letter in the *Nation*. Even when I do not agree with you, it always gives me great pleasure to read what you write—if it were for no other reason—on account of the admirably clear and forcible way in which you state your case. I do not know whether the fact that I am myself—though on a small scale—an Irish landlord biasses me, but I own I take a much more landlord view than you do of Irish affairs. The standard of public duty in Ireland has always been low, and there are great faults of negligence and extravagance and arrogance to be attributed to the upper classes; but I have never been able to discover satisfactory evidence of the atrocious rapacity, extortion, and exterminating tyranny which it is the fashion to ascribe to them. As you know very well, during nearly the whole of the last century the greater part of the land of Ireland was sublet two, three, and sometimes even four deep—a fact which, whatever else it may prove, at least shows with the force of absolute demonstration that the owners of the soil did not exact for themselves an excessive part of its produce. The great sum still given for goodwill in Ireland proves the same thing, and I have never seen any real proof that Irish land is now generally over-rented. Molinari, whose very interesting letters in the *Journal des Débats* I have been carefully following, was especially struck with the extreme lowness of Irish rents as compared with those both in France and Flanders. He says that in Flanders the average proportion of rent to the value of the soil is, in the case of small farms, about double

of what it is in Ireland. Unskilful husbandry, an utter absence of industrial habits, an excessive tendency to multiplication and to division of tenancies, appear to me to have much more than landlord misdeeds to say to the poverty in Ireland. No doubt there are bad landlords there, but, as far as I can see, almost exclusively among those who have bought under the Encumbered Estates Act, who treat their property merely as a speculation, and whose conduct is in general perfectly uninfluenced by either religious or political motives. As far as I know, the few old families who can still trace their property to confiscations (in any other country but Ireland a settled possession of between 200 and 300 years would be deemed a very sufficient title) are in general signally moderate. Evictions are generally bad things, but in judging them it must be remembered that there are still tens of thousands of farmers in Ireland whose farms are so small that they cannot possibly rise above abject wretchedness, who would continue wretched if they paid no rent whatever, and who must necessarily pass away (either as agricultural labourers or as emigrants) if there is to be any economical improvement. Nothing seems to me more certain than that in many parts of the country a considerable consolidation of tenancies is the first condition of improvement. Government, I think, might do much to soften the transition; but every attempt of governments and of agitators to stereotype the existing state of things seems to me directly opposed to the most vital interests of the country. I can see very little excuse for the present agitation. It seems to me to be in the main a skilful attempt to make private greed and the desire for fraudulent gain the mainspring of political action. It is utterly ruining the Irish character and fast depriving Ireland of every vestige of sympathy and respect upon the Continent. How, indeed, could it be otherwise when Ireland is the one country in Europe in which murder is supported by the full weight of public opinion, and in which men who are the advocates of the most glaring and transparent dishonesty are the most popular and influential representatives of the people? So far from things tending towards Home Rule, I think you will soon find the opinion growing up on all sides that Ireland is unfit for the amount of representative government she possesses, and that a

Government rather on the Indian model may become necessary. Please excuse, dear sir, all these heresies (as you will, I fear, deem them).'

Early in October Lecky was back in London and at his work, intending to have the third volume of the 'History,' which was to contain the American Revolution, ready for printing in the spring.

'I have been very busy since my return to England,' he wrote on October 15 to Mr. O'Neill Daunt, 'or I should have written before to thank you for your kind letter and to congratulate you on being enrolled among the "domestic enemies" of Ireland. I have no doubt that O'Connell, and still more Grattan, would have been placed, if they were living, in the same category, which seems likely soon to include all respectable people in the country. I see you quote Dobbs on the insecurity of tenure in the last century; but, if I remember right, there is a passage in his book which asserts or implies that the usual system was a sixty years' lease. Unfortunately landlords in those days did not insist upon prohibiting sub-letting and subdivisions; and as the head tenant generally thought it a fine thing to live in idleness, and the cottiers multiplied with no regard to consequences, the country soon got into a state of horrible oppression and poverty. I suspect that if it were possible to convert existing tenants *en masse* into proprietors the same story would be repeated and the oppression of the minute landlord and the village moneylender would surpass all that is ever charged against existing landlords. At the same time Government might, I think, assist the better and richer class of tenants to buy their holdings, might largely assist emigration in some parts of Ireland, and might possibly give some indirect encouragement to the system of leases. I believe this to be really the best system, and all my tenants (with, I think, one exception) have them. Beyond this I do not believe that a Government can go with real benefit, and I am old-fashioned enough to believe strongly in political economy as applied to land and in the extreme mischief of most legislative interference with private contracts. It is absolutely necessary to the prosperity of the country that the great majority of the tenancies under twenty acres should in some way or another disappear.

I believe there are still some 300,000 of these in Ireland. It is also to me perfectly certain that nature meant Ireland to be mainly a pastoral country, and in the present days of keen competition no country can with impunity neglect to follow the course which nature points out. English commercial and religious policy a hundred years ago no doubt did very much to create an unhealthy social and economical condition, and it cannot be justified (though it can be palliated) by the fact that at that time every country in Europe subordinated the interests of its dependencies to its own, and every Protestant and Catholic Government (except, I think, Holland and some Protestant States in Germany) persecuted the members of the rival creeds. This, however, is history, and we have to deal with the conditions of the country as they are. For fifteen or twenty years before 1876, I believe, Ireland was steadily and rapidly improving. The proportion of comfortable to infinitesimal farms steadily increased, and the people, judged by every possible test (houses, clothes, wages, savings bank deposits, criminal statistics), were steadily advancing. The redundant poorer population found the best labour market in the world (inhabited by men of their own language and to a great extent of their own race and religion) within ten days of their shore. The middle class and the poorer members of the upper classes availed themselves largely of the noblest field of ambition in the world—the great Indian and Colonial services thrown open to competition. Political agitation, assisted by three or four bad harvests and in the last few months by the —— laxity and —— encouragement of —— the —— Chief Secretary . . ., has fatally overclouded the prospects of the country, and it will be very long before they recover. Dishonesty and Government interference are coming to be popularly looked upon as the best way of getting on in the world. English investors are rapidly learning to look upon Ireland as they look upon Spanish funds. The advocacy of rebellion and dishonesty and the apology of murder are becoming the chief passports to popular favour and influence, and men of intelligence, character, and property are likely more and more to leave a country so little suited for them. No doubt the evil will some day cure itself by its very intensity, but the remedy will be a sharp one and the convalescence, I fear, very slow.'

December 4 was Carlyle's eighty-fifth birthday, and there seemed little doubt that this would be his last. The past years had been exceedingly trying to him, for he had kept his intellectual powers while he became physically very helpless, his hand trembling too much to write. He spoke of his life as contemptible, and, being completely detached from the world, he longed for death. He dwelt much on the vanity of human life and the mystery of the future, and in his own solemn way he often repeated the words of Shakespeare:

> 'We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep,'

and

> 'Fear no more the heat o' the sun
> Nor the furious winter's rages;
> Thou thy worldly task hast done,
> Home art gone and ta'en thy wages'

—lines which, he said, were to him 'like the sound of distant church bells.'

'Carlyle has got very much weaker,' Lecky wrote to Mr. Booth (January 17, 1881), 'both in body and mind, during the last few months. He has lately given up going out and almost wholly given up reading. It is very painful to see the extreme dregs of life; but he seems to me getting so much weaker that I do not think (and, under the circumstances, do not hope) that he will last through the winter. I hope you were not seriously affected by this anarchy in Ireland; I know you had some property in the West. It seems to me one of the most scandalous things I ever remember in politics, allowing Ireland to get to its present state, when nearly the whole of the Irish magistracy and such strenuous Liberals as Lords Monck and Emly and Sir W. Gregory urgently pressed on the Government in the beginning of November the necessity of suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, which would then probably have quieted Ireland. Their defenders say that even the existing

anarchy is a lesser evil than it would have been to have Bright seceding and at the head of the English Radicals in alliance with the Land League. I hope things have passed their worst now, as the suspension must soon come, and Parliament is beginning to get very properly irritated at Parnellite proceedings. The Land Bill, I believe, will be very moderate. Curiously enough, Gladstone on this question is much more conservative than most of his party and Cabinet. I hear that he is for one " F " only—fair rents—*i.e.* some court of arbitration.'

(To the Same.) *Athenæum Club : January* 21, 1881.—'I think Carlyle is sinking, and should not be surprised any day to hear of his death. Since Sunday he has been in bed, and is in a state of extreme weakness and prostration. I saw him yesterday for a few minutes, and he was just able to say three or four sentences—more, his niece said, than he had said ever since Sunday. It is strange and sad to see one of the greatest masters of language scarcely able to construct the shortest sentence, one of the greatest intellects of his time with his brain as feeble as a child's. We are, of course, here much paralysed by snow. A few sledges are going about. Personally I like this kind of weather, but hardly venture to say so—so many hate it. I agree very much with your political predictions. I think that the time must come when it will be found impossible to centre practically all political power in this country in a House of Commons such as this soon will be. We are going in a few days to see Tennyson's play. He took the subject, Camma, out of my " Morals." '

At last, on February 5, Carlyle's end came gently and painlessly like a fire dying out.[1]

[1] Mrs. L. to her sister, February 5 : 'Mr. Carlyle died this morning at 8.30, and though all life was nearly, or seemed nearly, gone out of him the last few days, still one feels very differently to-day that he is no longer there. We went at two, and only saw by the closed shutters that all was over. We went up to the room where he lay and looked at him for a moment. He is terribly thin, brandy-and-water and ether was all he had taken for days. He was hardly cold yet, and there was a little colour left in his cheeks. The end long expected was perfectly quiet : a sigh and nothing more. I am glad for him that it is all over, but it leaves a blank of course. Reading his books brings one again near to him, for there all his thoughts are, and he has really left nothing unsaid of what he wanted to say.'

To Sir Henry Taylor Lecky wrote, on February 6, 1881 :

'Dear Sir Henry,—Mrs. Carlyle has asked me to perform in her name the melancholy little formality of writing to you about Carlyle's death. There is really scarcely anything to be said beyond what you already know, except that for the last few days he was in an unconscious or semi-conscious state, and that the end was so quiet that it was only by hearing the breathing stop that it could be detected. It lasted much longer than was expected, for this day fortnight it was scarcely thought that he could have outlived the day. He has been for some time past in a deplorable state of weakness, which was peculiarly unsuited to and peculiarly painful in a man of his strong, vehement, and impatient character, and no one can feel the end to be anything but a relief. He gave positive directions that he was to be buried in Scotland.'

In the face of those directions Dean Stanley could not, to his disappointment, claim the remains for Westminster Abbey. Mr. Froude, Professor Tyndall, and Lecky, having been invited to the funeral, travelled by night to Ecclefechan ; and a few other friends met that same evening at Cheyne Row and followed the remains to the station, where they saw them placed on the funeral car and watched them till they disappeared in the darkness of the night. The funeral was kept absolutely private, the day and hour having only been mentioned to the few who were invited. According to Scottish custom, not a word was spoken, and when it was over all went their own way.

Carlyle's greatness was fully recognised in the notices that appeared after his death, and this was a satisfaction to his friends.

'You have been out of the way, probably, of most newspapers,' wrote Lecky to Mr. Booth on February 12, 1881, 'otherwise I do not think you would say that Carlyle's death has made little impression. It seems to me that more has been said and written about it than about any literary man I remember, with the possible exception of Dickens, and

several of the notices have been extremely able. The Dean, of course, was anxious to get him into Westminster Abbey; but Carlyle had left the most explicit and formal directions that he was to be buried in Scotland and quite quietly, so the scheme was at once negatived. . . . Three of us—Froude, Tyndall, and myself—went down to the funeral, which interested me a good deal. I will tell you more about it when we meet.'

The admirers of Carlyle in London got up a movement to erect a memorial to him,[1] and at first they met with a great deal of response, but on the publication of the 'Reminiscences' it came to a standstill.

Lecky wrote to Sir Henry Taylor (April 30, 1881):

'Dear Sir Henry,—Some of Carlyle's friends are trying to get up a memorial to him in the shape of a statue by Boehm on the Embankment and a bust in Westminster Abbey. Lady Stanley of Alderley asked me to write to you and ask if you would kindly help us and would allow us to put down your name on the committee. The latter does not involve any active duty, but, of course, a name such as yours would help much to give weight to the movement. Tennyson, Browning, Tyndall, Lord Derby, Jowett, Max Müller, are among the subscribers. . . . I fear those horrid "Reminiscences" have thrown a considerable damp over the movement, but I hope that, once it is brought really before the public, there will not be much difficulty in getting the money. I was so very glad to hear that you are writing, or going to write, about Carlyle, for no one could do it better. The reaction about him has been so violent that it must, I think, be followed by a certain reaction against the reaction.'

(To the Same.) *May* 2, 1881.—'I do not myself care about the honour of a statue, but about the ignominy if such a project once started should fail. . . . The whole matter is, I think, most painful. Unfortunately, for my

[1] A few intimate friends of Carlyle wished at the same time to raise a private subscription to buy his house and present it to his niece; but with an independence which one could but respect, though one regretted it, she absolutely refused the offer, and so after a time it passed into strangers' hands before it was finally bought as a memorial.

own part, it is utterly impossible that I could take part in the controversy, for (besides the fact that writing articles is quite outside my way and experience in literature) I am printing a volume of nearly 700 pages of my "History," and proofs come in so much faster than I can correct and verify them that I am an absolute slave. I am delighted, however, that you, who can do it so well, are going to write on the subject, and shall read the proof-sheets with very great interest. Gladstone, whom I have seen two or three times lately, and who is in general very anti-Carlylese, was dwelling with great and, I think, just admiration on the extreme beauty of an image about Carlyle's dying mother in vol. ii. 234.[1]

'I don't think the impression of the book will be quite as bad when it is read by those who are not in London life or fresh from reading reviews. The very objectionable parts are all, I think, in seven or ten pages, and these naturally at the present moment are brought into a very excessive relief.'

(To the Same.) *May* 6, 1881.—'I think you are very fortunate in being out of the way of hearing and reading all that has been said on the Carlyle matter, for it has certainly been neither pleasant nor edifying. Carlyle himself was very wrong in writing some things he did, and in not devoting a portion of the nine or ten years in which he had nothing better to do and had the full possession of his faculties to weeding his papers; and as for the proceedings since his death, I never remember a case in which so much pain and annoyance have been inflicted which might have been most easily avoided by a little more common sense, high-mindedness, and respect for the feelings of others. . . .

'The Carlyle Memorial Committee were delighted to enroll your name among the members.'

Lecky, after reading the proof-sheets of Sir Henry Taylor's article, wrote:

May 23, 1881.—'Dear Sir Henry,—I return the proofs with many thanks. I have read them with the greatest

[1] 'Ah me! Ah me! It was my mother and not my mother; the last pale rim or sickle of the moon which had once been full, now sinking in the dark seas.'

interest, and think the article quite up to your usual high level and admirably calculated for the appeasing purpose for which it was intended. I think you are perfectly right about the soliloquy character of the book, and I was struck by the fact that exactly the same remark was made to me by that very excellent critic Leslie Stephen. . . .

'I was dining last night at Pembroke Lodge with Gladstone, who was wonderfully bright and charming, though looking, I think, somewhat aged, and leaning a good deal on his stick. He is, I believe, very anxious (and with only too good reason) about Ireland and the Land Bill; but he manages notwithstanding to be full of excitement about the new translation of the New Testament and about the criticisms of Robertson Smith upon the Pentateuch.'

The difficulty in which the Memorial Committee found itself induced Lecky to write a letter to the *Spectator*, signed with his initials (June 18, 1881), pointing out how unreasonable it was to judge a great writer, who had published some thirty-five most excellent volumes, mainly, if not exclusively, by a book which he did not publish, and urging the public to take a saner view of the matter and to remember that the 'Reminiscences' were not Carlyle's main contribution to literature or his chief title to fame.

He showed how carefully Carlyle always revised his own published works, and that 'although he was accustomed to express very strong opinions in still stronger language, although he wrote largely about contemporary movements and contemporary people, the works which he published himself are most remarkably free from anything that could hurt the feelings of individuals.'

'Whatever diversity of opinion,' concluded Lecky, 'there may be about some parts of his teaching, there can be no reasonable doubt that he has been one of the three or four greatest men of letters of the reign of Victoria; that during a singularly honourable and laborious literary life,

extending over half a century, he has been one of the great " seminal intellects " and perhaps the strongest moral force in English literature; and that, if memorials are ever to be raised to great writers, he has a title to that honour which very few of his contemporaries can equal, and which none of them can surpass. It would be a strange proof of the levity or ingratitude of his readers if there should be any difficulty in raising the sum which is required.'

The letter made a very good impression, but it was impossible to revive the first burst of enthusiasm. After a time, however, a very fine and characteristic statue arose on the Embankment; and if the public failed to take all the part that was expected, the generosity of the artist made up for it. 'His statue of Carlyle,' wrote Lecky after Boehm's death in 1890, 'was pre-eminently a labour of love, for a warm, deep, and cordial friendship subsisted between that great writer and himself.' [1]

Meanwhile Lecky was working steadily at his 'History.'

(To Mr. O'Neill Daunt.) *February* 17, 1881.—' I must thank you for your kind and interesting letter which has, I fear, been some time unanswered. I have not yet arrived in my work at the time you are so much interested in, having but just completed a long chapter on Ireland from 1760–1782, a story which I wish I could make as interesting to my readers as it has been to me. I assure you, however, that I do not attribute '98 to the events of '82, and I think that a great respect for the Parliament of '82 is quite compatible with a great disbelief in the possibility of reviving it under the totally different and very democratic conditions of the present.'

In the early spring of 1881 Lecky began his proof-sheets, which were very hard work. He always went over them most carefully three times, verifying every fact and every reference. ' If I can only complete this History,' he wrote

[1] *Spectator*, December 20, 1890.

to Mr. Booth, 'I hope never again to write a book of historical research, though I have a good deal to say on other subjects.'

The Parliamentary session of 1881 was memorable for the passing of the Irish Land Act, which by introducing the so-called 'three F's'—fixity of tenure, free sale, and fair rents—completely revolutionised the relations between landlords and tenants.

'I was at the House of Commons a few nights ago,' Lecky wrote to his stepmother on April 15, 1881, 'to hear Gladstone's speech on the Land Bill (which was exceedingly fine), and afterwards dined with him at Sir E. May's. It was quite extraordinary to see how fresh and bright he was in the evening after so great an effort. As far as I can judge, the Land Bill will greatly increase the probability of regular payment of rents in Ireland (and this Gladstone himself strongly holds), and I think it will also raise the price of Irish land. The facilities given to tenants to purchase their tenancies and also to become tenants in fee farm (that is to say, to purchase the right of holding them in perpetuity subject to a small fixed rent) will, I think, prove very useful. Tenancies under existing leases of thirty-one years are not interfered with, and that is the case with nearly all mine. I am very glad also for the clauses helping emigration. At the same time the Bill is so complex and far-reaching that I cannot pretend to forecast all its effects, and I have no doubt that it will undergo considerable modifications before it passes. Gladstone has asked me to breakfast with him (on the 28th) when he returns, and I dare say I shall hear something more about it. We have been, as usual, doing a good many interesting things and seeing a good many interesting people. Among other events we went to Tennyson's new play ("The Cup," which has been a great success) with Tennyson himself. . . .'

He wrote to Mr. Booth (April 24, 1881) that Gladstone's speech on the Land Bill 'was very fine, and the peroration exceedingly effective, though on reflexion there is something a little ludicrous in the great statesman

assuring Parliament with such extreme solemnity and impressiveness of manner that justice is an admirable thing.'

(To the Same.) *August* 4, 1881.—'We are going to stay for a month or six weeks in a country house belonging to my wife's brother in one of the most remote parts of Holland. It is planted in the midst of a pond, so that one might fish out of all the windows, and is about one and a half hours from the nearest (a tiny little village) station. I like, however, its complete quiet very much, and have got, unfortunately, about fifty pages of print which I must try and write before coming back. I am just finishing the proofs of volume iii. and mean to begin volume iv. on my return, and hope to bring both out in March, and then to take a real holiday. I was very sorry for the Dean,[1] whom I knew very well. It was in his house that I first met my wife. But he was himself of late very tired of life, and the end was very painless, quiet, and calm. I hear that when they told him he was dying his pulse at once got calmer, and he dropped into such a quiet sleep that they thought for a time he would recover. London now contains scarcely anyone except politicians and doctors, and if Parliament goes on much longer the latter will, I think, be very necessary to take care of the former. It will be curious to watch whether this Land Bill succeeds, for there is a growing feeling, I think, that if it does not, the Crown Colony system must sooner or later follow. All politicians say that Gladstone's management of the Bill in the House of Commons is one of the finest things he has ever done. I met the other day Sir Thomas Gladstone, the elder brother, one of the strongest and most unbending of Tories, and, as I found, an old friend of my father's some time before I was born. He once, I believe, went all the way from Scotland to Oxford to vote against "the Gladstone." My wife, who sat next to him, said something about what a wonderful man his brother was. "Oh yes," he said, "much too wonderful."'

The sanguine expectations which Lecky had for a moment entertained about the Bill under the spell of Mr. Gladstone's

[1] Dean Stanley died on July 18, 1881.

eloquence and powers of persuasion vanished before the reality.

'You are fortunate,' he wrote to Mr. Booth in the November of that year, 'in having got rid of your Irish property. It seems to me that the net result of Gladstone's legislation has been that there are now two predatory bodies instead of one in Ireland, and I do not know whether in the long run the Land Court may not prove the worst of the two.'

As a matter of fact, the Act of 1881, by creating dual ownership, increased the insecurity of property caused by the agitation which it did not help to allay. It soon became apparent that the Act was administered in a different spirit from what was intended. It had been passed on the assumption that excessive rents alone would be reduced, but now a wholesale reduction of rents took place which was not warranted by the custom of the country or by the increase in price of agricultural produce. More than once at this time Lecky championed the rights of the Irish landlords in letters to the *Times*.[1] In his 'Democracy and Liberty' he has characterised the Act as one of the most unquestionable and indeed extreme violations of the rights of property in the whole history of Irish legislation; he has described the disastrous results of this Act and of subsequent ones for which both Liberal and Conservative Governments have been responsible, and he uses the prophetic words: 'It is idle to suppose that such a precedent can be confined to Ireland, Irish land, or Irish landlords.'

Lecky did not leave London till the middle of August, when volume iii. was printed, and he continued to work in Holland in the country house which his brother-in-law every summer placed at his disposal. It was a small gabled

[1] *Times* of January 25 and February 3, 1882. Letters signed 'L.'

house, of the early part of the seventeenth century, situated sixteen kilometres from the town of Zwolle, where Thomas à Kempis was born. Like most Dutch country houses of the same period, it was surrounded with a broad moat. Lecky always admired the reflexions in the water, which were as clear and vivid as the reality itself. Woods and fresh-water springs made the place a cool summer retreat, and the rural character of the surrounding country, with its corn and buckwheat fields, its picturesque thatched cottages and downs of purple heather, was very restful to him after the turmoil of London. Though he loved the mountains best, he could appreciate the distant horizon of a flat country, the ever-varying cloud scenery and glorious sunsets. He was interested in the lives of the peasantry, and was always struck, not only with their proverbial cleanliness, but with their innate good taste and courteous manners.

On his return to London in September he wrote to Mr. Daunt, who had sent him his ' Catechism of the History of Ireland ':

' You know I do not agree with you about Home Rule (which would, I think, be the most perfect of all earthly realisations of Pandemonium), and I am sorry that you think it right to write (especially for young children) in so extremely anti-English a spirit ; but no one can fail to admire the consistency with which you have clung to your flag and the vigour and knowledge with which you put forward your views. I hope your very honourable protest against those who consider stealing and murdering among the higher graces of patriotism will do good, though I fear your more " patriotic " countrymen will consider you somewhat antiquated and backward. I must say the Irish people appear to me to have been of late doing nearly all that a nation can do to deprive themselves of all the honest sympathies of Europe.'

To the Rev. Richard Brooke, who had sent him a collection of Latin and Greek translations of hymns, which

revived the old memory of the Mariners' Church at Kingstown, he wrote:

October 25, 1881.—'I am sorry you did not include in your collection one of your own hymns which I have from very old days particularly admired, that beginning

God of the ocean swell,
Of the tempest and the tide.

I never knew before the authorship of that most beautiful hymn—I think one of the most beautiful in the language—"In trouble and in grief, O God."[1] How strange it is that anyone who wrote prose in such a truly demoniacal spirit as Toplady should be the author of so many beautiful hymns! I am just at present working very hard indeed, being occupied with printing another pair of 'Eighteenth Century' volumes, which I hope will appear in the spring, and, as usual, having a good deal of revision of one end of the MS. going on while I am printing the other end.'

[1] In trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile has cheered my way,
Till joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused,
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

All gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to Thee.

(Rev.) Richard T. P. Pope.

He preached his last sermon in the Mariners' Church at Kingstown and died soon after in 1859.

CHAPTER VII

1882–1886.

Publication of volumes iii. and iv. of the 'History'—American appreciation—Lord Acton—Tour in Spain—Phœnix Park murders—Mr. O'Neill Daunt—Dublin—Madame Ristori—State Papers—Condition of Ireland—Sir Charles Gavan Duffy—Trials of Phœnix Park murderers—Tipperary—Jura Mountains—Mr. J. R. Green—Transvaal delegates—M. Mori—Switzerland—Amiel—M. de Gonzenbach—Soudan expedition—Gordon—Lord Wolseley—LL.D. degree, St. Andrews—'On an Old Song'—Sir Henry Taylor's Autobiography—Paris Archives—'The Dawn of Creation and of Worship.'

Volumes iii. and iv. of the 'History' came out in April 1882: they ranged over a period of twenty-four years, and great part of them was devoted to the American Revolution. Lecky was afraid that the Americans might not like his unbiassed account of this period.

'I greatly fear,' he wrote to Mr. Lea before the volumes were published, 'that you in America will be displeased with them, which I shall be very sorry for, as I have no feeling whatever of an unkindly nature about Americans, but you can hardly expect a somewhat conservative English or Irish man to write about the American Revolution in the spirit of Bancroft; and after all it is not a great censure on a nation to say that it is apt rather unduly to abase its present in comparison to its past. My next two volumes will be nearly as much about America (they extend from 1760–1784) as about England, and my reading for the last two years has been, to a very great extent, in American books.'

Lecky was much pleased to find that, contrary to his apprehensions, his book was extremely well received in America. Most of the American reviews were in fact full of appreciation of his fairness and impartiality, the thorough-

ness of his investigations and researches, and the new light he had thrown on the subject; and it was thought a happy coincidence that his book had come out the same day as Mr. Bancroft's 'Formation of the Constitution of the United States.'

Eight years later (July 30, 1890), when Dr. Andrew D. White, President of Cornell University, congratulated him on the completion of the 'History,' he said:

'It was only last night that, talking with our Professor of American History, Dr. Tyler, whom you may know as the author of by far the best history of American literature and an admirable little 'Life' of Patrick Henry, he spoke of your work with very great praise, and told me that he was in the habit of recommending your chapters upon the War of Separation between Great Britain and the American Colonies to his students. He said that he considered them by their perfect judicial fairness one of the very best means of getting the coming generation of American students out of the old manner of thinking upon and treating American history, which has led to so much Chauvinism among our people.'

In England the new volumes fulfilled the expectations of the reading public who had been looking forward to them with interest. His American Revolution, his portraits of leading men—Burke, Franklin, Washington, Fox, Wilkes, Shelburne—his narrative of Irish events in which he was considered unrivalled, all found admirers. 'I have only skimmed your new volumes,' wrote Lord Acton soon after they came out, 'but I hope you will not think it presumptuous if I write my mind and say that they are fuller of political instruction than anything that has appeared for a long time. . . . Your account of Burke is masterly and you cannot rate him higher than I do, although I should wish to deepen the shadows,' and Lord Acton proceeded to discuss a few points in detail.

He thought that Lecky had emphasised too much the anti-Christian character of the writings of Montesquieu, Condillac, even Rousseau, and he believed, 'though the weight of your authority makes me hesitate,' that the ruin of the French finances was perpetrated during the peace; he questioned whether Turgot and Adam Smith had promulgated the same doctrine independently, but he chiefly differed from Lecky in his estimate of Burke.

'I shall carefully consider the points you raise when revising my book for another edition,' Lecky wrote to Lord Acton from Paris, May 30, 1882.[1] 'It is criticisms of this kind which are most useful to an author, and I am always most grateful for them. I hope you will forgive me if I have a little of an author's obstinacy in defending some of the points you have impugned. . . . The Lettres Persanes of Montesquieu and the whole tendency of the philosophy of Condillac seem to me extremely anti-Christian; and although French finances had been most seriously disordered during the peace, I think it was the American War which consummated the work of Louis XIV. and made them absolutely hopeless. Is there any evidence that Turgot and Adam Smith were in correspondence or that one derived his doctrine from the other?

'I am sorry we differ so much about Burke's consistency. According to my view two of the leading characteristics of the Burke of Lord Rockingham's day were (1) an intense horror of the levelling, equalising, democratic type of Liberalism which was then represented by the Bill of Rights men, and (2) an equally strong conviction that reforms should be judged not so much on their own merits as with a view to times and seasons and special circumstances. Such a statesman must necessarily, I think, have considered the French Revolution and the contagion of French principles the greatest of all political dangers, and I do not in the least see that he was inconsistent at a time when French principles were in the ascendant and when he considered that all danger came from that quarter in turning against the Dissenters and even against the Slaves. He

[1] On his return from Spain.

might surely, consistently with his principles, think that this was not a time to weaken the principle of authority, to encourage in any form the rising passion for democracy or to give political power to a class of men who were largely leavened with French principles. The story about the sinecure we only know from Walpole, who was bitterly hostile to Burke; and nearly at the same time Burke proved very clearly his integrity by reducing the salary of his own office and by resigning with Fox when it would have been quite easy for him to have retained office. Please excuse my obstinacy on these points, and accept my best thanks both for your criticisms and for your favourable judgment of my political views. I can assure you that the letter has gratified me greatly.'

There is, of course, no opinion more valuable than that of an able critic who has gone over the same ground. Sir Alfred Lyall, writing some years after, says:

'I suspect that your account of the actual causes and circumstances that produced the American Revolution gave a new view of the facts to most of your audience—I had just been turning over again those pages of your "History" in search of some information that I wanted for a special purpose. I had not realised until after hunting through several other histories of eighteenth-century periods, how much your work was needed, and what large vacant spaces in the English historical library it has filled up.'

Lecky was always glad to get away at the time when a new book of his was published. He had long wished to revisit Spain, and being now free and in want of a holiday he started with his wife on a two months' tour. Beginning with Burgos and Valladolid, two typical towns of Northern Spain, they proceeded to the Escorial, which they reached on an April morning. Snow was still on the ground; the country looked bleak and desolate; and the imposing mass of buildings full of the memories of Philip II. rose gloomy and austere before their eyes. They stood in the small room where Philip died and whence he could look on the high

altar; and it seemed as if the fanaticism which inspired so many crimes found its explanation in these surroundings. At Madrid Lecky enjoyed once more seeing his favourite painter, Velasquez. He had had copies made of a few of his paintings by the Spanish painter Pineda, who had caught some of the spirit of the master. The 'Lanzas,' or 'Surrender of Breda,' was one of the pictures he admired most in the world. At Madrid, as in many other places, he and his wife found friends. A charming and clever woman, Madame de Riaño, took them to the tapestry manufactory, where they saw the women at work as Velasquez painted them in his 'Hilanderas,' showing how true to nature the great artist was and how unchanged Spain has remained through the centuries. They attended a sitting of the Cortes, and though a commercial treaty is not an exciting subject of debate, it interested Lecky to get a glimpse of the centre of political life in the country. Seville, with its Murillos, its blue skies and orange trees, patios and bright costumes at the time of the fair, delighted him:

'Sunburnt dancers nightly met
With gipsy song and castanet,
Where the coloured lanthorns gleam
By the Guadalquivir's stream,
And the white mantillas flow
Softer than the falling snow,
And the deftly quivering fan
Telling more than language can,
And the roses in the hair,
And the scent that loads the air
Rising from the orange grove
Where belated lovers rove
Through the balmy nights of spring,
When the birds most sweetly sing,
But not half so sad a tale
As our Northern nightingale.' [1]

[1] 'Seville,' *Poems*. Lovers of nature cannot fail to notice how much more joyous the song of the nightingale is in the South than in the North.

They followed the footprints of the Moors in that enchanting spot Granada, went to the palm groves of Elche, one of the few places in Spain where Lecky had not been, and stopped at Alicante, which they thought an ideal seaside place.

In Spain, as elsewhere, Lecky was an excellent guide and travelling companion. He had the true artistic sense; he loved nature and art; he saw the world from its humorous side; he was always full of thought and consideration for others; and as long as he had a corner all to himself, where he could be absolutely quiet, he minded the discomforts of travelling but little.

'We have had on the whole an extremely pleasant journey in Spain,' he wrote to Mr. Booth from Valencia, May 21, 1882; 'have not suffered at all from the heat (for though the sun is very hot the air is not at all sultry), and have found the discomforts extremely exaggerated. The worst are the length of the railway journeys and the horrid hours at which they begin, the perpetual smoking, and, just lately, mosquitoes, without the defence of mosquito curtains. Seville I think the most fascinating town in its own way in the world; Granada one of the most beautiful places I know, and the Spanish colouring and vegetation not less beautiful than the Italian, and almost totally different. . . . I have been absolutely idle and am getting very impatient to get back to work. We mean to be in London on the 3rd of June, and I hope to devote the whole summer to Irish State papers in London and Dublin. It is not at all a pleasant period to write about. . . . I have heard very little about my book [1] except that the edition of 2000 copies is pretty nearly sold out. It appears to have gone quicker than its predecessor. People begin to talk of

[1] On receiving, at Seville, a copy of his new book which had come out during his absence, he wrote to Mr. Longman: 'I was much obliged to you for sending my book, which has duly arrived and seems very well turned out. It appears to me almost like a voice from another world, and I can hardly realise, amid the palms and oranges and amid the gorgeous sunshine of this most charming city, that I have so lately been hard at work upon a century which is dead and buried.'

me as if I were another "Judicious Hooker," so moderate, so judicial, &c., so I fear I must be growing very dull and am afraid that nothing short of some great indiscretion or paradox can save me.'

One terrible piece of news marred his enjoyment in Spain, that of the Phœnix Park murders, which he read in a Spanish paper at Cordova. It seemed too dreadful to be true, till he saw it confirmed in the English papers. He had seen much of Mr. Burke, a devoted public servant and a genial man, and he had a great regard for him and for Lord Frederick Cavendish, whose appointment had seemed of good promise for Ireland. Horror and grief at the crime which had deprived the country of the services of two such men, and sympathy for their relations were uppermost in his mind, while he could not but feel that so heinous a deed, which was evidently the act of an organisation, crushed all prospect of a speedy improvement in the state of Ireland.

On the return to London he went through a course of Record Office papers for his new volumes.

A letter from Mr. O'Neill Daunt, received about this time, again elicited some strong views about the Irish situation.

June 11, 1882.—'My dear Sir,—I must thank you for your kind letter, and am much disposed to agree with you that our old landlord Parliament (a body something like the synod of the disestablished Church), whatever may have been its faults towards the Irish people, gave the English Government little or no reason to complain of it. So far, I think we are very much at one, though you seem to me to exaggerate greatly—not the stupidity, which would be difficult, but the malevolence of the English Government in its later stages, and I cannot at all agree with you in thinking Ireland in the present day in the least fitted for Home Rule. However, it will be a long time before I shall have accomplished the last instalment of my book—so long that it makes me dizzy to think of it. The more I read of

Grattan the more he seems to me wise and respectable, and his prediction that Ireland would one day avenge the Union by sending into the English Parliament a band " of the greatest ruffians in the universe " appears to me not the least remarkable proof of his prescience.'

He spent the latter part of the summer at Kingstown and Dublin, going over State papers. No one who did not live through that anxious period can realise the alarming condition of Ireland at the time. In spite of the reward of £10,000 offered by the Government and placarded all over the country, the Phœnix Park murderers were still at large, which only showed too clearly the sympathy that existed with the crime. Landlords and officials were under police protection. The Lord Lieutenant was carefully guarded; even invited guests could only penetrate to the Vice-Regal Lodge with a password and between rows of mounted soldiers. Mr. Trevelyan, the Irish Secretary, walked in his garden followed by detectives. Outrages were still frequent.[1] A feeling of insecurity had taken possession of everyone, while secret societies were burrowing underground and sending forth emissaries who, as Father Healy expressed it, no more minded shooting a man than shooting a crow. The O'Connell monument was unveiled on August 15 under the auspices of Mr. Parnell, and fears of a disturbance were entertained. Dublin Castle, where Lecky went every day to read State papers, was closed that day and, owing to some alarming information, specially protected by cannon; but all passed off quietly, and neither heads nor windows were broken. At the same time Mr. Parnell received the freedom of the city. By a curious coincidence, Madame Ristori had come to Dublin to act Lady Macbeth. She had long given up the stage, but the dramatic instinct was too strong

[1] The cold-blooded murder of the Joyce family at Maamtrasna (on Friday, August 18, 1882) was a terrible instance.

for her, and the part of Lady Macbeth specially appealed to her. By long and careful study she had conquered the difficulties of acting in a foreign tongue. She was taken to the Phœnix Park, past the spot where the murders had been committed, and she was stirred by the suggestion that the scene of terror and remorse which she was about to act might bring the guilty to confession.

'For the last two months we have been between Kingstown and Dublin,' wrote Lecky to Mr. Booth on October 4, 1882, 'and I have been very steadily reading for my next volumes. My principal work has been a long series of confidential papers which were sealed up by Lord Castlereagh and which remained unopened for more than seventy years. At last, in 1876, an Act of Parliament was passed authorising Sir Bernard Burke to open them, and he has arranged them according to dates, but except as far as was necessary for this purpose, they have been entirely unexplored till now. There are about fifty cardboard boxes full of letters relating to the last twelve years of the eighteenth century containing confidential letters of the magistrates for the different counties, and, what is very curious, reports of the different informers who were in the service of the Government during the United Irishman movement. The whole is very interesting, but I fear I shall find it quite impossible to condense my Irish History of the last twenty years of the century into limits at all proportioned to the other parts of my book. . . . We have been seeing a good many people and dined once at the Vice-Regal Lodge, which is curiously like a police barrack, and the Lord Lieutenant rides out in the middle of an escort, much like a Russian Czar. They are so careful that there is a password given out for every night. On the whole, however, they think things are improving here. People are getting tired of agitation, and crime has lately been punished. I find this side of the water is at least as interesting as the other. We leave, I believe, at the close of next week, spend a few days at Knowsley with the Derbys, and hope to be in London about the 21st.'

38 *Onslow Gardens : January* 1, 1883.—'Dear Booth,—My first letter of the year must be to you to ask when you

are coming to town and how you are. We are not stirring, so you will be sure to find me. I have been rather busy (besides regular writing) in revising, as a second edition of my last two volumes is coming out very soon, and a new edition (the third) of the first two is printing. If you have not seen the last volume of Wilberforce's Life, it will, I think, amuse you, though you are not as ecclesiastical as I am. There is an amusing description of one of Magee's sermons by our old friend John Gregg: "It was brilliant, eloquent, well delivered, but had not gospel enough in it to save a tomtit." I saw Mahaffy here to-day, and he gives rather a better account of Ireland—attributing the improvement mainly to Lord Spencer. It is curious how Irish affairs turn us all into Tories. My old friend Mr. Prendergast, whose "Cromwellian Settlement" is one of the most fiery works in Irish history I know, has quite become so; and, as far as I can find out, the Catholic gentry are at least as much so as the Protestant. We saw a good deal of Catholic society this year in Ireland, and I was much struck with this aspect of it. I hope you like Ryde. I suppose you have settled there chiefly for yachting purposes.'

Lecky's relations with a few men who differed from him on the Home Rule question show how a divergence of views on such an important subject did not exclude respect, as long as such views were honest convictions and not the result of party considerations. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy at this time sent him his 'Four Years of Irish History, 1845–1849,' and in thanking him for this 'important contribution to Irish history,' Lecky said: 'It must have been a somewhat painful task going over so sad a story, but I do not think that you have any reason to regret that you are outside the arena of present Irish politics, which can have very few attractions to honest men. You have certainly verified much more than most men the "coelum non animum mutant" of the poet.'

During that winter the Phœnix Park murderers were at last discovered and brought to justice, and in May, when

Mr. and Mrs. Lecky were again in Dublin, the trials were going on. Judge O'Brien, who conducted them, was a man of great ability, high character, indomitable courage, and a fervent Roman Catholic of the ascetic type. He was a master of quick repartee, and the ghastliness of the trials was sometimes relieved by that touch of humour which in Ireland is inseparable from even the most tragic situation. For many years after he had to be protected, but he bore it with admirable coolness. It was a striking revelation that the men who had committed the murders were not habitual criminals, but belonged to the respectable well-to-do artisan class. One of them, Curley, was the best carpenter in Dublin, and a well-conducted man. There was something very pathetic in his warning to his friends before he was hanged that they should have nothing to do with secret societies. Lecky and his wife had, as usual, a very warm reception from their friends, Sir Bernard and Lady Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Mahaffy, Chief Justice and Lady Morris, Father Healy, &c. They made an expedition to Tipperary with Mr. Prendergast, and paid their first visit to Newtown Anner, the property of a genial hostess, the Duchess of St. Albans, and also to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bagwell [1] at Marlfield on the banks of the river Suir. The country was in full beauty, with all the hawthorns in blossom and the gardens filled with spring flowers ; and going about on outside cars was particularly exhilarating. No one knew that part of Ireland better than Mr. Prendergast, who had gone on circuit there in former days and who seemed acquainted with the history of every family. Together they visited the old castle of Carrick-on-Suir and the more modern manor house added to it by Thomas Earl of Ormonde,

[1] Mr. Bagwell is the author of *Ireland under the Tudors* and *Ireland under the Stuarts*.

the friend of Queen Elizabeth; Kiltinan Castle, the former seat of the Lords Dunboyne, who lost it by joining the Irish rebellion in 1641; and the rock of Cashel, with its ancient ecclesiastical ruins. While stopping for an hour in the little inn at Cashel the presence of the travellers became known, and they had an amusing visit from Mrs. O'Connell (*née* Bianconi), the widow of Daniel O'Connell's son, who wished to make Lecky's acquaintance. After this short holiday he remained at work in London till the end of July.

(To Mr. Booth.) *July* 22, 1883.—'We were in Ireland for about three weeks at Whitsuntide, partly owing to one of my notebooks having been lost, or, as I believe, burnt, and I had to give up ten days' work in the Castle to replacing it. We saw a good many people, among others the judge who tried the Phœnix Park murderers, and heard a good deal of what is going on. By all accounts, there is a prospect of immediate prosperity. Crime has gone down, prices are high, rents are paid, but disaffection is deeper and more confident than ever, and the best judges, I find, utterly at sea about the future. I hope much that the peasant proprietors may be tried. This seems the best chance, for the old agrarian type is quite broken, and the character of the people is demoralised to a degree that it is difficult to exaggerate. I do not think any law has failed more completely than the Land Act. We see, as usual, a good many people.'

He went after that for a short trip to Switzerland, and stayed at Mürren. He was glad to find that he could walk much the same as formerly, 'and in this excellent air,' he wrote to his wife, 'one feels wonderfully well, scandalously hungry, and ridiculously young.' The chief object of his journey was the Lac de Joux, in the Jura Mountains, which he had long wished to see. He thought it 'very beautiful in a quiet kind of way—charmingly wooded, and with one lovely mountain walk and view.' He afterwards joined his

wife in Holland for the remainder of the summer, and was back in London in October. He was working at the chapters in his fifth volume, which treated of English and foreign affairs, and he was not sorry to be for a while outside his usual Irish element and to concentrate his thoughts on other portions of his book. 'Modern Irish politics, leaders, and ideals disgust me so thoroughly,' he wrote at this time, 'that I confess it is no small relief to me to turn away from the subject.'

He had now lost many friends: Carlyle and Dean Stanley had died the same year; Mr. Greg, author of 'The Enigmas of Life,' had soon followed them; Lord Russell, too, had gone. Mr. Green, the historian, died in the March of 1883, and a letter to Mrs. Green shows how much Lecky felt the loss:

'The news to-day will make many sad hearts wherever the English language is spoken, but few sadder than in Onslow Gardens. I have always thought Mr. Green one of the two most remarkable examples I have ever known of mind triumphing over body, and of character keeping all its brightness and beauty unimpaired through long continued physical suffering. It must be a comfort to you to know how much you have brightened these last weary years, and also how much that is noble and enduring Mr. Green has left behind him in spite of all the difficulties of his life.'

During the winter of 1883–1884 the Transvaal Deputation was in London to obtain a modification of the Convention of 1881. The enthusiasms of the British public—society included—are sometimes unaccountable. They went into raptures over Cetewayo, the Zulu king, but they took no interest in the Transvaal delegates, who were in their way very remarkable men.

Lecky had been more or less interested in South Africa from the time that he saw much of Bishop Colenso in

London in the sixties, and he had known many of those who went out there either as Governors or soldiers—among them Sir George Colley, an old family friend, whose tragic fate was a great shock to him. Sir Bartle Frere was also a friend of his, and while he was Governor of Cape Colony he and his family kept their friends in touch with South African affairs. In the course of time Lecky became acquainted with many South Africans of note who came to London, and whom he and his wife were always pleased to see; and they were glad on this occasion to make the acquaintance of the Transvaal delegates. President Kruger and General Smit did not speak a word of English and were wholly ignorant of our European conventionalities, but Lecky was struck with their strong individuality and original views. The Transvaal was then emerging from its struggle for independence. Gold had been discovered within the last few years, much to the regret of the President, who foresaw trouble; but Johannesburg had not yet sprung up like a mushroom—the Uitlander was an unknown quantity. President Kruger was touching in his humility. 'We have had the name of being cowardly Boers and we have had the name of being ignorant Boers,' he said. 'The present generation has redeemed our reputation for cowardice; it is for the next to redeem our reputation for ignorance.' They had a great belief in the future of the Dutch-African race, and dreamed of a Federated South Africa under one flag. Lord Derby was very civil to them, and gratified them by leaving out the word 'suzerainty' in the new Convention; while the paramountcy of England in all that was important—the foreign relations of the Transvaal as well as their relations with the natives—was maintained. They went away satisfied, and much impressed with the greatness of England. Many years afterwards

—in 1896[1]—at the opening meeting of the T.C.D. Historical Society, when the South African situation was the subject of discussion, Lecky gave his impressions of President Kruger:

'They [the Transvaal Boers] have at their head a man who, with greatly superior abilities, represents very faithfully their characters, ideals, and wishes. I can speak of him with some personal knowledge. He has been more than once in my house, and I have come in contact with several men who have known him well. In many respects he resembles strikingly the stern Puritan warrior of the Commonwealth—a strong, stubborn man, with indomitable courage and resolution, with very little tinge of cultivation, but, with a rare natural shrewdness in judging men and events, he impresses all who come in contact with him with the extraordinary force of his nature. He is the father of no less than seventeen children. He belongs to a sect called the Doppers, which is derived from a Dutch word for an extinguisher, because they are desirous of extinguishing all novelties since the Synod of Dort.[2] Ardently religious, he is said to believe as strongly as Wesley in a direct personal inspiration guiding him in his acts. He is a great hunter of the most savage wild beasts. One finger is wanting on one of his hands; it was broken in a hunting expedition, and it is a characteristic trait that he then and there amputated it himself. In a semi-regal position, and with even more than regal power, he lives the life of a peasant; and though, I believe, essentially a just, wise and strong man, he has all his countrymen's dread of an immigration of an alien element, and all their dislike and suspicion of an industrial and mining community.'

During that winter Lecky saw, among other people, a good deal of the Japanese Minister, M. Mori, who told him the gratifying fact that there was a Japanese translation of his 'Rationalism' and 'Morals,' which was used at the University in Japan. M. Mori, a very able man, returned to Japan

[1] The year of the Jameson raid.

[2] This was the explanation given by one of the delegates.

soon after, where he was appointed Minister of Education, and, to the horror of his friends, murdered by a fanatic.

Lecky's advice and co-operation were often asked, especially in Irish matters.

'I had an experience to-day,' he wrote to Mr. Booth, March 5, 1884, 'which was quite new to me, having been asked to go with Lord Castletown and a few others on a deputation to Childers to represent the necessity of the Government advancing more money for the purchase by tenants of Irish land. Childers was very amiable and asked very intelligent questions; but I do not think we learnt anything, except that the Government have been of late studying several plans with this object, that they will probably make an announcement in six weeks or two months, and that they greatly dread, in a country where the majority of the people seem to want separation, constituting themselves universal mortgagees of Irish land. How Ireland is ever to be governed, or how Parliament here is to work or party government to exist when we have eighty or ninety Parnellites (which we are very likely to have), passes my comprehension.'

The lowering of the franchise in Ireland, which was included in the new Franchise Bill, against the opposition of those who knew Ireland and Irish interests best, was strongly denounced by him at the time. He thought that, though the extension of the franchise might now have become a political necessity in England, it was never likely to do any good commensurate with the enormous evil it would do in Ireland, and through Ireland to Parliamentary government; and the obvious evil effects that were expected from it did not fail to show themselves.[1]

The summer was spent in the mountains of Switzerland, at Engelberg, Bürgenstock, Berne, and finally at Lausanne, where he always went, from old association, to the Hôtel Gibbon. He liked to recall the feelings with which Gibbon

[1] See *Democracy and Liberty*, cabinet edition, vol. i. p. 27 sq.

paced up and down the terrace before writing the last pages of the book that had been his companion for so many years.

(To Mr. Booth.) *Hôtel Gibbon, Lausanne: October* 3, 1884.—' My dear Booth,—I suppose you, like the rest of the world, are now going home after the very beautiful summer—and, I hope, much the better for the sea. We have been for the last two months in different places high up in the mountains in Switzerland, are now going to Paris, and hope to be settled at work in London about the 20th. I hope very much we may meet there. It is rather a bore all the twaddle in Parliament beginning so soon. I am on the House of Lords side, but I was rather startled lately by a very clever old gentleman who was Secretary of State for this country and for some time the leader of the Conservative party in Switzerland. The result of his Swiss experience is that he is a strong advocate of universal suffrage, which he maintains is essentially and strongly conservative. Many years ago he wrote a diplomatic memorial in support of this view, which Bismarck read at Frankfort; and when the present German Constitution was to be drawn up, Bismarck sent, through the German Minister, to my friend for a copy of his memorial, saying he wished to lay it before the Prince Imperial, who strongly objected to universal suffrage being introduced into Germany on the ground that it was a revolutionary thing. When the German Constitution was finally settled Bismarck sent another message to my friend, saying, " You may say of it, ' quorum pars magna fui.' "

' I hope we are not going into a European war. The French and German newspapers are both writing about us in a most minacious way. I have still about a year's work, alas ! before my next two volumes will be in a state to begin printing. I rather dread the winter, as my eyes, though not at all organically wrong, are weak, and I cannot read much by candle light, which makes a great difference to me. However, I never mean to write a book of much research after this one. It has taken up a great many years of my life. I am here in the house on the site of that where Gibbon wrote his " History." I heard a gentleman and lady discussing what it was that Gibbon wrote ! The gentleman thought it was a history of England ; the lady assured him it was the " Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." " Oh,

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

well," the gentleman said, "if he had written a history of England somebody might have read it, but who would read a history of the Roman Empire?" Such is the fate of historians!

'A very striking book of a rare kind has lately come out in French, the "Journal Intime" of Amiel, a Geneva professor who did nothing in particular, but was accustomed to keep a curious, introspective and somewhat morbid diary recording his own feelings and beliefs and his judgment of the systems and writers with whom he came in contact. It (especially the second volume) is quite a *chef d'œuvre* of its kind.'

The Swiss statesman of whom Lecky speaks was M. de Gonzenbach, a friend of old days at the House in the Wood. He was a man full of knowledge and with a very shrewd judgment. He had known many of the remarkable men of his time, and he was a most agreeable companion and a very kind friend. His 'Life of General von Erlach'[1] was a vindication of that soldier's reputation. Lecky and his wife rarely went to Switzerland without paying him and his family a visit near Berne.[2] His eldest son, married to an Englishwoman, owned an old castle on the Lake of Zug, where Holbein once lived, and which Lecky visited with great interest.

During the winter of 1885 Egypt was the all-absorbing subject on account of the Soudan expedition. Gordon had a hold over the English people such as few public men have had, and his fate moved them to an extraordinary degree. Lecky described him as 'a type of simple, self-sacrificing, religious heroism which is in its own kind as perfect as anything even in the legends of chivalry.' There was a romantic interest attaching to the expedition commanded by Lord Wolseley, who not only inspired absolute

[1] A soldier in the Thirty Years' War who had been accused of taking a bribe from France.

[2] M. de Gonzenbach died in 1887.

confidence as a soldier and a strategist, but who had endeared himself to the English people and to his many friends, of whom Lecky was one, by his kindness of heart, his great simplicity and sincerity, and his boyish and unfailing high spirits. The example of his devoted wife, who in those anxious days was always bright and hopeful, encouraged many whose husbands were away in the same expedition.

Lecky had hoped to publish the next two volumes of the 'History' in October 1885, but, as usually happens, he saw 'Alps on Alps arise,' and found that, in spite of hard and steady work, he would not be able to publish his book before the following October. In January 1885 the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him at St. Andrews. Lord Reay, a friend of his, was the Lord Rector, and had just been appointed Governor of Bombay. Lecky wrote from St. Andrews:[1] 'All has gone off very well. Lord Reay's address was very good and well received, and not too long, and its delivery was especially admirable, as he only arrived a few hours before from London. There are a number of very agreeable people here who have been very kind and cordial, and I had a pleasant dinner last night at Principal Tulloch's. . . . It is an interesting place, which I am glad to have seen. . . . I find myself called Doctor to a rather alarming extent. . . .'

In the February number of *Macmillan's Magazine* there appeared a poem of his, 'On an Old Song,' which took people by surprise, and which was generally admired. He had always had a great love of poetry. He had been in the habit in boyhood of expressing his thoughts in verse, and in leisure moments he continued to indulge his poetic fancy. He contemplated publishing sooner or later a small volume of poetry which he had written at different times, but he was

[1] To his wife.

diffident about doing it, and wanted to feel his way by sending particular poems to magazines. He published the verses already quoted on Seville in *Longman's Magazine*, October 1891.

Among the many books which he was frequently receiving from their authors there was one at this time which gave him peculiar pleasure—the Autobiography of his friend Sir Henry Taylor—as the following letter shows:

March 28, 1885.—'Dear Sir Henry,—I must not delay any longer thanking you for your great kindness in sending me your Autobiography. I have already spent many hours over it with the keenest pleasure, and hope to spend many more. I am not a good critic, and I feel strongly how difficult it is to estimate coldly a book which brings with it so many personal interests and recollections, but I feel convinced that all good judges will admit that no biography which has appeared in England for many years has been written in such exquisitely beautiful English (to me one of the greatest of pleasures), and that few, if any, contain so much wisdom and so much wit. There are, of course, some things in it which, with my turn of mind, I should not have published, but there is certainly nothing that can give offence, and, I think, very little that will fail to interest. If you had been born twenty years later your book would have been much more a history of opinions than it is. I like best the portraits, which seem to me perfect masterpieces and make me a little agree with Archbishop Whately in wishing you had devoted rather more of your literary life to prose. It is strange, though, that in describing Mrs. Norton and her two sisters you have been so struck with their mental brilliancy that you do not even mention their beauty, though they were thought the Gunnings of their generation! I should hardly have expected this from one who likes "any woman better than any man." Rogers' defence of his ill-natured sayings I have heard put in a form which is, I think, slightly (very slightly) better than yours: "My voice is so weak that no one would *listen to me* if I did not say ill-natured things." Biographies are generally sad things, for they generally end sadly, but this is certainly not the impression which yours will make, and

there is a great deal in your tone and philosophy of life which is well fitted to do us all good in this later, pessimistic and somewhat feverish generation.'

In the spring Lecky was again in Ireland, and after spending part of the summer in Holland he went to Paris to read in the Archives. There he worked in a crowded room chiefly filled with lady copyists, and found the ink of eighteenth-century manuscripts very pale and trying to the eyes.

He wrote from Paris :[1]

Hôtel du Louvre: September 29, 1885.—'My eyes are not as weak as they have sometimes been, but sufficiently so to make MS. work (which I generally like) very disagreeable. I only want to be able to do three hours a day, and am quite content to be idle for the rest of the day. There is a certain M. Noel, whose French school books I dare say you have had to go through, who was a secret agent in England and who wrote innumerable dispatches in a minute handwriting which is now a great trial to me. Except these three hours, I am doing, I may say, nothing. . . . I went on Sunday to St. Cloud, which was very pretty indeed. . . . The full tide of electioneering is flowing, and is curious to watch. The Socialist element predominates in the addresses, and there is a great Socialist meeting to-night under Rochefort's auspices.'

In a letter of October 2 he says that he received a request 'to write in the new Liberal manifesto volume "Why I am a Liberal," which I have pithily declined on the ground that I am going to vote for a Conservative.'

Paris: October 4.—'My eyes are much better, perhaps I may say all right, but I am rather afflicted with the extreme minuteness of Talleyrand's handwriting. It is as if written with a crow's feather, and I rather think I shall buy a magnifying glass on Monday to finish it. My Irish papers may give me more to do than I know of. I have got some copied out. . . . If (as I am inclined to think) I go back the end of this week, I shall have at a later period to do a little

[1] To his wife at Amsterdam.

more work here; but as it is only for the seventh volume there is no hurry about it. . . . I see that Mr. Elliot Norton is going, "by request of the family," to publish in America the correct version of the "Reminiscences" of Carlyle.' [1]

Paris: October 6.—'I finished to-day all of my archives that is necessary for my present purpose. One volume—a great folio, duly numbered—they told me when I asked for it that they simply could not find it! It is quite extraordinary to me how badly these archives are arranged and catalogued and bound, and it is by no means easy to find where any particular paper is. They have a very proper rule that papers later than 1814 are not to be shown, but instead of keeping these papers together they bind them with others of a much earlier date, which it becomes impossible in consequence to see. One of the reserved volumes I found contained one or more papers as early as 1763. . . . Everyone seems extremely impressed, and most people much surprised, at the result of the election, which is the first great blow to the Republic since its foundation after the war. I hope it may have some conservative influence on our own election, but here the first object of Conservatives is to make another revolution!'

The following letter, written to a friend who wished for information concerning the Irish question, shows what loyal Irishmen felt about the situation:

Paris: October 8, 1885.—'I think you would find the "Essay on Irish Disturbances," by Sir Cornewall Lewis (Lord Palmerston's Chancellor of the Exchequer), very useful to you, and also Senior's "Conversations on Ireland," in two volumes. He was a very eminent political economist, who travelled much in Ireland after the famine to examine its circumstances, and who had long conversations (which he relates) with many of the leading men in the country. I was re-reading this book very lately at Vosbergen [2]—where, by the way, there is an excellently selected collection of

[1] Among the inaccuracies in the book as first published there was an amusing one about Sir Henry Taylor which perplexed his friends. He was described as a person of 'morbid vivacity,' which proved to be in the original, 'marked veracity.'

[2] His brother-in-law Baron van Dedem's country house.

books relating to Ireland—and I was much struck with its fidelity and value. . . . We are threatened this winter with a general strike for reduced rents, and there is an organised system of intimidation throughout the country which is vastly more powerful and terrible than English law. Trial by jury in agrarian cases hardly ever succeeds, unless exceptional laws are in force. One of Gladstone's measures, reducing greatly the qualifications for jurymen, has almost destroyed it, and the discouragement of all the loyal classes, who see the most vital Irish interests habitually treated as mere counters in the English party game, is beyond expression.'

He went to Trianon and to Chartres, and returned to London, whence he wrote: *United Service Club: October* 10.—'My first sensation on arriving is generally how wonderful it is that anyone should live here who can live in any brighter climate.'

He received at this time a request to lecture at Manchester, and to write a sketch of modern history for a new compilation—all of which he refused, according to his habit, as he wished to concentrate all his energies on his book. 'I have been working very steadily a good many hours of the twenty-four,' he wrote,[1] 'and have got through a good deal.' By the end of October he finished a long chapter in which he had embodied the results of his Paris work, the twenty-second chapter of the History. He frequently dined with Mr. Herbert Spencer at the United Service Club—where the members of the Athenæum received hospitality while their club was undergoing the yearly cleaning process—and he was amused with Mr. Spencer's ingenious comparisons between the two clubs. 'He is much struck with the force of tradition which makes the soldiers still call their club the United Service Club, "a name intrinsically absurd, as one thing cannot be united." . . .' 'Gladstone, as you have

[1] To his wife.

probably seen, is thinking of "the dawn of creation and of worship" instead of the theories of Mr. Chamberlain, and is just going to publish an article on that subject.'

The article was an answer to M. Réville, who had come before the British public as Hibbert Lecturer in 1884.[1] In his 'Prolegomena of the History of Religions'—which had been translated into English the same year—he had refuted some of Mr. Gladstone's views. M. Réville had begun his career as pastor of the French Protestant church, and had been the first to occupy the chair of the History of Religions at the Collége de France. He was in fact a pioneer in that branch of learning to the study of which he devoted his life, and he combined with great earnestness all the French *finesse d'esprit* which gave a peculiar charm to his lectures. Lecky had seen much of him and his wife in London and followed the controversy with interest. When M. Réville sent him his reply to Mr. Gladstone and consulted him about getting it translated, Lecky thought the quickest way was to do it himself; and it was also the best. 'Je suis tout confus, mais aussi bien reconnaissant,' wrote M. Réville. 'Je n'aurais pas osé compter sur un tel honneur et un tel avantage.'

[1] 'On the Religions of Mexico and Peru.'

CHAPTER VIII

1886–1888.

Anticipations of Home Rule Bill—Letters to the *Times*—Split in the Liberal Party—Speech in Kensington Town Hall—On a Nationalist Parliament—Sir W. Harcourt and Grattan's Parliament—Demand for the 'Leaders'—Defeat of Home Rule Bill—Completion of volumes v. and vi. of the 'History'—Travels—Lake of Geneva—Publication of the new volumes—Letters and Reviews—Holiday in Italy—Irish Vice-Royalty—Jubilee—Tour in the Harz—Paris Archives—Canon Miles—Liberal Unionist meeting at Nottingham—Pelham Papers.

The year 1886 was memorable for Mr. Gladstone's introduction of the first Home Rule Bill and the consequent split in the Liberal party. In private life Mr. Gladstone had for a long time past expressed leanings towards Home Rule, and though his public condemnation of the Parnellite leaders did not lead one to expect that he would adopt it as a practical policy, his surrender to the Land League caused less surprise than the sudden defection of two other statesmen.

Early in the year, before the situation had shaped itself, Lecky wrote to Mr. Booth:

Athenæum Club: January 3, 1886.—'I got your letter yesterday on my return from ——, where we had been since Monday. I talked a good deal with —— on the Home Rule question, and perhaps the best way in which I can answer your question is by telling you what he said—he is himself very strongly against it. He says all his colleagues, he believes, except Gladstone are, and he does not the least believe it will be carried, but he hears that G. is much in earnest about it, and he thinks it very likely, if persisted in, to break the party to pieces. He thinks G. never meant

the matter to be disclcsed at this time, and doubts whether he consulted with anyone. If a Home Rule measure were carried through the Commons (which he thinks very unlikely) it would certainly be thrown out in the Lords, and there would be a dissolution on that question. The idea of a confiscation of Irish land he thinks quite out of the question, and he even said that he thought an enterprising speculator would make a good thing by investing now in Irish land, as it can hardly go lower than at present. He quite agreed with me about the peculiar obligation of the Government to the owners of Irish property. There is (1) the general obligation of a Government to all property that has grown up under its protection ; (2) the fact that the unpopularity of Irish landlords is mainly due to their attachment to England ; (3) the fact that fifty-two millions have been invested at Government invitation under the Encumbered Estates Act in the purchase of land with a parliamentary title; and (4) that the Land Act has recently judicially settled the conditions of Irish land. There are alarming rumours of Lord Spencer being shaken about Home Rule, and it appears that Lord Carnarvon has been seeing much of Gavan Duffy (who wrote a pamphlet to prove that Tories could particularly well grant Home Rule) and of—Archbishop Walsh. Liberal politicians (truly or falsely) think it very likely that the Government will go in strongly for a denominational university in hopes of conciliating the priests. It looks altogether much more as if Lord Wolseley would some day have to settle the question. I am afraid, however, it will come not to open fighting, but to a multitude of murders, &c. I hear that Lord Salisbury is quite alive to the danger of ar. Irish Parliament, and I was much amused by an extract which Froude read me from a letter of Jacob Bright, who says: "Brother John has been here, but has thrown no light on the Irish question—all his ideas seem overset, and the only suggestions he could make were that the franchise just given in Ireland should be withdrawn and the Irish members excluded for ten years from the English Parliament ! " '

To Mr. O'Neill Daunt he wrote :

January 16, 1886.—' I must thank you very much for again sending me an article from the *Westminster*. I had

already read it with great interest. You know that I have a great deal of sympathy with you about the old Irish Parliament, but you know also that we do not agree about the feasibility of Home Rule. You have fought the battle of Repeal very long and very steadily, but do not forget what was the fate of the Girondins. I hope we may both keep our heads and something at least of our Irish properties ! '

Lecky felt strongly that the position was extremely serious, and that it was important the facts should be clearly put before the country. In a letter to the *Times* of January 13 he reviewed the situation. The chief objection to Home Rule, he said, was that the party who demanded it were ' animated by two leading ideas—a desire to plunder the whole landed property of the country, and an inveterate hatred of the English connexion in every form.' Let any English statesman who has still illusions on the subject ' read for only three months *United Ireland*, the most accredited organ of the party,' and if after that he ' proposes to hand over the property and the virtual government of Ireland to the men whose ideas it represents,' he ' must be either a traitor or a fool.'

Lecky called attention to the fact that ' the new franchise—unqualified by any provision for the protection of minorities—has so swamped the scattered loyalists that a part which in mere numbers forms a full third of the population commands less than a sixth part of its representation,' and he expressed the conviction that ' as long as English statesmen assume as their first principle that a country where two-thirds of the population are disloyal must be or can be governed by the same institutions and on the same plan of democracy as a country which is essentially loyal, so long, it may be safely predicted, will Irish anarchy continue.'

He showed that two tasks lay clearly before the states-

man. One was to restore 'that first and most fundamental condition of liberty, a state of society in which men may pursue their lawful business and fulfil their lawful contracts without danger or molestation;' the other was 'to create a new social type in the place of that which has been destroyed, by buying out the landlords at a reasonable rate.'

The letter made a considerable impression, and Lecky received a large number of expressions of assent. Chief Justice Morris wrote: 'It puts the position admirably. Stephen's[1] letters, though excellent, are too academic—the land is at the bottom of the movement and is the backbone of it.'

'I was so very grateful to you for your note,' Lecky answered, January 17, 1886, 'which I value the more as I have always maintained that your judgment of Irish things is the best I know. I have been a good deal struck with the approval rather influential people have been good enough to give to my letter, and suspect that there is nothing Gladstone's leading colleagues dread more than his accession to office.'

A distinguished American friend in London wrote that, though he could not with propriety express any opinion upon questions of English politics, he might at least be allowed to express the great satisfaction with which he had read Lecky's lucid and incisive letter. 'Your presentation of the case is unanswerable, and does not at all need the additional force it derives from your acknowledged mastery of the subject as displayed in your "History of the Eighteenth Century."'

Lord Tennyson sent a message that he was 'most

[1] Sir James Stephen had been writing letters to the *Times* on the same subject.

grateful' for the letter; and Lady Tennyson added, 'so are we all, and so ought every man, woman, and child in the Empire to be.'

A full summary of the letter appeared in the *New York Tribune*, with the comment that it was given 'not only because Mr. Lecky was a dignified figure in literature, but because he seemed to speak for the great body of the best English people.'

The letter was reprinted by the *Times* for the Loyal and Patriotic Union, in a small book containing also the letters of Sir James Stephen on the Irish question.

On the eve of the meeting of Parliament Lecky wrote a forcible appeal to the *Times*, signed 'An Old Whig.'

'1793–1886.—Have the majority of the Liberal leaders forgotten one painful but most instructive episode in the history of their party? It is the beginning of the great French war of 1793 when the Whig leaders committed the fatal error of placing themselves on the side of the enemies of England, and by giving their party an unnational and unpatriotic character, completely deprived it for nearly forty years of the confidence of their countrymen. Can it be possible that on the morrow of a general election, during which the Home Rule question was carefully kept out of the sight of the electors, and availing themselves of a majority which was obtained in consequence of this reticence, they are about to surrender the virtual government of Ireland to men whom they have described themselves as "the rebel party," "steeped to the lips in treason," and engaged "in a policy of plunder"—to men who, as they are perfectly aware, are subsidised agitators paid from America by the avowed and inveterate enemies of the British Empire? And if this is not their intention, what possible significance can be attached to the reported appointment to the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland of a politician who has uniformly and consistently advocated this policy of surrender? That Mr. Gladstone should be engaged on such a design is perhaps not absolutely incredible. . . . . No reasonable person who considers the present condition of Ireland can doubt that the

Irish policy to which he has attached so much of his reputation as a statesman has proved the most stupendous, the most disastrous of failures. The fact that, after so many years mainly devoted to Irish questions, not a solitary Irish member was returned at the last election to support him, emphatically proved it. Many good judges anticipated that he would never acquiesce in such a humiliation and rebuff, and are not surprised that an overture—not the less significant or successful because of its ambiguity—should have come from Hawarden. But if ——, if ——, if —— make themselves accomplices of such a design as I have described, what faith can any longer be placed in English statesmen? It is surely time for these eminent men by a few plain words to clear the situation, to tell their fellow-countrymen whether or not they have abandoned the opinions they have so often and so emphatically expressed—whether they are about to surrender to the National League, and, by acquiescing in the dissolution of the Union, to prepare the way for the inevitable dismemberment of the Empire. This much at least is certain—that the next few days are likely, more than any period within the recollection of our generation, to determine irrevocably the character and the reputation of English public men.'

It was anticipated that the land question would be settled first by a large measure of compulsory purchase, and if it had been really on fair terms landlords at that time would not have objected. It is true that agricultural prices were very low, but the value of Irish land had not yet been depreciated by the wholesale reductions of the Land Courts. Many good judges thought that such a measure might make the farmers, if not actively loyal, at least indifferent to Home Rule.

'I doubt very much,' wrote Lecky to Mr. Booth, 'whether Gladstone's own colleagues know what course he means to follow. Sir Erskine May, who is one of the best-informed politicians, says there will be no Home Rule, that if Gladstone wished it the party would not follow.'

Feeling ran high at that time, not only in the political atmosphere, but even, as rarely happens, in society. Old friendships passed through a severe ordeal.

'No one who does not know the full strength of party allegiance in England,' Lecky wrote many years after, 'can realise the force of the shock which detached from the Liberal party such a man as the present Duke of Devonshire, who had been the most devoted and most loyal adherent to Mr. Gladstone; such men as the Duke of Argyll and Lord Selborne, who had during their whole lives been his closest friends; such men as Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, the universally recognised leaders of advanced Radicalism.'

Those Liberals who remained staunch to the Union, and who were henceforth called Liberal Unionists, felt their party had been betrayed. Lecky's active support was now constantly asked for and given to the cause. In anticipation of the Home Rule Bill, which was introduced on April 8, a meeting was organised by the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union at the Kensington Town Hall on St. Patrick's Day. Lecky was persuaded to take part in it, and spoke with all that intimate knowledge of Ireland's past and present which gave weight to his arguments, and with the eloquence that in old Historical Society days electrified his hearers. The speech was warmly applauded.

(To Mr. Booth.) *Athenæum Club: March* 1886.—'Edward O'Brien[1] inveigled me into a speech which was especially a Kensington affair. It went off, I think, very well, but "le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle," for I am now so nervous beforehand that it takes a great deal out of me, though (preparing very carefully) when I get up, it goes on about as smoothly as it used to. It was a little specially alarming, as the police got notice that 200 Parnellites were to be sent down to break up the meeting. However, pre-

[1] Son of Smith O'Brien, who was connected with the Young Ireland movement.

cautions were taken, and it ended in thirty or forty dissentients. I was glad to find that I could speak under such circumstances and that my good countrymen (who are exceedingly fond of a little fiery rhetoric) were soon very quiet. I don't mean to do such a thing again for a long time.'

The speech was amplified into an article, 'A Nationalist Parliament,' which he wrote for the *Nineteenth Century* of April, showing all the dangers of such an assembly and recalling the fact that the greatest statesmen of every party had been opposed to O'Connell's Repeal movement, a movement 'much less dangerous than the present one.' The article was much quoted in the papers, and Lecky was surprised and pleased by the very large number of testimonies of adhesion he received from all sides.

'I have just read your powerful article,' wrote Chief Justice Morris. 'It, to my mind, contains in the best form all that can be said on the principle of, or rather the want of principle of, the contemplated measure. . . . I think the resistance to the scheme is swelling hourly, and your trenchant treatment will have its weight in the discomfiture of this most profligate attempt.'

Although Lecky was not in favour of making what he called 'amateur excursions' into politics, he found it very difficult to keep out of them, for he was now constantly pressed to write articles or make speeches or go on deputations or join societies. His 'Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland,' which had not attracted much attention hitherto, was now frequently quoted by Ministers in support of Home Rule; 'public men,' as he expressed it, had been a good deal reading his 'account of the Protestant-Landlord Parliament, in hopes of getting an idea of what a Catholic-Fenian Parliament would be like.' He was taxed with inconsistency for opposing Home Rule, but it was not difficult

to show that his position was perfectly logical, and it seems strange that men with ordinary common sense should have misunderstood it.

In a letter of May 3, 1886, to the *Times*, he refuted Mr. Morley,[1] and in a subsequent correspondence with Sir William Harcourt he disposed in an incontrovertible manner of all the arguments used against him.

'The true question at issue between Sir W. Harcourt and myself,' he wrote in the *Times* of June 7, 1886, 'is a very simple one. It is whether there is any real resemblance between the Irish Parliament of the last century and that which it is now proposed to establish. As a matter of fact the Parliament of 1782 was a Parliament of the Protestant gentlemen of the country. It consisted of a House of Lords as well as a House of Commons. It was composed of men who were indisputably attached to the connexion, and it represented property more eminently and specially than any Legislature which is now existing in the world. This Parliament with distinguished liberality gave Catholics the vote in 1793, but it gave it to them at a time when, as I have endeavoured to show, there was scarcely any serious disloyalty among them, and when there was no class warfare dividing the landlord from the tenant. After 1793, as well as before, the Irish Parliament was a body emphatically and exclusively loyal.

'Grattan desired two changes in its constitution. One of them was a diminution of the corrupt influence exercised by the Crown in the shape of excessive patronage and rotten boroughs. The other was the admission into the two Houses of that small body of Catholic gentry who were then, as they are now, among the most loyal and most useful elements of Irish life. The moral effect of this latter measure would, he believed, be very great, though the change in the composition of the Parliament would be very small. Both Grattan and Burke declared their firm belief that it would leave the Protestant ascendancy, which was essentially the ascendancy of property, entirely unshaken. The conditions of Irish society in the eighteenth

[1] Now Lord Morley of Blackburn.

century were totally different from what they now are, but in those conditions it was the opinion of Grattan that such a Parliament as I have described could safely govern Ireland, and that it would be an efficient agent in blending the opposing creeds into a single nation and in combating that Jacobinical, levelling and revolutionary spirit which grew up in the last years of the century, and which he regarded as the greatest danger and calamity that could afflict his country. There is, however, nothing in Grattan's speeches —there is nothing, I may add, in anything I have myself written—which implies that the government of Ireland could at any time have been safely entrusted to a separate Parliament which was not thoroughly loyal and closely attached to the property of the country.

'The experiment which Grattan desired was not tried. The Government of Pitt resisted Parliamentary reform, increased corrupt influence, and by recalling Lord Fitzwilliam, prevented the admission of Catholics into the Irish Parliament. The fatal contagion of the French Revolution spread to Ireland, and the Rebellion of 1798 aroused passions which made self-government immeasurably more difficult. The Union was then carried corruptly and (as I believe) prematurely. It was unaccompanied by the indispensable measure of Catholic emancipation, and the government of Ireland thus passed out of the hands of the Irish gentry.

'Whether Grattan's theory of government could ever have succeeded is an historical question of much dispute. The great preponderance of opinion, both among English statesmen and historians, is against it, and supports the contention of Pitt that a separate Irish Legislature, even though it was thoroughly loyal and closely connected with property, was so dangerous to the integrity of the Empire that it was necessary at all costs to abolish it. It is surely, however, the very extravagance of controversy to pretend that a writer who adopts the opposite view, who blames the policy of Pitt and contends (with some qualification) that under the peculiar conditions of the eighteenth century the policy of Grattan ought to have been tried, is thereby committed to the Irish policy of the present Government. The Parliament which it is now proposed to establish would not be indisputably loyal, but indisputably the

reverse. . . . It would not be a Parliament representing or protecting landed property. Its leaders would be the men who signed the "No rent" manifesto and invented the doctrine of "prairie value"; and Ministers are so thoroughly aware of the fact, that they propose an enormous scheme of land purchase in the well-founded belief that if they did not do so the Government they desire to construct would probably begin its operations by a general raid on the property of the country. It would not be a Parliament representing industrial interests. There is not, I believe, a single considerable representative name in Irish industry among its supporters, and the rapid fall of every great Irish investment and the ruinous drain of capital from the country since the scheme has been started show beyond all dispute how it is regarded by men of business. It would not be a Parliament of conciliation. Every week that passes makes it more evident that the loyal and energetic Protestant population, who have created the prosperity of Ulster, will never submit to be handed over to the tender mercies of the priests and Fenians and agitators to whom Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues wish to entrust the government of Ireland. It is a scheme which at the same time so bristles with occasions for quarrel with England that it would be hardly possible to find a man off the Treasury Bench who pretends that it possesses any element of finality. No important English measure of the present generation has encountered such a consensus of independent condemnation, is so utterly opposed to the uniform traditions of English statesmanship, or threatens such grave dangers to the Empire. It is, I believe, perfectly notorious that if it had not been proposed by Mr. Gladstone there are not fifty English members of Parliament who would vote for it.'

A telling quotation from a speech of Grattan in 1794 wound up the correspondence—a speech

'in which Grattan commented upon a scheme of democratic representation, which was in his days advocated by the United Irishmen. Its object, he said, was "to destroy the influence of landed property." Its effect would be to place the government of Ireland in the hands of a Parliament unconnected with its property. In language much more

emphatic than I should venture to use, Grattan proceeded to describe what appeared to him the inevitable result. "From a revolution of power," he said, "it would speedily lead to a revolution of property and become a plan of plunder as well as a scene of confusion. . . . Of such a representation as this plan would provide, the first ordinance would be robbery, accompanied with the circumstance incidental to robbery—murder." "As long as there is spirit or common sense in the Kingdom," he continued, "we will all and for ever resist it; but though you may defy the perpetration of the design, you must acknowledge the mischief of the attempt." '

'I have never known Irish history before at such a premium—indeed, at any premium,' Lecky wrote to Mr. Booth; and certainly the fate of his 'Leaders' was a curious illustration. When the book first came out in 1861 hardly anyone read it; when a revised edition was published in 1871 ('before Parnellism had given the Home Rule movement its predatory and agrarian character') it was much less successful than anything else he had written. Now there was such a demand for it that the edition was nearly exhausted. Even the chapter which he had suppressed in his revised edition of 1871 was disinterred and used in the Nationalist press as a kind of Home Rule manifesto. 'As far as I have seen,' he wrote, 'nine-tenths is still perfectly true, and the rest, though rather youthfully eloquent and exaggerated, may, I think, be fairly justified by the very different condition of Ireland in 1861.'

Messrs. Longman suggested that a new and cheap edition at that moment would have a large circulation, but Lecky wrote:

May 2, 1886.—'Dear Mr. Longman,—I am entirely against the idea of a cheap edition of my "Leaders." The book is, I believe, a true book, and I am prepared to defend it, but it was published before the National League gave Irish National politics its present character of a war of classes and a war

against property. I do not wish, therefore, to put the book forward as altogether applicable to present conditions, and I have not time to revise or add to it.'

He was resolved that it should not be reprinted without an introduction putting his views on the situation 'beyond all dispute.'

The Home Rule Bill was thrown out on June 8, and the number of Liberals who voted against it was a hopeful sign. A dissolution followed, and the country confirmed the vote in Parliament by a large Unionist majority.

(To Mr. Booth.) *June* 10, 1886.—'As far as I can judge, Unionists (of the two sections) are sanguine of winning at this election, but all political prediction is now so uncertain that it is better not to prophesy. Heaven only knows how, in the long run, Ireland is to be governed. There has been no such secession since that from the Whigs in 1793 and 1794 about the Revolution, and that secession produced a Tory ascendancy of thirty-five years. I hope you approved of my controversy with Harcourt. I could not help it, as he made a speech taken in a great measure out of my book. Did you notice in this morning's *Times* that I found an ally in his own brother?'

Mr. Booth having expressed a wish that Lecky should be in Parliament, he replied:

June 16, 1886.—'As for Parliament, which you speak of, even if any chance were to open, I am too old to begin a new career, and feel more and more that I have not the nerves or the assurance or the robust fibre or the good spirits needed for public life.

'You will be amused at hearing, after the way I wrote about Gladstone, that I met that personage last night at dinner. He was, however, very civil, and except a few historical questions about the Irish Parliament and Macaulay's knowledge of Irish history, he said nothing to me about Ireland, and was chiefly holding forth about the condition of the Church in Norway. . . . Gladstone strikes me as old, and his voice is very husky. His talking is always interesting from the number of facts and well-

turned sentences, but it is exactly like a speech, more so than that of anyone else I have ever seen, and he very rarely says anything one remembers.'

Meanwhile Lecky had been working hard at his two new volumes, and began correcting the proofs early in June, At the end of July he took a holiday and went first with his wife to Royat, and afterwards to Glion on the Rigi Vaudois. The Lake of Geneva, with its lovely scenery and all its associations—especially the 'Coin du Lac'—had a great fascination for him. During the beautiful September evenings they sat on the terrace at Glion—the lake stretching before them and the Castle of Chillon at their feet—loth to tear themselves away till the lights had gone out one by one at St. Gingolph on the opposite shore.

'One world grows dark and many worlds appear.' [1]

The winter was taken up with proof-sheets, and Lecky found that the volumes were larger than he expected or wished. At that time he thought that one more volume—purely Irish—would complete his task; and then 'I shall probably bid a lasting farewell to history. I have hardly been reading anything of late, except myself,' he wrote to Mr. Booth, 'and wish much to get to something more interesting.' He found, however, the time to read Dr. Dowden's 'Life of Shelley,' which he thought very well done, but too long; 'and the deplorable silliness and bonelessness of Shelley's character are very exasperating,' he said, 'to anyone who admires his poetry as much as I do.'

In April 1887 the two new volumes came out. They brought the 'History of England' to a conclusion with the outbreak of the war in 1793; they treated of the causes and effects of the French Revolution in its relation to England,

[1] 'An Evening Type,' Commonplace Book, 1862.

the social condition of England at the time, and finally the history of Ireland during the same period. The volumes were extremely well received. His comprehensive knowledge, his clear insight, his calm judgment, his masterly treatment of the various subjects received full recognition from the reviewers ; and his friends were warm in their appreciation.

' Though mourning,[1] I know, is in your house,' wrote Mr. Kinglake, ' I yet cannot refrain any longer from congratulating you on the achievement—it is nothing less—of your last two volumes. They seem to me admirable in every chapter that I yet have mastered, and I may say that my reading, though not yet complete, has extended to a main part of *both* the volumes. Although I may have little right to speak as a critic, I am strengthened by the rare consensus of opinion amongst those with whom I have talked on the subject, and there is a warmth and heartiness in the praises bestowed such as one rarely hears in these days. The volumes fulfil three essential conditions : they are well based on authority, they are immensely engaging, and they tend towards sound statesmanship.'

To French readers the fifth volume, which treated of the French Revolution, appealed especially. The French paper *Le Temps* recognised in it the work of ' one of the most eminent, if not the most eminent, of English living historians, whose calm and elevated judgments carried with them an incontestable authority.' The expectation that he would study the French Revolution in a more impartial and large-minded spirit than most of his countrymen was not disappointed.

Mr. Andrew White wrote from Cornell University, October 1, 1887, that he would insist on every student who should come up to the examinations at the end of the term or the next, reading the admirable chapters upon the French Revolution. ' They seem to me masterly in every respect. During this long summer vacation upon the

[1] Mrs. Lecky's father had died.

Massachusetts coast and in the Adirondacks I have done a great deal of reading, but nothing has interested me so much as your last two volumes. You have certainly rendered a great service to the whole English-speaking race.'

'I have had a good many reviews,' Lecky wrote to Mr. Booth in May, 'and almost all very favourable; more so, I think, than on the occasion of my last volumes. The *Freeman's Journal* especially had a very amiable (considering my politics) and also very able review, which I should guess to be written by Gavan Duffy. The book was stereotyped at the beginning, and 2000 copies were printed. I heard a week ago that only 400 remained, and that the sale was going on very steadily. . . . I think myself that these two volumes are the best of the series, probably the best I shall ever do, for I mean never to undertake again a work of great research. I look forward with much dread to my last volume, which cannot, I think, be a success. It is a confused, tangled story of horrors and of isolated insurrections, without any element of dignity or beauty.'

After the publication of the volumes, Lecky took a holiday in Italy with his wife. They went to Rome, stopping at Turin, Spezzia, Pisa, Sienna, and Orvieto on the way. They saw the latest excavations in the Forum, the House of the Vestals with its remarkable statues. But their chief object was Naples. To see once more the place which of all others had had such a fascination for him in his youth; to live among the memories of old Roman days; to visit Pompeii and Herculaneum, and all that enchanting neighbourhood—Posilipo, Sorrento, Amalfi—was a great enjoyment to him, and the sight of Vesuvius by day and by night a never-failing interest.

In the summer, when he was back in London, he had a passage-at-arms in the *Nineteenth Century* with Mr. Gladstone, who, in an appreciative review of Lecky's last two volumes, had taken exception to an incidental statement of his: 'We have ourselves seen a Minister go to the country

on the promise that if he was returned to office he would abolish the principal direct tax paid by the class which was then predominant in the constituencies.' Mr. Lecky, he said, ought to have known and to have stated that with the proposal to repeal the income tax came a proposal to reconstruct and enlarge the death duties. Lecky had no difficulty in proving that Mr. Gladstone's memory had played him false, and that there had been no mention of the death duties at the time,[1] a fact which Mr. Gladstone acknowledged in a subsequent article, strengthening, however, Lecky's argument by adding that such a disclosure would have been both wholly novel and in the highest degree mischievous to the public interest.

That year the question of abolishing the Irish Vice-Royalty was raised and discussed among Unionist politicians. As there were many who wished to know Lecky's views, he wrote a Memorandum on the subject and had it privately printed. His reasons for thinking it desirable to maintain the institution were, that it was one of the few in Ireland to which no one seriously objected; that to abolish it would be extremely unpopular in Dublin, which would lose much of its trade and sink into the position of a provincial town; that it seemed to him vitally important that the men who directed the government of Ireland should be in close touch with Irish character, feelings and opinions, and that for this purpose a Lord Lieutenant living in Ireland was most valuable. He was a centre of society and presided over all important movements for the benefit of the country where otherwise party politics and sectarianism would take the lead. The proposition that the Vice-Royalty kept up the idea of a

[1] It has since been shown that Mr. Gladstone had some such financial scheme in his mind before the dissolution; but that does not affect Lecky's contention. In *Democracy and Liberty* he has gone very fully into the whole question (vol. i. cabinet edition, pp. 159 *sqq.*).

separate nationality seemed to him altogether untenable, as it would be impossible by any institutions, or any abolition of institutions, to make the two countries alike.

Two years later—in 1889 [1]—when Lord Londonderry resigned, a deputation of Irish Unionist peers and commoners went to the Prime Minister to urge the abolition, chiefly on the ground that the Vice-Royalty encouraged the idea that the complete union of Great Britain and Ireland had not taken place. Lord Salisbury answered that Lord Zetland had already been appointed and the question remained in abeyance.

The great event of the year 1887 was the Jubilee. Lecky was invited to the Abbey, and was much impressed with the beauty of the ceremony, the music, the costumes, the striking effect of the sun rays lighting up the scene, and the touching incident at the end when all the Queen's children went up to her to pay their homage. The Procession was no less striking in its way—the cortége of princes on horseback escorting the royal carriage, and among them the fine and pathetic figure, in a white uniform, of the Crown Prince of Germany,[2] already doomed by a mortal disease to an early death.

In the course of the summer Lecky went for a little journey to the Harz Mountains before joining his wife at Vosbergen. On the way he stayed at Cassel, and was delighted with the picture gallery, where he had two Rembrandts copied, the 'Saskia' and 'Coppenol.' On his arrival in Holland he wrote to his stepmother:

Vosbergen: August 18, 1887.—'I got here all right on Tuesday, after a very pleasant little journey. I went from Cassel to Harzburg, a pretty place in the Harz, wooded scenery much like the Jura—not quite so high or grand, but very graceful—one valley exceedingly like the Glen of

[1] May 29. [2] Afterwards the Emperor Frederick.

the Downs.[1] I meant to have gone on through the mountains, but the weather broke, and I thought it better to keep to the towns. I went to Brunswick, a charming old town a good deal of the Nuremberg type, with a very fine gallery of Dutch pictures (though not as fine as Cassel), a beautiful theatre, and some curious churches. Thence to Hanover, where Herrenhausen, the Palace of the Electress Sophia and the early Georges, had naturally a great interest to an eighteenth-century person like myself. There are beautiful and quaint old gardens laid out by Le Nôtre attached to Herrenhausen—the spot where the Electress Sophia died walking in the garden, about six weeks before the death of Queen Anne would have given her the English throne, is marked by her statue; and there is a museum with many curious Anglo-Hanoverian portraits. The regular Hanover picture gallery is very inferior to the others I saw. What interested me most was a portrait by Lawrence of Pitt shortly before his death, his hair (though he was only about forty) already quite white. I went from Hanover to Osnabrück, and thence here, where I found all well and the country looking very pretty. . . . I was looking yesterday on the heath for the small blue gentians to send you, but none seem to have appeared yet.'

In the autumn he was again at Paris reading in the Archives. He was always struck with the great courtesy of the officials, but also with the want of order in the records. 'They seem to think it the most natural thing in the world that a volume is simply *introuvable*,' he wrote. He read besides in the great library of the Rue Richelieu, and made out various knotty questions. He had some correspondence at the time with Canon Miles, 'who seems to be a very interesting person. He was a friend of Hannah More, and was on a visit to Lafayette's family in 1816!' Canon Miles was the son of the Miles who arranged an interview between Pitt and Maret in 1792.[2]

Soon after his return to England he found himself drawn

[1] In the County Wicklow.

[2] *History of England*, cabinet edition, vol. vii. p. 121, *note*.

once more into the anti-Home Rule campaign. A great Liberal Unionist demonstration was organised at Nottingham, where Mr. Gladstone had lately made a Home Rule speech at a meeting of the National Liberal Federation. Lord Hartington was to be the chief speaker, and Lecky was asked to take part in it with Mr. Finlay,[1] Mr. Arnold-Forster, Mr. T. W. Russell—at that time a keen Unionist—and other members of the party. He stayed with the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans at Bestwood, where there was a large political party assembled for the occasion. Two days before the meeting the Duke and Duchess entertained in the evening all the Nottinghamshire Liberal Unionists. Lord Hartington had to get on a chair and make them a short speech. The meeting, where some 2500 persons were expected to attend, took place the following Monday, October 24. The Duke of St. Albans presided, and Lord Hartington in an important speech replied to Mr. Gladstone's arguments of the week before.

Owing to the courtesy of Mr. Finlay, Lecky was asked to speak immediately after Lord Hartington. He always was the despair of the reporters, who found it often impossible to do justice to him on account of his rapid delivery. He was conscious of it, and as he objected to 'being made to talk nonsense in bad grammar,' he generally wrote down what he intended to say, and gave it to any reporter on the spot who asked him. He wrote afterwards[2] that everything went off all right. 'A very crowded, hot, but amiable meeting and good speaking. I got through my little performance tolerably well, and you will see it in the *Times*, which mercifully has not, like the other papers, transformed me into a "Professor."' In spite of all disclaimers, some

[1] Now Sir Robert Finlay.

[2] To his wife at Amsterdam.

reporters persistently called him 'Professor,' which he much disliked, as he not only had no claim to that dignity, but considered it was connected with a sphere of work for which he had no taste or aptitude. 'Reporters,' he once wrote to Mr. Booth, 'seem to have got it into their heads that anyone who writes history must be a professor.' While at Bestwood, he went with Mr. A. Grey [1] and Mr. Finlay to Newstead Abbey, Byron's old home, lunching and spending the afternoon. 'It is a most curious place,' he wrote to his wife, 'full of beautiful pictures and with a multitude of Byron's papers and other things.'

During his absence from London he received a communication from the head of the MSS. Department in the British Museum that the authorities had just bought some papers, including the correspondence of T. Pelham (Chief Secretary for Ireland under Lord Temple and Lord Camden); and as this related to the very period he was writing about, he thought it might be most valuable and important, and that he must go through it carefully. On his return he began by working for a few weeks very hard at these papers in the British Museum.

'I try to get to the British Museum as soon as possible after 10,' he wrote.[2] 'I find those long mornings out tire me a good deal, and I am not able to work in the evenings; there are always also a variety of letters, &c., to be looked after—*e.g.* yesterday I was out from a little after 9.30, got back very tired about 5, and found a letter from the editor of the *Liberal Unionist* asking, *if possible by return* of post, for a full and corrected version of my speech, as he wanted to print extracts in the next *Liberal Unionist*, and thought of printing the whole separately. Fortunately I had a copy of a Nottingham paper which gave it (with small misprints) from my MS., and I was able in an hour or so, by corrections and amplifications, to make it tolerably right.'

[1] Now Lord Grey. [2] To his wife.

He received urgent requests to make speeches, 'but by desperate efforts I contrive to keep pretty well in my corner.' In the midst of his work he was, however, always ready to give his time if he could help anyone—whether it was to read and judge a number of essays for a friend who wished to give a school prize, or to read over the proof-sheets of a book at the request of another friend.

He was also putting his American correspondent, Mr. Lea, in the way of getting copies made of Inquisition papers in Trinity College, Dublin, for the valuable work on the subject which Mr. Lea was writing, and this led to a good deal of correspondence.

'I am sorry,' he wrote in one of his letters to Mr. Lea, January 25, 1888, 'you have lost your interest in modern history, and I do not think it at all likely that I shall go back to the early days of my former book. I have a disagreeable and somewhat difficult task before me in unravelling the Irish history of the last years of the century, and if I accomplish this, I think I shall have paid my tribute to History. Next March I shall have reached the mature age of fifty, and I should like to write some of my thoughts on other subjects before the end. I have for a great many years kept a commonplace book for stray and miscellaneous thoughts, and I find that it foreshadows, as it will, I hope, largely assist, my future work.'

CHAPTER IX

1888–1890.

Unionist Textbook—Mr. Matthew Arnold—Speeches at the Literary Fund dinner and at the Academy—Portrait by Mr. Wells for Grillion's Club—D.C.L. degree, Oxford—Donegal — Wexford — Monasterboice — Democracy—Parnell Commission—Anti-Home Rule meeting, Birmingham—Mr. Bryce's 'History'—Harz Mountains—Completion of the 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century'—Bust by Boehm—His death—Formative influences—Miss Lawless' 'Essex in Ireland'—Cardinal Manning—On Catholicism—Death of Newman—Summer holidays—Grande Chartreuse—Publication of the last two volumes of the 'History'—Reviews and letters.

During the winter new editions were required of all his books (except the 'Leaders,' which he did not wish to reprint), and he had—besides his ordinary work—to do a certain amount of revision, as he was always anxious to make them as accurate as possible. He also recast and expanded his article on the Home Rule question in the *Nineteenth Century* for a Unionist textbook. The Liberals had been to the fore with a Home Rule handbook in which there were a number of quotations from his 'Leaders' used in support of Home Rule. The Unionist publication, 'The Truth about Home Rule,' was a rejoinder. It was edited by Sir George Baden-Powell and contained articles by various well-known public men.

'I am deep in the Irish history of the last years of the century,' he wrote to Mr. Lea, February 1888, 'a subject which I find has a most alarming *actualité*. When I began my "History of the Eighteenth Century" most of my critics complained especially of the length of my Irish History, and I suspect most of my readers skipped it. Now nothing I

write is half so much talked of and discussed as the Irish part. . . . You have a singularly charming and able Minister[1] here—a great friend of mine—who impresses greatly everyone he comes in contact with. I was present with him only yesterday at an interesting ceremony—at which M. Arnold read a paper—of the unveiling in Westminster church of a very beautiful window, erected by Mr. Child—I think, of your city—to the memory of Milton.'

Not long after the ceremony of which Lecky speaks in this letter, Mr. Matthew Arnold died Having to answer for Literature at the Royal Literary Fund dinner early in May, Lecky paid a warm tribute to his memory and to that of Sir Henry Maine, who had also died within the previous months. Two days later he had to respond for Literature at the Royal Academy dinner, and he once more alluded to 'that true poet and great critic' who had discharged the year before the task which now devolved on himself.[2] Commenting on the tendencies of modern literature, he recognised that there were those who still kept up the old traditions; and he spoke with much admiration of Mr. Kinglake, 'that great master of picturesque English,' who had lately published the last volume of his 'Crimean War,' and of a new poem which had struck him, Mr. Robert Buchanan's 'City of Dream.'

He gave at that time sittings to Mr. Wells, R.A., for a crayon portrait intended to be engraved for Grillion's Club, in accordance with the rules of that society, of which Lecky had been elected a member the year before. The

[1] Mr. Phelps had succeeded Mr. Lowell as U.S. Minister in London, and was no less popular than his predecessor.

[2] 'Matthew Arnold,' he wrote many years after to Mr. Booth, 'was a great friend of mine and one of the most attractive personalities I have ever known. He was one of the few people who could talk with the simplest and most unaffected egotism about himself and his writings without offending or boring anyone, and his power of drawing out what was good from all about him was quite extraordinary.'

drawing was done with all Mr. Wells' artistic skill and was a very good likeness ;[1] and the sittings led to very friendly relations with the artist.

Meanwhile he was working hard at his Irish History ; he found, as he wrote to Mr. Booth (June 30, 1888), 'the enormous mass of MS. material, which no one has yet used, very overwhelming. I think, even at the expense of being dull, and destroying very much the symmetry of my book, I must do this period thoroughly; and as the whole book will probably require quite 120 pages of index, I am beginning to see, to my alarm, that it is likely to amount to two volumes, not, however, volumes like the last, but from 350 to 400 pages each.'

In the summer the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him at Oxford. He and his wife stayed under the hospitable roof of Dr. and Mrs. Moore at St. Edmund's Hall, and were much interested in the proceedings of the Encaenia. Those who received the degree at the same time were M. Bonghi, member of the Italian Parliament, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Brassey, Sir James Hannen, Dr. Martineau, and Dr. Joseph Prestwich.

'You saw, I dare say,' he wrote to Mr. Booth, July 4, 1888, 'that the University of Oxford was good enough, a few weeks ago, to make me D.C.L. It is a curious sign of how things have changed there, that one of my colleagues was Dr. Martineau, the leading Unitarian, and another Sir J. Hannen, the President of the Divorce Court. The first told me that, as a young man, one of the great trials of his life was that he could not go to the University on account of the Articles; the second told me that when he was at Oxford before, he had been taken to church and heard a long sermon from Dr. Liddon on the wickedness of the Divorce Court. Even I might hardly have been selected during the Pusey reign.'

[1] It is now in the Library at Windsor Castle.

Later in the summer he went to Ireland, beginning with a short tour to Donegal by himself. His letters from there always seemed to breathe a current of the Atlantic air, which he thought the most invigorating in the world. He knew 'nothing like it to throw off quickly the lassitude of a London season.' 'Being the whole day out in most admirable air,' he wrote to his wife from Carrick, 'is, I am sure, the best of medicines.' He was much struck with the apparent great prosperity in the part of Donegal he had come through (from Ballyshannon)—no beggars, the people excellently dressed, the houses beautifully white-washed, often with roses creeping over them and magnificent fuchsias before the door. 'There is a fine old ruined castle of the O'Donnells at Donegal (where I stopped an hour) and an old abbey, where the Four Masters—the oldest well-known historians of Ireland—wrote. The latest of their successors paid his homage to the site.' He walked to a point about one and a half hours from Carrick, where there was the finest cliff view he had ever seen. 'A semicircle of cliffs over the Atlantic, the highest, I believe, over 2000 feet high, with cataracts swollen from the rain dashing down their sides, and numerous sea birds wheeling round and screaming and clustering in multitudes upon the most lovely of little mountain lakes. Unfortunately, on neither of my expeditions have I been able to see the summits of the cliffs, which were wrapped in clouds, but the effect, notwithstanding, was extremely grand.'

He went on to Portrush, where he had not been for some thirty years, and with which he was greatly pleased. It struck him as very like both Scheveningen and Biarritz, having, like the former, 'a magnificent stretch of two miles of the smoothest sand,' and, like the latter, 'beautiful views of cliffs chiselled by the waves'; but he thought it had a

great many more interesting things near it than either Scheveningen or Biarritz.

He paid a visit to his old college at Armagh—his first boarding-school—which evoked many memories; and he went to Rostrevor, where he had not been since his college days, and which struck him again as one of the most beautiful sea places in Ireland, 'woods going down the hills right into the sea.' He afterwards went with his wife (who had joined him) to stay at his old home, Bushy Park, in the County Wicklow, where their friend Miss Crampton was now living.

'. . . I am at present paying a short country visit in the County Wicklow,' he wrote to Mr. Albert Canning, whom he had missed seeing at Rostrevor, 'and afterwards going for a few days to the County Wexford to look at the scene of the '98 Rebellion, and hope then to be for a few weeks at Kingstown, from where I mean to go through some work in Dublin relating to my book. The last seven years of the century in Ireland, however, form a large subject, and a full year must pass before I can have accomplished it. I am glad to hear of your *Tablet* review. The reviews in that paper always strike me as good, and it is one of the two religious papers (the *Guardian* being the other) which are conducted with real ability and command the respect of intelligent and non-theological laymen.

'The subject of your proposed book[1] is a large and very interesting one, and I hope you will carry out your scheme. You will find in Buckle's "History of Civilisation" a good deal that is valuable relating to it.'

Lecky went to Wexford as he wished to make out the sites of the Wexford rebellion before writing about it. The interest was a purely historic one, for Enniscorthy, which he made his headquarters, does not offer great attractions. He identified Vinegar Hill—the scene of many horrible massacres—and the site of Scullabogue Barn, where a

[1] *Literary Influence in British History*, by the Hon. A. S. G. Canning.

number of prisoners made by the rebels were burnt alive. He went to New Ross, Three Rocks—in fact, to all the places associated with the terrible events of those days; and it will be seen from his account of the rebellion that he had made himself familiar with the ground. The subject was a peculiarly difficult one to write about on account of all the conflicting evidence, and Lecky, as usual, sifted it with the utmost care.

During that summer he and his wife paid a pleasant visit to their old friend Mrs. Dunlop at Monasterboice House, Drogheda, not far from the scene of the battle of the Boyne, which is as picturesque as it is interesting. An obelisk marks the place where William crossed the river and where the Duke of Schomberg was killed. His hostess was the granddaughter of John Foster, the last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and this link with a period which so much occupied his thoughts was of great interest to him. The Plan of Campaign had been rife in those parts, especially on the neighbouring property of Mrs. Dunlop's nephew, Lord Massereene; and one evening during Mr. and Mrs. Lecky's stay he and his wife came to dinner under the protection of two constables, who remained in the house and followed them again on their way home at night. Such incidents—apart from their deplorable causes—gave a zest to Irish country life.

It happened more than once when visiting country houses that Lecky came across some historical reminiscence or other connected with the times he was writing about; thus, on one of his visits to an old friend, Lady Bunbury, who lived in a charming old rambling manor-house at Mildenhall, in Suffolk, he found that she had in her possession some contemporary letters about the tragic end of Lord Edward Fitzgerald with whom the Bunbury

family had been connected, and these were very useful to him.[1]

In October Lecky was again in London. 'I am still deep in Irish history,' he wrote to his American correspondent, Mr. Lea, October 21, 'and shall be so all next year, after which I hope to be able to realise a little more that Ireland is not at once the centre and the circumference of the universe! How narrowing a long book is!'

Lecky, notwithstanding, kept more in touch with the politics, the literature and social life of the day than most men; and however much he might be engrossed in his work, his keen interest in all that went on in the world never flagged. His outlook was always broad and his mind open to new ideas.

'I was much interested in your election paper,' he wrote to Mr. Lea on November 14, 1888. 'I suppose you and France represent the two types of democracy to one or other of which the world is tending. France is certainly not encouraging, and (considering your admirable education, your immense advantages, and your very high industrial, social and intellectual civilisation) I am not sure that you are either. It seems to me at least that America would be very unfairly and unfavourably judged if she were judged by her newspapers, her politicians, or by such a manifesto of principles as the Republican party lately put out—that, in fact, the political side of her civilisation is very inferior to the other sides. Here, too, we have had rapid and evident signs of degeneration, and our Constitution is so plainly worn out—the checks and balances being all gone—that some organic change must before very long be made if a great decadence is to be avoided and a great Empire held together.'

The sittings of the Parnell Commission that winter engrossed public attention, and their dramatic development drew the bond still closer between Gladstonians and

[1] *History of Ireland*, cabinet edition, vol. iv. pp. 311 *sqq.*

Parnellites; but though the letters attributed to Parnell proved forgeries, the Report with the findings of the Commission—which was issued the following winter—severely condemned the methods of Parnellism.[1] Meanwhile Unionists did not relax their efforts to keep the country alive to the dangers of the situation.

In the spring of 1889 there was a great anti-Home Rule meeting at Birmingham, which was exclusively addressed by Irishmen. Lecky was asked to make a speech, and was the guest on the occasion of the late Mr. Bunce, the very able editor of the *Birmingham Daily Post*.

He was very much struck with the various magnificent municipal institutions in that city and the immense public spirit, intelligence, and generosity which they showed. He had never seen anything like it, and as Mr. Bunce was a leading person in it all, he felt that he saw it to much advantage. Mr. Chamberlain gave a large political party, and the meeting took place the next evening in the Town Hall. Lecky, in his speech, went over all the objections to Home Rule, and showed clearly that there would be no finality in it, and that one of the first objects of an Irish Parliament would be to abolish any paper restrictions that might be imposed.

'For my own part,' he said, 'I cannot tell whether in the vicissitudes of politics some such Parliament may not be set up in Ireland, but of this at least I feel absolutely confident, that no such restricted Parliament can last. It can have no element of permanence or finality. It will be a mere step to separation and to the breaking up of the

[1] 'Report of the Special Commission, 1888,' see *Democracy and Liberty*, cabinet edition, vol. i. p. 236, vol. ii. p. 11. 'I think the Commissioners' Report will do great good,' wrote Lecky (to Mr. Booth) when it came out. 'It is amusing to see both sides proclaiming their triumph; but only one side prints the Report, and it hardly needs a Solomon to draw the inference.'

Empire, or it will lead to a scene of confusion and ruin which will probably end in the reconquest of Ireland.'

He dealt with the arguments of those who pretended 'that Home Rule ought to be given as a kind of expiation for historical grievances.'

'It is perfectly true,' he said in his peroration, 'that there are many pages in the history of Ireland that will not bear looking into, just as there are many pages that are disgraceful in the history of the English Revolution, or of the English Reformation, or of the establishment of Christianity in most parts of Christendom, or of the formation of the unity of every great kingdom on the Continent. But are the misdeeds of generations who have long since mouldered in the dust any real reason for bringing down upon our own generation the unspeakable calamity of a divided and enfeebled nation, for throwing a great loyal population out of the protection of the Imperial Parliament, for planting in the very heart of the British Empire the seeds of triumphant and contagious anarchy, and perhaps even of civil war? I do not think I have any disposition to undervalue history, or to underrate the great lessons of guidance and charity it may teach, but I do most deliberately say that it would be better that the Book of History were never opened than that it should be treated in a manner so hopelessly, so childishly irrational. . . . I trust that the English people, with their accustomed good sense, will brush away these claptrap arguments with the contempt that they deserve and will consider this momentous question seriously and on its real merits. There never was a question which more deserved such treatment; for there never was a question which went more directly to the very root of the well-being of the Empire. I believe that the more the English people consider it, the more clearly will they perceive that it never can be either wise or honourable to turn law-breakers into law-makers, to subject a loyal population to a disloyal one, or to place a vital and integral portion of this great Empire in the hands of men whose attachment to that Empire they have the very gravest reason to suspect.'

His speech was said to have been excellent—in fact, to have been the speech of the evening, which one

would hardly have gathered from his own modest account.

He wrote [1] after the meeting:

'It was very full, and a very imposing sight—and the immense size of the hall, which is larger than Exeter Hall, made it very alarming. However, I duly got through my little performance, talking, as usual, too fast (though I tried to be slow), and forgetting one or two things I had meant to say, but being very amiably received and listened to—and, thanks to my typewriting (of which both copies were asked for), I hope I may not be made to talk nonsense. Lord Derby, as usual, was very kind, predicting that no one would again quote my "History" against me, and that I should be forced into Parliament—neither of which predictions (most happily not the last!) is the least likely to come true.'

'I never had to address such an audience as at Birmingham,' he wrote to Mr. Booth, 'for the hall is one of the largest in England; holds from 4000 to 5000 people, and was very full. I am glad it is over, and hope now to think of nothing but my book, at which I am working very hard, as I want to begin printing a part of it within a month or so. . . . I saw the Attorney-General on Saturday at the Academy dinner, and he said Parnell was so completely broken down by his cross-examination that he was quite done for and could never recover it. Whether the outside public will take this view remains to be seen.'

Mr. Bryce's 'History of the American Commonwealth' was among the books which appeared about that time and greatly interested him.

'I was glad,' he wrote to Mr. Lea, February 21, 1889, 'to see your name and help in Bryce's new book, which I hope you like as much on your side of the Atlantic as we do on ours. Here the second volume has especially made a great impression, for although we knew a good deal about your Federal Constitution, very few Englishmen knew in any detail about your State Governments, or about the practical working of the "machine." I am sure the book on our side of the water will do good. I think the best

[1] To his wife. The Birmingham speech was, like the Nottingham one, printed as a leaflet and used by the Liberal Unionist Association.

judges over here believe that sooner or later something must be done to restrict the omnipotence of such a Parliament as we possess, and it can only be done by building on your model.'

(To the same.) *May* 6, 1889.—'Bryce's book has been giving rise to a good deal of comment over here. You will have seen Lord Acton's article in the *Historical Review*, which seems to me (like a good many of Lord Acton's writings) to throw much more light on the multifariousness of Lord Acton's reading than on the real merits or significance of the subject he is treating. An article which struck me far more is in the current number of the *Edinburgh*. You probably would not agree with it, but I am sure it would interest you, as it is by the writer who (in my opinion at least) is the best English writer on political subjects since the death of Maine—Professor Dicey. I am working very hard winding up my two volumes for the press. You, no doubt, know by experience what a troublesome matter that is!'

Judge Gowan sent him (March 1889) a review of Mr. Bryce's book, and in thanking him Lecky wrote:

'It contains so excellent a summary of the chief defects of the American Constitution that I have cut it out to keep for further use. At the same time, I wish much that we had some provisions in our Constitution for restricting organic change resembling those in the United States. A Parliament which is at once omnipotent and democratic is not, I think, a Government that can long steer safely a great empire. The second volume of Bryce interested me most, and at this side of the water his elucidation of the nature and working of the local legislatures was very new as well as very valuable. I must thank you also for sending me your very comprehensive and interesting speech about the grand juries. It is curious to see those old-world institutions flourishing, or at least existing, in your new country. . . . I am at last bringing to an end the History which has occupied so many years of my life. It will be a strange sensation to have terminated.'

During the summer he began correcting the proof-sheets, which kept him in London till the middle of August. 'I do not

agree with you,' he wrote in the summer (August 24, 1889) to Mr. Lea, 'in finding the transition from MS. to print a disagreeable and disheartening thing; on the contrary, I usually find it very pleasant; but the explanation probably is that you write one of the most perfect and I one of the most detestable of handwritings.' [1]

He did some revising in the country in Holland, and only took a short holiday in the autumn. The mountains of the Harz are among the most accessible to go to from Holland for bracing. He had only seen them hastily before, and he liked going back there now with his wife. The scenery is extremely fine and attractive, and there are many legends connected with it which greatly add to its charm. They spent a lovely autumn day in the valley of the Ilse, at the foot of the Brocken Mountains, where the Witches in 'Faust' held their meeting on Walpurgis Night. They went on to Weimar, from where Lecky wrote to his stepmother, September 24, 1889:

'We were delighted with Thale, which is at the mouth of the Bodethal, the most beautiful valley in the Harz, and, indeed, one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. It reminded me a good deal of the finest Pyrenean scenery, especially of the Cauterets Valley—very high and perfectly precipitous, jagged rocks; vast and exceedingly beautiful woods of fir, beech, oak, and birch, stretching for many miles; streams of the clearest water, sometimes as broad as the Adour, but often narrowed to three or four feet as they rush through clefts of rock, sometimes exceedingly grand and savage, and at other times of a very restful and tranquil beauty. We found the autumn tints of the woods in the utmost beauty, and in one of our drives we came across four wild deer. Except one day, the weather was

[1] 'You are fortunate in finding enjoyment in proof reading,' answered Mr. Lea, September 22, 1889, 'fortunate because it shows that you succeed in attaining the ideal much more nearly than I do. This is the explanation and not the difference between our handwritings.'

exceedingly fine, though very cold—the hotels just on the eve of closing for the winter. I do not think we saw a single English person in the Harz, yet I know little scenery that is really finer, and the air (sweeping through the great fir forests) seemed to me as good as Switzerland, and it is all so very near. . . . We saw near Thale a very curious old castle of the Dukes of Brunswick—Blankenburg—where Maria Theresa was born and where the Comte d'Artois (Louis XVIII.) spent part of his exile. It is full of interesting old portraits of the many families with which the Brunswicks intermarried.'

They spent some days at Weimar among the fascinating reminiscences of Goethe and Schiller; stayed at Eisenach and saw the Wartburg, with all its memories of Luther and the Meistersinger. The autumn colouring of the forests in Thuringia—the bright crimson of the maple trees—left an indelible impression. They stopped at Cassel to see the admirable picture gallery and Wilhelmshöhe; and they went home by Paris, where there was another exhibition, on a more extended scale even than the former one.

On his return he was again deep in Irish history.

'I cannot make any prediction,' he wrote to Mr. Booth in November, 'about my new Irish volumes, except that they are likely to be long and tiresome and are tolerably sure to get me into a scrape with both parties. The fact is that the Union was as corrupt and discreditable a transaction as could well be, and the more it is looked into the more I think it will appear so; all of which is not the smallest reason for "expiating" the destruction of a Parliament of landlords by establishing a Parliament of Land-Leaguers. The old Whigs, like Lord Grey and Lord Russell, while steadily resisting repeal, never for a moment questioned the corruption of the means by which the Union was carried; but the present Unionists have taken it into their heads to defend their very excellent politics by very indifferent history. The work of what the *Times* calls my "impulsive boyhood" was a little over-coloured, but I certainly deny that it is substantially wrong.'

During the winter Lecky finished the writing of the 'History,' while he was simultaneously correcting the proof-sheets of the earlier part. In a notebook, chiefly of literary entries, there is the following: '*March* 1, 1890.—Wrote the last pages of my "History of England."' He had hoped to bring it out in the spring, but as it would have been ready too late for the publishing season, he was advised to put it off till the autumn.

(To Mr. Booth.) *February* 20, 1890.—'I had been working extremely hard to be able to get my book out at the beginning of May, but Longman tells me that for various sordid reasons it is much better to defer the publication till October; so I am now taking matters more easily. The end of this book I find very difficult. It is impossible to conclude a history of the Union without going into its consequences, and therefore dealing with present politics, which is not in general desirable in what aspires to be a standard history. I cannot, however, help it, and must face the charge of writing a party pamphlet on account of two or three concluding pages. I want, when I get it off my hands, to try if I can do something with my "Leaders of Public Opinion," which has been long out of print and much in demand.'

He was asked at this time to write an article for the American review, the *Forum*, on the influences which had a part in the formation of his character. It was to be one of a series written by various authors. Though he disliked being autobiographical, the proposed subject was not uncongenial to him, as it left him a great latitude of choosing his own line.

While the mornings were devoted to work, he gave some sittings in the afternoons to his friend Sir Edgar Boehm, the sculptor, who had asked to do his bust. It was interesting to see with what extreme care Boehm modelled his subject, and how he strove to bring out the mind and character. He succeeded admirably, and replicas of the bust are

precious possessions in more places than one. It was among the last works of Boehm, for he died early in the following winter, leaving a great blank among his friends, as well as in the world of art. Lecky wrote a notice of him in the *Spectator*, in which he showed his appreciation of Boehm's fine chivalrous nature as well as of his artistic genius.

In May 1890 Lecky received an urgent and most kindly worded request from Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity, whether, 'even with a sadly short notice,' he 'could be persuaded to do a great service to the University' by undertaking to deliver the Rede Lecture at Cambridge in June. Lecky usually declined all requests he received to lecture, both in England and America, and though he would have been glad to render a service to the University, he felt obliged to refuse this one also, as all his time was taken up.[1] At the same time he had to decline a request from Professor Knight to write a University Extension manual, 'for I have quite as much literary work on hand as I can manage,' he wrote, 'and I have very little of the happy power of turning easily from subject to subject. I find that in order to do anything really well I must concentrate myself severely on my own lines of work and refuse many tempting but distracting offers. Please forgive me.'

The article in the *Forum*, which came out on June 1,[2]

[1] As there is a somewhat ambiguous reference to this matter in Sir R. Jebb's *Life* (p. 275), it is as well to state that Dr. Butler's letter to Lecky was dated May 8, and that Lecky lost no time in answering, for the Master was able to make the same proposal to Professor Jebb on the following day, May 9. In 1894 Lecky was once more asked to give the Rede Lecture, but he had to decline for the same reason.

[2] There was also a notice with a portrait of him in the July number of *Men and Women*, which gave portraits accompanied with outline biographies. He was asked to give all the material, and thought it best to do so; for, though he wished that his private life could be kept out of publicity, he felt this was very difficult, 'and if true versions are not given, false ones are invented.'

was, of course, specially interesting to an old college friend who had seen 'the formative influences' at work. Mr. Booth thought it was one-sided and that it did not take all these influences into account; he felt sure, he wrote, that Lecky in his college days read Shelley (of whom he did not speak) more frequently than Whately's 'Errors of Romanism,' and declaimed Grattan and Curran oftener than the Sermons of Bishop Butler. Had he not been a little ungrateful not to mention the Historical Society? and might not his college study of Irish history, of which he also said nothing, have influenced him in taking up the eighteenth century as the *magnum opus*? 'Whatever the cause of the "formation," there can be no doubt as to the result—the only matter of regret is that the spirit of Grattan was less powerful and that an oratorical faculty of rare brilliancy should have remained so long unused.'

Lecky answered:

Athenæum Club: July 4, 1890.—'I was much amused by your criticism of my article. No one else is as competent to criticise it as you are. I was asked only to write an article of 4000 words, and in that space one does not attempt an autobiography (a thing, moreover, I should hate to do). To write effectively it is necessary to take a single line, and I think that of theological development is the most important, and also the one most likely to interest a far-off public, who certainly could not care about debating societies or rhetoric. I think, within those lines, what I wrote was a true account, though, of course, as you truly say, it was not an adequate or complete one; and I was glad to have an opportunity of saying something about both Whately and Buckle. I looked over my own "Religious Tendencies of the Age" before writing the article, and it a good deal freshened up my recollections. I cannot say I regret not being in politics—I have neither the business faculty nor the callousness required for such a career, and English politics are not now an inviting sphere. I have had to make two speeches

within the last ten days—one at a Conservative club [1] which invites Liberal Unionists, and last night at the Geographical Society at the Stanley banquet. I have all but finished my proof-sheets, with the exception of the index, which I do not make, and which has not yet come to me. I wish it had, for I want much to get away to fresher air.'

Before leaving London that summer Lecky wrote a short notice of Miss Lawless' 'Essex in Ireland' for the *Nineteenth Century*. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the writings of Miss Lawless, who was, moreover, a great friend of his. In a letter on the subject which he wrote to her he mentioned the following incident:

'. . . I had a curious colloquy a few days ago at the Athenæum with Cardinal Manning. He came up to me and asked whether I knew you and your books, and praised them greatly, dwelling especially upon the "History." He then asked me whether I had read his own speech claiming for the people of Ireland the ownership of their own soil and the right of managing their own affairs. That, he said, he considered "moderate Home Rule," and hoped I went a long way with him. I told him I thought his phrases required a good deal of definition, and that I did not at all follow his banner. "Well," he said, "you are a cautious man and an historian, but I can only say to you what I said to the Holy Father. I said, 'Holy Father, if I was an Irish bishop you would have to chastise me *a hundred* times.'" "I can quite imagine it, your Eminence," I said; and he laughed and went away. What fiery people archbishops nowadays are!'

Though Lecky had been for so many years engrossed in history, he never lost his interest in his earlier subjects; and he still thoughtfully watched the religious tendencies of the age. His American correspondent, Mr. Lea, was making a study of the indulgences. Lecky had been struck, in Spain, with the fact that bull-fights were often given for charities; and he had heard that even indulgences

[1] The Cecil Club, June 25, 1890.

were granted to persons who attended bull-fights given for particular religious purposes. This seemed to him incredible. He hoped Mr. Lea's investigations would throw some light on that subject.

'I am much interested in hearing,' Lecky wrote, 'that you have taken up the great subject of Indulgences, though I fear it will make the completion of your "History of the Inquisition" very doubtful. . . . Nothing in religious questions has struck me more than the enormous difference between the official Catholicism of the Council of Trent and of the writings of Bossuet or Newman, and the pure and manifest polytheism and idolatry of the actual religion as it is practised in a great part of Europe, with the direct sanction and under the special benediction of the highest authorities of the Church. I believe an inadequate appreciation of this difference has had a great deal to say to the fascination Catholicism has during this century exercised over many Englishmen. Döllinger, I believe, used to say that one of the great distinctions between Ultramontane and Liberal Catholicism was the extent to which what is called *la petite dévotion*—relics, pilgrimages, miracle-working images, &c.—superseded in the former the great lines of Christian devotion, and he considered this largely due to the influence of the Jesuits.

'The future of American and democratic Catholicism is a very interesting question. Here there is an evident tendency on the part of some important leaders (Manning especially) to make popular support rather than Government favour the great leverage of the Church; and the definition of Infallibility, while separating Catholicism still further from the educated, tends, I think, to strengthen its discipline and its hold over the masses. I do not see how a schism is now possible without subverting the whole Catholic system in the separated body, for the Papal authority is more than ever the very keystone of the arch, and it is impossible, without giving up the whole Catholic theory, to fly in the face of a Pope who has been pronounced infallible by a General Council and accepted as such by the whole episcopate. Besides indifference, scepticism and the alienation of a great portion of the moderating and intelligent lay intellect which once tempered fanaticism and superstition—all tend

to throw the guidance of the machine into Ultramontane hands. I am taking my usual holiday on the Continent, but hope to be again in London about the end of October.'

The death of Newman, which occurred on August 11, 1890, made a great impression in England. Lecky always admired Newman's eloquent style and subtle philosophic reasoning, and he had been from early days familiar with his writings. 'Newman's death,' he wrote to Mr. Lea (February 1891), 'has a good deal revived over here the interest in his books and speculations. It is a curiously wide influence in England, for there is a strong sceptical element in them which appeals to many who are far from Catholicism. There is a remarkable article on the subject by Leslie Stephen in this month's *Nineteenth Century*.'

The last proof-sheets of the 'History' were corrected during the summer holidays in Holland, and Lecky afterwards went with his wife to Chamounix, Aix-les-Bains, Grenoble, Hyères, and home by Paris. From Grenoble they made an expedition to the Grande Chartreuse, which is reached by a magnificent road leading through a deep wild gorge. The monastery lies at the foot of a range of mountains in the silence and solitude of the 'Désert,' the place originally selected by St. Bruno, the great founder of the Order. Lecky spent a night under its roof and was greatly interested in the visit, though intercourse with silent monks is necessarily of a limited description.[1]

In October 1890 the last two volumes of the 'History' came out. They were exclusively devoted to Ireland, and included the history of the Rebellion and the Union. The reviewers were unanimous in considering them as the worthy completion of a great work. Even those who did not agree

[1] There was an account of the visit in the *Nineteenth Century* of March 1891.

with his political conclusions paid tribute to his great qualities as an historian and a writer. All felt that at last they had a true account of the Rebellion and the Union—written not only with a full mastery of all the available sources, but with that wise and unbiassed appreciation of the facts for which all his writings were conspicuous.

'Never before,' said the *Quarterly Review*, 'have Irish affairs been the subject of such minute investigation and detailed narrative. The first word must be one of grateful acknowledgment of the thoroughness and perfection of detail with which the story has been told. Only those who have had occasion to explore a few of the many sources of information, which Mr. Lecky has visited, can fully appreciate the vastness of his labour or the ability he has displayed in sifting from among the materials at his command the essentially important particulars.'

Among those who had looked forward to the volumes was the late Duke of Argyll. Everyone who was acquainted with the Duke, or who has read his books, his articles, his speeches, and the record of his life, knows how able and versatile he was. A keen Unionist, he was also deeply interested in the agrarian problem in Ireland and in the history of the country, and various communications passed between him and Lecky on those subjects. They did not always agree, but there was great mutual respect.

'I shall be anxious to see your chapters,' wrote the Duke; 'you seem to me always to write in so judicial a spirit, that I have no doubt I shall like them.' When the volumes came out he was one of the first to tell him that he had been reading them with the 'usual feeling of satisfaction which your sincere treatment of your subject is sure to give.'

'You will forgive me,' wrote Dean Boyle, 'for congratulating you heartily on the completion of a great book;

and as to the interest of the last two volumes, what can I say but what all have already said when they have finished them—that the impartiality and dignity of the narrative cannot be surpassed ? '

The tribute Lecky paid to the old Irish Brigade could not fail to touch those whose families had been connected with it. ' Your noble passage about the Irish Brigade,' wrote the daughter-in-law of O'Connell, ' is worthy to rank with Thorwaldsen's "Memorial Lion" carved to the memory of Louis the Sixteenth's Swiss Guards on the Crag by Lucerne.'

Friends across the Atlantic were no less appreciative. ' I do think,' wrote Judge Gowan from Canada, ' no fair-minded man could go over your last volumes without saying to himself, This is the work of an honest man who has patiently and laboriously gone to the root of everything, and has shown in all his conclusions a calm, judicial spirit, a manifest desire to arrive at truth. You have truly directed a powerful "searchlight" into the dark ravines of Irish history.'

CHAPTER X

1890–1892.

Revision of the 'History of the Eighteenth Century'—Writes various essays: Ireland in the Light of History; Why Home Rule is Undesirable; Madame de Staël; Carlyle's Message to his Age; Sir Robert Peel's Private Correspondence—American Copyright Bill—Effects of Parnell divorce case — Litt.D. degree, Cambridge — T.C.D. dinner — Travels—Poems—National Portrait Gallery—Begins 'Democracy and Liberty'—Regius Professorship of History at Oxford—Royal Literary Fund—Letters on Home Rule—'The Political Outlook'—Sir Charles Gavan Duffy — Dublin University Tercentenary — General Election — Holiday in the Alps—'The Political Value of History'—Lord Tennyson's death—Completion of the revised edition of the 'History.'

The completion of a long and arduous task, though a satisfaction, leaves a blank. 'It is a strange feeling,' Lecky wrote to Mr. Booth from Nîmes in October 1890, 'finishing a book which has taken nineteen years; stranger still, wanting a fixed task.'

He did not, however, at once begin a long book. He wished to revise the 'History' carefully for a cabinet edition which was to come out early in 1892. The suggestion had been made to him at different times that it would be desirable to divide the Irish from the English part, so that each might be procured separately, and this he now wanted to carry out. It involved a good deal of rearranging, for though some chapters were exclusively Irish, the history of the Irish penal laws formed part of a general review of the state of religious liberty in an English chapter.

Writing to his friend Professor Tyndall, who had had a long illness, he says (February 3, 1891):

'I wonder whether you are able to go on with any scientific work. I always believe that nothing is so good

for one as the calming influence of the kind of work we have made our own. I fear I shall some day miss mine—at least, until I can start something fresh. At present, however, I am abundantly occupied going over my whole "History" with a view to a cabinet edition, which will, I hope, appear next year. It is rather a thankless work, as probably no one will discover any corrections; but there is a comfort in getting one's books as perfect as one can.'

Various small tasks also came in his way. At the request of the editor of the *North American Review* he wrote two articles on Ireland. The first appeared in January 1891 under the title of 'Ireland in the Light of History';[1] the second, 'Why Home Rule is Undesirable,' in the following March. He also wrote a review in the American *Forum*[2] of Lady Blennerhassett's 'Madame de Staël,' which had lately been translated into English. Lecky had a great admiration for the brilliant gifts of the authoress, and for many years past a warm friendship existed between them and their families. The book, he wrote to her at the time, impressed him more and more as he read it, 'with a deep sense of its vast range of knowledge and sympathies.'

He was asked by an old college friend, the Rev. Freeman Wills, to give a short Sunday address on January 25, as an interlude in a musical entertainment at the Lambeth Polytechnic, and he selected for his subject Carlyle's 'Message to his Age,' to which his personal knowledge of Carlyle gave a special interest. It was afterwards published in the *Contemporary Review* of October 1891.[3]

In the summer he contributed an article on Pitt to 'Chambers's Encyclopædia,' and at the urgent request of Mr. Reeve he wrote a review of Sir Robert Peel's

[1] This essay has now been published in the *Historical and Political Essays*.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.*

private correspondence which had lately been published by Mr. Parker. This came out in the *Edinburgh Review* of October 1891.[1]

That year there was at last a chance of an American Copyright Bill passing. Hitherto British authors had been entirely at the mercy of American publishers; and though, by some arrangement, they could sometimes obtain a small royalty, there were no legal rights by which this could be enforced. Lecky held very strong views about literary property, which he considered rested on 'the highest and simplest title by which property can be held—that of creation.'[2] He thought the argument altogether untrue that the author has no right to legal protection because he gives a form to ideas and knowledge which are floating in the intellectual atmosphere around him. 'An author claims no monopoly in his ideas, but the form in which he moulds them is so essentially the main element in the question that the distinction is for all practical purposes trivial. There is no idea in Gray's Elegy which has not passed through thousands of minds; Gray alone gave them the form which is immortal.'[3]

He took a good deal of trouble in the matter, communicating with influential people in both countries and endeavouring to smooth over difficulties.

'I think it so very kind of you,' he wrote to Mr. Lea on March 22, 1891, 'to have written to me so promptly and so fully about the new Copyright Bill. I congratulate you very sincerely upon the part you have taken in a work which will probably have deeper and more far-reaching consequences than the immense majority of the measures which on either side of the Atlantic fill the minds of men. As for the points of possible difficulty, I have done what I could. . . .'

[1] Published among the *Historical and Political Essays*.

[2] *Democracy and Liberty*, cabinet edition, vol. i. p. 218. [3] *Ibid.* p. 219.

Though the Bill involved irksome complications for British authors, yet it established a recognition of their rights and settled, as far as it went, an important question.

The political horizon meanwhile had undergone a great change. In 1890 the Home Rule cause received a severe blow from an unexpected quarter. It may be remembered that the Parnell divorce case had suddenly roused the indignation of the Nonconformists; that they had obliged Mr. Gladstone to break with the Irish leader; and that the Irish Catholic Church had now turned against him and caused a division among Irish Home-Rulers. To the philosopher the situation presented a curious aspect.

'We most of us here believe,' Lecky wrote to Judge Gowan in December 1890, 'that Home Rule is broken up for an indefinite period. It seems very unlikely that, after the schism in Ireland and the shock the Nonconformists have received, the next Parliament will be in favour of Home Rule; and if it is, the majority is almost certain to be far too small to carry it; while Gladstone, being just eighty-one, can hardly live through more than one more Parliament. Besides, Parnell has succeeded in pledging the whole Home Rule party in Ireland to accept no measure which does not give them the control of the Constabulary and of the land. . . . I am glad of it, but I do not think all this raises one's respect for the intelligence of the good people of these islands—the English Nonconformists, who were perfectly unshaken by all the revelations of conspiracy, outrage, and organised plunder made before the Special Commission, and yet thrown into hysterics about Mrs. O'Shea; the Irish populace, through the mere love of a fight, throwing up the one chance of their Home Rule!'

And in February 1891 he wrote to Mr. Lea: 'The Irish question here is, I think, at last beginning somewhat to recede, and socialistic or semi-socialistic questions are rapidly assuming the first place. Mrs. O'Shea has certainly

changed profoundly the prospects and currents of English politics—with such wisdom the world is governed ! '

In the summer of 1891 Lecky received an honorary degree at Cambridge, at the same time as Lord Walsingham, Lord Dufferin, Sir Alfred Lyall, Professor Archibald Geikie, Sir William Flower, Professor Metschnikoff, and the composer Dvořák. He and his wife enjoyed the hospitality of the Master of Trinity and Mrs. Butler; and among the guests was Madame Albani, a charming woman as well as a great singer, who took the leading part in an oratorio of Dvořák's which was heard for the first time during the festivities. Lecky much appreciated the honour of the degree and the very kind reception he met with; but he never much liked, as he wrote to Mr. Booth afterwards, ' to stand up before an audience, dressed like the Scarlet Lady,' and to hear a long speech about his own merits, even though, happily, in a tongue which was not generally understood.

The day of his return to London he attended the yearly Trinity College Dublin dinner, which was given this time in the Middle Temple Hall. Lord Ashbourne presided, and Lecky had to propose the Houses of Parliament, to which the Archbishop of Dublin and Mr. Plunket (now Lord Rathmore, who was then M.P. for Dublin University and First Commissioner of Works) responded. Three Gold Medallists of the old Historical Society were thus brought together once more, and their meeting on this occasion revived many old memories. ' I will not resist,' wrote Mr. Plunket to Lecky next day, ' to write you one little line to tell you how thoroughly I enjoyed your most charming speech yesterday evening—so eloquent, so graceful, and in such perfect good taste. It was to me like a very pleasant whiff of fresh air from the far-off hills of our old friendship—a friendship which I am glad to know holds fast and firmly.'

Being more free in his movements after the 'History' was finished, Lecky took various journeys during the year. In the spring he and his wife made an excursion to the châteaux of the Loire, some of which, besides their great historic and architectural interest, are very picturesquely situated in small but pretty grounds. They spent part of the summer in Ireland, paying on the way a visit to their old friend Lady Stanley of Alderley at Penrhos, near Holyhead, a charming place with beautiful gardens. As Lecky had no researches to make in Ireland on this occasion, he and his wife travelled about a good deal. They visited their friends; they went along the west coast, stayed some days at Mrs. Blake's [1] hotel at Renvyle, and made many pleasant excursions in the beautiful surrounding country.

From Ireland they went to Holland, and afterwards to the Italian lakes—Locarno, Pallanza, and Bellaggio—but the season being too far advanced for the lakes, they went for sunshine to Monte Carlo, staying at Bergamo and Milan on the way.

'I had not before,' he wrote to Mr. Booth, 'stopped at Monte Carlo (which is but just opening and very quiet), but it is a place with wonderful attractions to anyone who, like us, is not addicted to gambling: lovely climate and scenery, excellent hotels, music, reading rooms, &c. Next week we start for fogs and the other charms of London, where we shall probably be on the 16th, and where, I hope, we shall not stir for a long time.'

In the autumn of 1891 Lecky brought out a small volume of poetry which he had written at different times. It is generally acknowledged that when a man has attained eminence in one field, any attempt on his part to strike out

[1] Mrs. Blake, who belonged to a good old Irish family, had turned her house into an hotel in consequence of the land troubles.

another line is jealously watched and severely criticised. This was the case when Lecky published his Poems. Some of the reviewers were very amiable and appreciative; many were hypercritical. The chief fault found with the poems was that they were old-fashioned; but if they did not suit the taste of the younger generation, they found more favour with the older one. Mr. Locker-Lampson[1] and Mr. Aubrey de Vere[2] both expressed their appreciation. The former wrote that, remembering the pleasure he had derived from 'An Old Song,' he had hastened to secure a copy of the poems; that they took his fancy and quite suited his taste. 'They are short and lucid, simple in language, and sincere in spirit . . . singularly unlike the poetry of the present day, with its straining after originality of thought and expression.' Friends who knew how reserved Lecky was by nature welcomed the poems as the expression of his more intimate self. 'I am very glad,' wrote Sir Alfred Lyall, who had read them with 'great interest and sympathy,' 'that you have let us all have in this form some of the inner thoughts, impressions and reminiscences gathered during the journey thus far through the "varied scenes of life."'

There were some who thought that the poems were too melancholy; but Lecky's explanation was that they were written much more in melancholy than in happy moments, and therefore gave a disproportionately gloomy impression. Poetry, he said, lent itself much more naturally to the shade than to the sunlight, and he could not write in verse as he could in prose in such a mood as he wished. In the course of time he received requests from various quarters to allow some of the verses to be included in anthologies or set to

[1] Mr. Locker-Lampson published the *Lyra Elegantiarum* and other books.

[2] Mr. Aubrey de Vere wrote *Legends of the Saxon Saints* and many other poems, as well as essays.

music. Sir George Scharf, the Director of the National Portrait Gallery, was so pleased with Lecky's poem on the subject of the Gallery and with 'the noble manner' in which it was treated, that he asked permission to insert a few lines from it among the quotations in the preface of the Catalogue. He had desired for some time past that Lecky should be a member of the Board of Trustees, but respected his wish not to accept any appointment from a Liberal Government (although, of course, this was purely honorary). It was not till 1895, after Sir George Scharf's death, and when Mr. Lionel Cust succeeded him, that Lecky became a trustee.

On his return to London in the middle of November, Lecky had his first bad attack of influenza, which prostrated him for some three weeks. The 'Mémoires du Général Marbot' was one of the books which helped him to while away some weary hours of inevitable weakness and depression when he could do no work. He went to Brighton, where he got somewhat stronger, but it was some months before he was quite himself again.

'I was shut up in the house in London for three weeks,' he wrote to Mr. Booth from Brighton, December 11, 'but got down here last Wednesday and am getting on very well, though still leading an invalid life and obliged to condescend to the ignominy of a bath-chair.'

The proof-sheets of the cabinet edition occupied his time that winter, and he also began a new book on political and social subjects about which he had thought a great deal—afterwards published under the title of 'Democracy and Liberty.' The cabinet edition of the History came out volume by volume, and before the second appeared a new edition was required of the first.

'They originally printed 1500 copies,' he wrote to Mr. Booth, February 12, 1892, 'but have already had to give

orders for 1000 more, which, for a book that has been so long before the public and according to the moderate measure of my popularity, is doing very well indeed. I am going all over the proof-sheets again, and have given an immense amount of time and trouble to making it as good as I can. I am also gradually launching on something else which will, I hope, some day take a definite form, and will at least give me occupation.'

After the death of Mr. Freeman in the spring of 1892, Lord Salisbury, with the authorisation of Queen Victoria, offered him, in very kind and flattering terms, the Regius Professorship of History at Oxford. Honoured as he felt by the distinction, and tempting though it was in many ways, he decided, however, not to accept it. He did not believe, as he wrote to Lord Salisbury, that he had any aptitude or vocation for lecturing and other academic duties; and he felt convinced that what little good he could do (even for University students) would be best done by keeping steadily to his own line of work.

Among the many public institutions in which Lecky was interested the Royal Literary Fund occupied a foremost place. It gave relief to authors of undoubted merit whose works were unremunerative or who had suffered from reverses or ill-health, and to their widows and children. Lord Derby had been its president since 1876, and Lecky was one of its vice-presidents and a member of the committee. The yearly dinner was a great source of revenue to the Fund, and much trouble was always taken to secure a chairman whose name and personality appealed to a literary public. In the spring of 1892 Lord Kelvin had consented to occupy the chair, but unfortunately at the last moment he was prevented from doing so by a family bereavement. Lecky was urgently asked by the president to fill his place, and though he had but a day's notice, he felt it his duty to do

so. It involved making the speech of the evening, besides various shorter ones. His great gift of speaking enabled him to acquit himself of the task to everyone's satisfaction.

Lord Derby, whose failing health had prevented him from attending, afterwards sent him the resolution passed by the committee, adding, 'Never was a vote of thanks better earned, and the committee will not soon forget the service you rendered them at a moment of difficulty. It is not everyone who either would or could undertake a speech of that kind at a few hours' notice.' Lord Derby always maintained that Lecky was one of the best after-dinner speakers he knew, and he regretted not being able to hear him on this occasion.

During the summer of 1892 the General Election absorbed all attention, and the spectre of Home Rule was again within sight. Conventions were held in the great centres of Ireland—first at Belfast, then in Dublin. Lecky was once more called upon to take his share in fighting the battle of the Union. Not being able to go to the Dublin Convention on June 23, he was asked to write a letter which might be read at the meeting and published. In it he reviewed all that the Unionist Government had done in six years; how it had not only raised Ireland from a condition of disgraceful anarchy to prosperity and peace, but how also it had earned the confidence of the nation by its conduct of foreign affairs, by its restoration of the Navy to its old efficiency, by its administration of finance, and by the many important measures it had carried.

'But the chief of all its merits is that it has defeated a great crime and averted a great calamity. When the glamour of party rhetoric shall have passed away, history will have little difficulty in estimating the character of the English statesman who . . . deliberately attempted to place the government of an integral part of the Empire in the hands of men whom he had himself

denounced in the strongest language as both dishonest and disloyal. After the overwhelming evidence collected by the Parnell Commissioners, and after the sentence of the Judges, it is impossible for any candid man to doubt that the Parnellite movement was essentially a treasonable conspiracy, promoting its ends by calculated fraud, violence and lawlessness, by an amount of cruelty and oppression seldom equalled in modern times, by constant and systematic appeals to the worst passions of the Irish people. No respectable Government ever was or ever will be founded on such methods. Any attempt to place such men at the head of Irish affairs would, in my opinion, only lead to widespread anarchy and ruin, very possibly to Civil War and Separation.'

He received the 'heartiest thanks' of the committee of the Southern Unionist Convention for the 'admirable letter' he had written.

'It produced a great effect at the Convention,' wrote Professor Dowden, who did so much himself for the Unionist cause, 'and, what is more important, it has been reprinted in all the most important papers and will produce an effect we cannot doubt on thoughtful readers among the English and Scotch electorate. None of us can remember any meeting in Dublin at all approaching that of last Thursday in importance. Both the Leinster Hall and the large annexe were filled with chosen delegates from every constituency outside Ulster. The arrangements were excellent, there was no confusion, and there was entire unanimity of feeling. . . . The deputation from Ulster (including the Lord Mayor of Belfast and the Mayor of Derry) was received with great enthusiasm, and as the best effect of the Convention, the loyalty of North to South and of South to North was assured for the future. It will be impossible to separate us now.'

He was asked to write a letter for the *Scotsman*, and he clearly and emphatically explained the whole situation to Scotch electors, warning them of all that Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy would involve. 'Scotch Liberal Unionists and Conservative candidates owe you their best thanks,' wrote a prominent Unionist, Mr. Arthur Elliot,

'for the excellent letter appearing in to-day's *Scotsman*.[1] Appearing in the same paper as Mr. Gladstone's Glasgow speech it comes in admirably.' He had also once more to make it clear in a letter to the *Times*[2] that passages from a chapter in his early 'Leaders' which had been suppressed in the edition of 1871, and which Mr. Gladstone had used in his Clapham speech, had no application to the present situation. It was a powerful letter, containing, as one friend wrote, 'more than five hundred speeches put together by previous speakers.'

It was not a question, wrote Lecky, between Protestant and Catholic. 'It is a question between honesty and dishonesty, between loyalty and treason, between individual freedom and organised outrage and tyranny;' and he illustrated this with a picture of the state of the country, and referred to the great demonstration in Ulster which seemed 'likely to form one of the great landmarks in Irish history. Nothing approaching it has been seen there since the Volunteer Convention of 1782.' 'Bravo! Bravo!' wrote Professor Tyndall, in his usual enthusiastic way. 'A thousand times, Bravo!'

The elections brought in the Liberals with a small majority, and Mr. Gladstone—who was now eighty-three—saw one more opportunity of bringing forward his Irish policy.

Lecky was asked to write an article on the results of the elections for the *Fortnightly Review* of August. It came out as one of a series by various politicians under the heading of 'The Political Outlook.' He showed that Mr. Gladstone's majority was certainly not due to the conversion of the nation to Home Rule; that the great Unionist triumphs at Dublin and Belfast had been profoundly significant, and the immense reduction of Mr. Gladstone's own majority

[1] The *Scotsman*, July 4, 1892. [2] The *Times*, June 21, 1892.

proved how little enthusiasm was felt among the electors for the measure with which he was specially identified. But although a Home Rule Bill was not likely to pass, the accession of a Home Rule Government might inflict great injury on Ireland by shaking the sense of security which she needed above all things and by giving fresh encouragement to the elements of disorder.

'Gladstone's majority,' wrote one of the greatest military authorities to Lecky on July 18, 'means Mr. —— in Ireland, and that means the complete demoralisation of the Constabulary.'

The vicissitudes of politics did not interfere with the regard Sir Charles Gavan Duffy had always shown for Lecky, and whenever he published a book he gave him a copy. That summer he sent him a pamphlet on a New Constitution for Ireland and his 'Conversations with Carlyle.' In acknowledging the former, Lecky wrote that as a matter of machinery he thought the scheme could hardly be greatly improved on, and that he was ready to admit that if it was worked by men of the same stamp as himself [Sir Charles Gavan Duffy] it would probably succeed. But that as to the practicability of safely entrusting the men who had obtained the leadership of Irish popular politics, and who would undoubtedly direct a Home Rule Parliament, with the maintenance of law and order, property and contract, and individual freedom, they must agree to differ. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy wrote that he was much gratified by Mr. Lecky's recognition of the fact that he did all he could to frame an Irish Constitution designed to be just to every class of Irishmen. 'Of course I understand,' he added, 'why you think it would fail, and if I had the making of the men you would probably have nothing to complain of.' To Lecky the Home Rule question was

essentially, as he more than once said, a question of confidence in the men who would be placed in power. 'If Irish opinion,' he wrote to Mr. Booth in 1886, 'followed property and responsibility, I should not have the least objection to Home Rule in moderation; and I always think that the old Parliament of the gentlemen of Ireland deserves much more credit than it has received.' In acknowledging Sir C. Gavan Duffy's 'Conversations with Carlyle,' Lecky wrote, June 2, 1892:

'Although you told me that I must not do so, I must write a line to thank you very sincerely for your new book which I have been reading again with keen interest. It brings back a flood of recollections to me. I have often heard Carlyle talk of you and always with kindness. The last year or eighteen months of his life was very sad—a period of extreme bodily and mental weakness. I used to drive with him regularly once a week, chiefly to light his pipe and lift to his lips a tonic which he had to take—as he could do neither himself, and he used to sink into long unbroken silences. He was still, however, able to take in a little reading, and just before his last illness I read to him some of Burns' letters—the last book, I think, he tried to read.[1] Both my wife and I saw him when very near the end, and again when all was over, and I was one of three who went up to his funeral at Ecclefechan. I must thank you also for your kind letter. I am glad that you can at least understand my point of view, and that Irish politics—which have a peculiar power to sunder and to acidulate—have not extinguished your kind feeling about me.'

Early in July, while the elections were going on, Trinity College Dublin celebrated its Tercentenary, and Lecky was invited to take part in it. He and his wife were the guests of Lord and Lady Wolseley at the Royal Hospital, where Lord and Lady Dufferin and Sir Alfred Lyall were also staying. On the first day—July 5—all the University

[1] Sir Charles Gavan Duffy asked leave to introduce Lecky's 'graphic picture' of Carlyle's latter days in the next edition of the *Conversations*.

members and delegates walked in procession to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where a solemn service opened the proceedings. One of the most interesting ceremonies was the presentation of addresses in the Leinster Hall by the foreign and other delegates in their various costumes—one of them in a black gown and large ruff, who, though not a Dutchman, might have walked out of one of Frans Hals' paintings.[1] Some represented ancient and venerable universities, such as that of Bologna, which had celebrated its eighth centenary, or that of Leyden, which was connected with the famous siege in the Eighty Years' War. There were a variety of entertainments, and a huge banquet in the Leinster Hall crowned the proceedings. The speaking on the occasion struck strangers as being of a very high order. The Master of Trinity, Cambridge, proposed the toast of Trinity College, coupling with it the names of the Provost, Mr. Plunket, M.P. for the University, and Lecky. The Provost, Dr. Salmon, made a speech full of substance, good sense, and humour. Mr. Plunket, in an eloquent speech, recalled the old college days and friendships, and struck a responsive chord among the audience when he said that many of the distinguished men present would no doubt gladly exchange all the successes and triumphs of their later years for the happier and more careless days of their youth, and would join heartily in the sentiment of their own poet, Tom Moore, who, he imagined, was looking back on his experiences in Trinity College when he sang in those most melodious verses :

'Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.'

[1] He was the delegate from the University of Rostock.

He made a graceful allusion to Lecky, his old friend and contemporary, whose triumphs 'as a brilliant and faithful historian had not won him away from oratory, in which he was no less distinguished at the time when they were both competitors in the old Historical Society.'

Lecky, in responding, spoke of the great part Trinity College had played in Irish life, throwing open its degrees to Roman Catholics more than sixty years before the English universities, and counting among its pupils great men who had distinguished themselves in the most various walks of life and held the most opposite opinions.

'Whatever its enemies may say of it, it has been the University of the Nation, and not merely of a party or sect. . . . Of all our Irish institutions,' he said in his peroration, 'I believe Trinity College Dublin is that which has divided us least and has excited beyond its borders and its connexions the least animosity and the largest measure of genuine good-will. May the spirit that animated this University in the past still continue. Whatever fate may be in store for us, whatever new powers may arise, may this University at least be true to itself. In a country torn by sectarian and political strife, may it continue to bring together in friendly competition students of different creeds and different political colours, and teach them to respect each other and teach them to respect themselves. In an atmosphere hot and feverish with overstrained rhetoric and passionate exaggerations, may it continue the home of sober thought, of serious study, of impartial judgment, of an earnest desire for truth, building up slowly, steadily and laboriously the nobler and more enduring elements of national life.'

'I am sorry you were not at the Tercentenary,' Lecky afterwards wrote to Mr. Booth. 'It was a very striking sight: the immense number of universities represented; the curious and brilliant dresses (it reminded me of the opening of the General Council); the great number of remarkable men collected together; and the admirable behaviour of the crowd through which we had to walk in procession

from T.C.D. to St. Patrick's, who never pressed or uttered a single disobliging word, though it was in the middle of the election, when strong passions might have been aroused. There was an enormous dinner, in which we all appeared in our red (or other) gowns. The Provost, Plunket, and myself had to answer for T.C.D., and Plunket's speech was an extremely beautiful one.'

That year Lecky began his holiday by going to the Italian Alps, which he had wished to see for some time past. He drove from Bourg St. Maurice to Courmayeur over the Little St. Bernard, found the pass full of beauty, 'with charming short cuts through fir woods—crocus-covered fields with a few Alp roses in bloom, and a few snow-drifts still lying on the road.' He stopped at the top with an interesting Italian party, and looked through the library of a curious old priest who had lived there, winter and summer, for more than thirty years. He thought Courmayeur 'one of the most charming places in the Alps; the beauty of Chamounix without its tourist rush—an almost ideal hotel—very pleasant society—beautiful short as well as long walks.' He was delighted with Gressoney, but especially with Ponte Grande and Macugnaga. 'It is hardly possible to exaggerate the grandeur and beauty of the scenery about here,' he wrote; and he thought the air delightful. There were no English, but an intelligent German politician, with whom he talked a great deal. When rain came he had his books to fall back on—Zola's 'Débâcle,' 'a very painful but very terrible story, none of the horrors of war being spared, and I think its influence will be decidedly for good. I have been comparing it with Erckmann-Chatrian's "Waterloo," which I found here and have read through.' He was also reading 'Le Gouvernement dans la Démocratie,' an important book by the distinguished Belgian writer, M. de Laveleye, of whom he had

seen a good deal; and he was never without a volume of Shakespeare. He went down the Val d'Anzasca, had a lovely sail over Lago Maggiore, drove over the St. Gothard, and met his wife at Innsbruck.[1] Together they went to the Dolomites, which he had never yet explored. He very much admired the soft beauty of the colouring combined with the grandeur of the scenery. They stayed at San Martino di Castrozza, a perfectly beautiful spot in the very heart of the Dolomites, and they were much fascinated by those wonderful jagged rocks which change their colour almost like the chameleon. Tinged with a warm red hue under sunny skies, they look black and threatening in gloomy weather, and on a clear night appear white, like weird gigantic spectres.

Later on they went to Pieve di Cadore, where Titian was born, and where he drew the inspiration of his beautiful backgrounds; to Cortina, Landro, Niederdorf, Botzen, Meran, all centres of charming excursions. At Meran they saw a stirring representation of the struggle led by Andreas Hofer, in 1809, for the independence of the Tyrol. It was given in the open air, and acted by the townspeople with great dramatic power and with that sense of measure which is the essence of all good acting.

The transition from 'those high sunny quarters' to the London atmosphere—'dim pale figures creeping about through a smoky limbo'—was always very depressing to him; but he had to be back early in October, as he had promised to be president of the Birmingham and Midland Institute for the year and to give the Presidential Address on the 10th. He chose for his subject 'The Political Value of History,'[2]

[1] The passages quoted are from letters to his wife, who had gone to Bayreuth with her sisters.

[2] This has been included in the *Historical and Political Essays*.

treating it in his own philosophic way and showing in what spirit history should be studied to be really useful. In the course of his address he laid stress on the fact that the politics of the day are too much concentrated upon an immediate issue, taking no account of the possible ultimate consequences of political measures, which are often far more important than their immediate fruits. 'History is never more valuable than when it enables us, standing as on a height, to look beyond the smoke and turmoil of our petty quarrels, and to detect in the slow developments of the past the great permanent forces that are steadily bearing nations onwards to improvement or decay.'

Birmingham once more interested him greatly by its wonderful corporate spirit—stronger, he thought, than in any other English town—and its admirable public institutions.

No sooner had he returned to London than he was called upon to attend the funeral of Lord Tennyson as pall-bearer. The loss of friend after friend is one of the severest penalties of increasing years, and within the last few months Lecky had lost many whom he valued: Lord Arthur Russell, Sir William Gregory, Sir Lewis Pelly, Mr. Henry Doyle, and now Lord Tennyson. His 'was a very happy and easy end,' wrote Lecky, 'to a long and glorious life,' and the funeral at Westminster Abbey struck him as less sombre than usual, partly from a Union Jack taking the place of the pall. When the present Lord Tennyson asked him, in the following spring, to contribute some pages of reminiscences to the Life he was writing of his father, Lecky readily did so. 'Very best thanks,' wrote Lord Tennyson, 'for your admirably true letter. It will be very valuable for future generations as well as for this.'

In November 1892 he finished the revision of the

'History' for the cabinet edition, to which he had devoted much time and care. 'I have finished the long task of my cabinet edition,' he wrote to Mr. Booth at the end of November, 'and the final volume will appear in about a fortnight. I think the separation of the Irish from the English part has been a great improvement, and that the book as a whole is more accurate. It has been a long business, but it is worth while getting one's books as perfect as one can.'

CHAPTER XI

1892–1894.

'Thoughts on History'—Home Rule Bill, 1893—Articles on Home Rule—Carrigart—Letter on the situation—Albert Hall meeting—Irish delegates at Hatfield—Death of Lord Derby—Defeat of Home Rule Bill—President of the Cheltonian Society—Vosbergen—Mr. Rhodes' 'History'—'Israel among the Nations'—'The Eye of the Grey Monk'—Death of Sir Andrew Clark—Lecture at the Imperial Institute—Pessimism—French Institute—Memoir of Lord Derby—Duc d'Aumale—Resignation of Mr. Gladstone—Lord Rosebery succeeds—Madonna di Campiglio—Mr. Froude's death—Tribute to Lord Russell—Canada and Copyright.

In the winter Lecky worked at his new book, and he wrote for the *Forum* an article, which appeared in February 1893, under the title of 'The Art of Writing History'[1] and in which he expatiated on the various methods of writing history.

The Liberal Government had initiated their Irish policy by appointing a Commission to inquire into the case of the evicted tenants, and an English judge—an Irishman by birth—whose Home Rule proclivities were well known, was selected to preside over it. The judge did not conceal his political bias; and the Commission proved a fiasco. Lecky, who was on friendly terms with this judge, happened to meet him at the Athenæum on his return from Ireland. 'So you have come to resume your judicial character,' said Lecky. 'Yes,' replied the Judge, 'unless I have left it behind me;' whereupon Lecky rejoined, 'No one could accuse you of *that*!'

[1] Published in the *Historical and Political Essays* as 'Thoughts on History,' the title he had first selected.

Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill was brought in early in the session of 1893, and obliged Unionists in and out of Parliament to continue their strenuous opposition and keep the country informed of the dangers of such a measure.

Lecky wrote, at the request of various people, some short articles on Home Rule from different points of view; one appeared in the *National Observer* of March 4, 1893, under the heading 'Lights on Home Rule'; another, 'The Case against Home Rule from an Historical Point of View,' in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of July 24. Both were republished in pamphlet form, with letters and papers by other prominent Liberal Unionists. The most important of Lecky's contributions was an article in the *Contemporary Review* of May 1893, 'Some Aspects of Home Rule.' The Bill, he thought, was in some respects even more unworkable than the previous one, and it was certainly worse for the landowners. While the Bill of 1886 was at least combined with a scheme for settling the land question, in the present Bill there was 'not a single guarantee of the smallest value for the protection of landed property.'

'The profound dishonesty of this legislation is sufficiently clear,' wrote Lecky in the *Contemporary Review*, 'and it is certainly not surprising that the whole body of the Irish landlords, both Catholic and Protestant, are arrayed against it. Few incidents in the present controversy have been more striking than the powerful and touching manifesto against Mr. Gladstone's policy which was issued by the leading Catholic gentry of Ireland. Most of these have been lifelong Liberals. Nearly all have been constant residents in Ireland. Many of them bear names that have been conspicuous in dark and evil days for the purest and most self-sacrificing patriotism, and the son of O'Connell and the grandson of Grattan are among them.'

At Easter he took a short holiday in the West of Ireland; he stayed at Carrigart, where the Rosapenna Hotel had just

been opened, and he delighted once more in the 'most magnificent cliff scenery in enchantingly beautiful weather.' From Carrigart he wrote to his American correspondent, Mr. Lea, about the condition in which he found Ireland at the time :

'I am afraid that I have been a very long time in thanking you for your last kind and interesting letter, and I avail myself of a short holiday which I am taking in your neighbourhood—for at this extreme west of Ireland there is nothing but the Atlantic between us—to do so. I am extremely interested in the account you give me of your work, and full of admiration for the courage that can alone enable you to grapple with such a vast mass of material as lies before you. I think we have here in Ireland one of the most striking instances I know of the extent to which Catholic ascendancy can go. Two very interesting election trials which lately took place show clearly what terrible spiritual threats are habitually employed for electioneering purposes, that not only the pulpit and the altar, but even the confessional, is made use of for those purposes. A return has just been published showing that at the last General Election in Ireland the illiterates (who profess to be unable to read the names on the ballot paper) were more than one in five. We have had what is considered an excellent system of national education since 1831—many years before England possessed such a thing—and in Great Britain the proportion of illiterate voters is about one in a hundred. It is well known that numbers of these Irish electors are not illiterate, but are compelled to declare themselves so in order that they should vote through their priests and that there should be no possibility of evasion. The intimidation which those substantial farmers who dread Home Rule (no small number) undergo can hardly be exaggerated. Only a few days ago a gentleman who mixes much with them told me that again and again numbers of this class have said to him, "We dread this Home Rule as much as you do—but what can we do? If we signed a petition against it we could not appear at the chapel, and in the market no one would be allowed to buy from us." In the meantime, in order to sustain the movement, the hope is constantly held

out that Home Rule will give the people the land for nothing or at some ridiculously low price. All contracts in land in Ireland having been already more than once broken by the Imperial Parliament, the idea has rapidly spread that under an Irish Parliament the last vestiges of agrarian contract would disappear, and it is at least certain that the whole police force would pass into the hands of men who have been the authors of the 'No Rent' movement—of the 'Plan of Campaign' and of all the violence and fraud that have prevailed in Ireland during the last few years.

'I suppose there never was a time when the opposition between numbers on the one side, and intelligence, property and industry on the other was so marked. The whole body of the Protestants of all denominations, all the Catholic as well as all the Protestant gentry, and at least 99 in 100 of the men who take any leading part in manufactures, trade, banking and other forms of finance and industry, think that Home Rule such as Gladstone proposes would ruin Ireland. All the chief Irish securities have fallen in a panic. Mortgages are being called in. Trade orders are suspended, and a steady drain of capital from the country is taking place. At the same time the six Ulster counties, which form incomparably the richest, the most industrious and the most resolute portion of Ireland, are at fever point; the people there are, I believe, thoroughly armed; they are rapidly organising, and they declare with the greatest emphasis (and I, at least, believe them) that they will never pay taxes or yield obedience to a Parliament under the guidance of such men as ——. This year the Bill cannot pass—If it does not break down in Committee it will be thrown out by the Lords, and there are many chances that Mr. Gladstone's small majority will break up. But the immense proportion of perfectly ignorant men in our electorate makes all political calculation for the future chimerical, and the growing habit of bribing classes by great offers is very marked. Unfortunately we have not your Constitution, and a simple majority may pull the whole Constitution to pieces. Excuse all this politics—Of course, the subject is one of which we are very full. . . .

'I was greatly pleased with the poem on Drake which your illustrious fellow-citizen, Dr. Mitchell, was so kind as to send me. A charming book full of political wisdom has

just come out, which ought specially to appeal to Americans—the "Souvenirs de Tocqueville." I am myself duly launched on a new book, but it has not yet taken very definite form, and will probably occupy me for nearly three years. I do not mean it to be more than two moderate volumes. At fifty-five one has already passed the age at which Dante says one should begin to draw in sail.'

The debates on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill began early in April 1893. Meanwhile some 1200 delegates came over from all parts of Ireland to protest against it.

On April 22, the very day the second reading had been passed by the normal small Liberal majority in the early hours of the morning, an important meeting was held at the Albert Hall. About 11,000 people attended, and the Duke of Abercorn, who presided, the Bishop of Derry—now the Primate—and other Irishmen upheld the cause of the Union with the greatest earnestness. Two days later a memorable reception was given to the delegates at Hatfield. It was favoured by lovely summer-like weather, and the beauty of the place, the hospitality dispensed, and the fine oratory were worthy of the occasion. Stirring speeches were made from the steps in the quadrangle by the great Unionist leaders—Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Goschen. Sir Thomas Butler spoke on behalf of the Irish Unionist Alliance. From those venerable walls, where history has been made ever since the days of Queen Elizabeth, Irish Unionists carried away the solemn promise that England never would abandon them. The speeches were received with the utmost enthusiasm, and the meeting left an impression which no one who attended it could ever forget. Most of the distinguished men who were present on that occasion have passed away from the scene, but the record of all they did to maintain the

Union remains as an example and a stimulus to those who may have to fight the battle over again. The third reading of the Bill was carried by a majority of 34, including the Irish vote, so that England, Scotland, and Wales pronounced against it, and when the Bill went to the Lords in September they threw it out.

While the debates were going on in the House of Commons in the spring, at the very moment the Irish delegates came over, the Unionist cause suffered a severe loss by the death of Lord Derby. To Lecky it also meant the loss of an old, true and faithful friend. 'I never knew anyone,' he wrote to Lady Derby, 'who distinguished so clearly between the specious and the true, who was so little swayed by the passions and illusions of the hour, and who aimed more steadily at promoting the real interests of men.' 'You judged his character rightly,' answered Lady Derby; 'few had better opportunities than yourself of doing so. It was only those in whom he found a sympathetic nature that could appreciate him; even they could not know the depth of his moral qualities.' In the Memoir which Lady Derby asked him to write at a later period he was glad to pay a public tribute to his memory.

Lecky had been elected president of the Cheltonian Society for the year 1893, and he had to preside over the annual dinner which took place on July 5. In his speech proposing Cheltenham College he drew a comparison between the college of his time and that of to-day, with all its new developments, the chief of which seemed to him to be the tie of sympathy that continued to exist between former boys and their school. He passed in review many men who had been educated there and who had in various ways, as soldiers or civilians, gained distinction in after-life. Some years later—in 1897—Lord James of Hereford, chairman of the

Council of Cheltenham College, asked Lecky to become a life member of the governing body, which he accepted.

After the usual crowded season he spent his holiday chiefly in his brother-in-law's old country house in Holland. He always took some solid books with him to read in the quiet, undisturbed life he led there, and this time one of them was the first volume of a history of the United States, which the author, Mr. James Ford Rhodes, had sent him.

'You will, I am sure, understand,' he wrote to Mr. Rhodes (Vosbergen, September 5, 1893), 'how difficult it is for anyone who has serious literary work of his own on hand, and who at the same time lives amid the whirl of London life, to read with proper care a long history on a subject unconnected with his own pursuits. I have been, however, for the last few weeks staying in a very out-of-the-way country house in a remote part of Guelderland, and your History has been one of my chief companions. I cannot refrain from writing a few lines to say how much pleasure I have derived from it and how much it has taught me. Very few books, indeed, have helped me so much to understand American politics, and the desire you show to do justice to all sides and to tell the exact truth in all controversies is very manifest on every page. It is a rare quality—especially in books dealing with a period of history that is so recent and so steeped in party passion. . . . Few things in writing history, I think, should be more cultivated than the power of throwing ourselves alternately by an effort of the imagination into each side of a controversy, and thus presenting the rival arguments and facts as they appeared to the best men in the opposing ranks. I hope very much that you may be able to complete your programme. An impartial history of the Civil War, and of the consequences that followed it, would be a most valuable contribution to political as well as to historical literature.'

He wrote in the summer of 1893 an article for the *Forum* on Leroy-Beaulieu's 'Israel Among the Nations,'[1] and a short protest in the *New Review* against the abuses of

[1] Published in the *Historical and Political Essays*.

advertising. Survivals of the old national life in a country always interested him particularly, and in Holland he had exceptional opportunities of seeing these. After visiting one of the out-of-the-way parts of the country he wrote to his stepmother:

Vosbergen: August 15, 1893.—'. . . We spent a very pleasant time with the G——s from Monday to Friday. There are two or three pleasant families in the neighbourhood whom we know, and we took some long and interesting drives along the banks of the Zuyderzee, a long, high dyke fringing miles upon miles of vast, intensely green meadows intersected with small canals—speckled with great groups of very beautiful cattle, with herons and great flights of sea birds. We went to two curious and old-world villages which in the Middle Ages formed a considerable town, where a very beautiful distinctive costume is universally worn; and the people intermarrying mainly among themselves have quite a distinct type—a singularly beautiful one, with thin, delicate lips and a curious air of refinement. They are fishermen—very prosperous—and their houses, with their china and silver ornaments and prints of the House of Orange and great Bibles with silver clasps, and perfectly preternatural neatness, are very interesting to see. They seem well educated, are extremely religious in a Puritanical way—some, I am told, considering the use of a looking-glass wrong—and have three distinct Churches representing different inflections of Calvinism.'

In the autumn he went with his wife to an island, Schiermonnikoog,[1] off the north coast of Holland, and with nothing between it and the North Pole. There he enjoyed the magnificent sea air, the beautiful sands, with innumerable sea birds, and the original character of the place, which was quite out of the beat of tourists. They afterwards visited some Belgian towns, and went home by Paris, as usual.

The death of his doctor and friend, Sir Andrew Clark, in November 1893 was an irreparable loss to Lecky. He was

[1] 'Eye of the Grey Monk.' There was a description of this visit in *Longman's Magazine.*

a most able, kind and disinterested physician, possessed of very remarkable working power, which he used for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. He had a peculiarly sympathetic insight into the temperament of the brain-worker, with its high-strung nerves and delicate organisation, and he was the doctor of many eminent men. He was very devoted to his patients, who placed the greatest confidence in him, and Lecky felt, with many others, that his loss could not be replaced.

On his return to London that autumn he was asked by the Prince of Wales—now King Edward—to inaugurate a series of lectures at the Imperial Institute by giving the opening address. Though he was always anxious to extricate himself from what he called the entanglements of side-tasks, and to concentrate himself on his own work, he could not refuse a repeated request. He selected for his theme the Value and Growth of the Empire. The Prince presided, and, in opening and closing the proceedings, said some very gracious and appreciative words. The lecture proved to be exactly suited to the occasion. It not only met with warm approval from his audience in England, it also struck a sympathetic chord among his friends in the Colonies. 'Old as I am,' wrote Judge Gowan from Canada, 'in reading it there was stirred within me all the enthusiasm of younger days. . . . The address will do much good and is very grateful to the feelings of loyal men in Canada.'[1] It was translated into German by Dr. I. Imelmann, and appeared in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*.[2]

Lecky's views about the future did not escape a tinge of the pessimism which coloured those of many thinking men who had passed middle life.

[1] It has been included in the *Historical and Political Essays*.

[2] Band lxxv. Heft 2.

'It is curious,' he wrote to Mr. Booth, November 16, 1893, 'how many fellow-pessimists you have just now. Grant Duff, who was an old and steady Liberal, told me not long ago that he was delighted to be sixty-five, as he thought the world was going for some time to come to be a very disagreeable place, and Mundella (from whom I should have hardly expected such a sentiment) said to me, *à propos* of these labour questions, much the same. I suppose the experiment of Socialism in some form will be tried, and it is highly probable that before it is accomplished a great portion of the English population, having driven away their trade, will find living here impossible.'

Mr. Henry Reeve also used to say that he was not sorry to be near the close of his life, as the order of things he cared for was passing away. In Lecky's Commonplace Books there is often a sentence at the end of the year which sums up a dominant idea. On December 31, 1893, he wrote, 'The world seems to me to have grown very old and very sad.'

Before the end of the year he first learnt through Comte de Franqueville, an old and valued friend, that he had been elected Correspondent of the French Institute in the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques, an honour which he much appreciated. 'Nous sommes heureux de penser,' wrote M. Georges Picot, 'que ce vote crée entre nous des liens et que nous compterons sur nos listes le premier historien de l'Angleterre.' Lecky had many friends among eminent Frenchmen, and even some French connexions,[1] and an almost yearly stay in Paris kept him in touch with French life and French thought. Though many attempts had been made to translate his books into French, the translators apparently never could

[1] His wife's uncle by marriage, M. Paul Grand, and his daughter lived in Paris, and always received Mr. and Mrs. Lecky very hospitably. M. Grand was the godson of Barras, who had entrusted him and M. de St. Albin with the publication of his *Memoirs*. These were, however, not published till after the death of both. *Introduction to the Memoirs of Barras.*

come to terms with the French publishers. His books, however, had many readers in France, and there was an affinity between his own and the French mind which was recognised by some eminent French writers. 'Je ne connais pas d'écrivain Anglais,' M. Albert Réville once wrote to him, 'qu'un Français puisse lire avec plus d'aisance et plus de satisfaction littéraire.' He thought Lecky had kept the best traditions of style of the eighteenth century, combining with it the resources which the erudition of the nineteenth alone could give him; and reading him was therefore an æsthetic as well as an intellectual enjoyment.

In the winter he wrote, at the request of Lady Derby, the Memoir of Lord Derby, which has already been alluded to. It was to serve as introduction to his 'Speeches,' which she wished to publish. It is not always easy for a candid biographer to please the relations, but Lady Derby was far too large-minded to wish for anything but a true picture, and she knew it could not be anything but a sympathetic one. 'Lady Derby,' wrote Mr. Reeve, 'is delighted, as she well may be, with your admirable sketch—most felicitous, she calls it'; and she wrote herself to Lecky, 'I am greatly pleased. The sketch is exactly the sort of Memoir I wished for; and you are quite right to have been perfectly sincere;' and when it appeared she wrote: 'Let me thank you again for your Memoir,[1] which is quite perfect. . . . The Duc d'Aumale has just been here and is very happy you should have written the Memoir.'

The Duc d'Aumale was a member of 'The Club,'[2] and when in London he always made it a point to attend it. The most able and brilliant of the sons of Louis Philippe, he entertained his fellow-members on those occasions with

[1] It has been included in the *Historical and Political Essays*.

[2] See *ante*, p. 104.

many good stories of past times. As author of the 'Histoire des Princes de Condé,' he was anxious that they should all have a copy of this work from him on their bookshelves. His munificent gift of Chantilly to the French Institute, which has saved the most priceless collection from dispersion, has earned him the gratitude of all the intellectual world.

In the spring of 1894 Mr. Gladstone resigned and Lord Rosebery succeeded him, and great expectations were entertained about a reconstruction of the Liberal party.

'I think from a Colonial point of view the change in Ministry is much to be rejoiced at,' Lecky wrote to Judge Gowan, March 6, 1894, 'as the Imperial idea is certainly the strongest with Lord Rosebery. The general belief is that he cannot hold his present team long together and that an election will take place in the early summer; but I think moderate men look kindly on him, and hope that after a period of opposition he may be able to bury Home Rule and reconstruct the Liberal party on a more respectable basis. . . . We shall probably within the next year or so have some scheme carried out for reforming the Constitution of the House of Lords. If it can provide us with the inestimable blessing of a strong Upper Chamber, I at least will rejoice.'

Meanwhile Lecky was working at his 'Democracy and Liberty.' In July he wrote to Mr. Booth: 'I get very much knocked up with London heat, which has been very intense. I shall have not quite finished seven out of ten or eleven chapters of which I mean my new book to consist.'

He and his wife went that summer to the Tyrol, and made a pleasant stay at Madonna di Campiglio, a lovely spot, but owing to its altitude, more than 5000 feet above the sea, with a somewhat rough climate. He wrote to his stepmother:

'The place is extremely beautiful, with a delightful mixture of Italian colouring and Alpine air, with large fir woods and fine distant glaciers, and the strangely jagged

and pinnacled forms of the Dolomites with their streaks of porphyry, and, I think, perhaps á greater variety of walks than any mountain place I know. We mean to stay here all August, but not, I think, longer. The hotel is very crowded, but we have now got comfortable rooms. Among the few people we know are Sir Charles Hallé and his very charming Swedish wife, who plays the violin beautifully, and whom I dare say you know under her professional name of Norman Neruda.'

During their stay Sir Charles and Lady Hallé gave an admirable concert for the poor of Campiglio, and there was the usual banquet on the Emperor of Austria's birthday. His Majesty's health was proposed, and representatives of various nationalities—a Hungarian General, an Italian Prince, a German Minister, and Lecky—paid a tribute on behalf of their countrymen to the sovereign whose sagacious influence carried so much weight in the councils of Europe.

'One sees a good many interesting people here of different nationalities,' he wrote,[1] 'and I am rather struck with the uniform pessimism of the more intelligent Italians I meet. Taxation in Italy seems to have very nearly reached the point of bankruptcy, and the level of public men to have been vastly lowered since the reduction of the suffrage.'

Mr. and Mrs. Lecky went afterwards to the Mendelpass, above Botzen, and to the Italian lakes. They spent a week or two at Cadenabbia, 'and of that time three or four days were as beautiful as could well be—the mountains with that dreamy mist of sunshine over them which is so eminently characteristic of the Lake of Como.'[2] During their stay the first English marriage that took place in the English church was celebrated by the Bishop of Chichester, Dr. R. Durnford, who was then ninety-three, and whom

[1] To Judge Gowan, August 12, 1894.

[2] From a letter to his stepmother, Lugano, September 25.

Lecky was much interested to meet. 'The neighbouring villas were illuminated and the pair went away in a private boat, the lady steering (as might be expected).' [1]

On his return to London in October, he wrote to Mr. Lea:

'I have been reading with great pleasure the very striking paper on the "Increase of Crime" which you were so kind as to send me, and which I found on my arrival a few days since from the Continent. I had just before been reading in a French paper some very startling statistics about the increase of crime, and especially of juvenile crime, in France. This latter increase I find generally ascribed to the present not merely secular, but positively antitheistic system of education. It seems certain that our experience in England is different from that of France, and I am afraid from yours. Sir J. Lubbock very recently collected some statistics on the subject, and I do not think there is any doubt whatever that crime in England has largely decreased within the last few years, and that our improved methods of treating juvenile crime (all of which I imagine exist among you) have proved eminently successful. The diminution of drunkenness may not be so clearly established, but I think it is real, even though the aggregate amount of spirits consumed may have slightly increased. This may, and probably does, merely mean that with increased wages moderate drinkers multiply. I should fancy, as you hint in one of your notes, that the children of foreign parents must contribute very largely to your crime, as they will probably have lost the restraining moral influences of the creed in which their parents were brought up, and have not yet had time to experience the full moulding moral influences of American life. It is a very curious and important subject of inquiry, for the increase or diminution of serious crime is one of the best tests (though certainly not the only one) of a nation being in a healthy or unhealthy condition. I am very glad that you are able to keep so fully abreast of these modern questions at a time when you are doing so much to elucidate mediæval history. I have been for the last two years occupied with subjects equally modern, but I do not

[1] From a letter to his stepmother, Lugano, September 25.

expect to have finished what I am writing for about eighteen months. I was much interested in what you wrote me in your last letter about Socialism in America. In Europe it is tending strongly to form separate parliamentary groups, and is likely in this way to be much more dangerous than when it was merely a form of revolution. It is startling to observe how rapidly it has grown of late years in the German Parliament, and how powerful it already is in the great municipal bodies both of London and Paris. A great deal that is very curious on the subject was published a year ago by M. Guyot in his book on " The Tyranny of Socialism." '

Mr. Froude was now living at Oxford, having given up London when he was appointed Regius Professor of History, and he and Lecky only met on rare occasions. Once, when on a visit to their friend, Mr. George Brodrick, Warden of Merton College, Mr. and Mrs. Lecky went to see Mr. Froude and received the usual cordial welcome, but before long a fatal illness struck him down. ' Froude is, I believe, dying,' wrote Lecky to Mr. Booth, October 16, 1894, ' a great man vanishing from living literature. It makes me feel very old to find how rapidly I am coming to stand in the oldest generation of writers. If I have a quiet life in my library for the next year or so, I hope to get through the writing (not printing) of my present book, but so many things may happen to prevent it.'

A few days afterwards (on October 20) Mr. Froude died, and Lecky wrote the same day to Miss Froude expressing his most earnest sympathy on her father's death. ' Few men, indeed,' he wrote, ' have won more affection, or lived down more animosity, or borne themselves (as I have had much reason to know) amid grave differences of opinion with such a complete absence of personal bitterness. It has been a full and brilliant life, brilliant as ever to the end—and I hope that Oxford has thrown a peaceful and happy evening light upon its close.'

Lecky was asked that autumn to write a few pages of reminiscences for Mr. Stuart Reid's 'Life of Lord Russell.' Such tributes to the memories of public men whom he had known always derived their value from the sympathetic insight as well as great sincerity which they showed. 'I shall always be grateful to him,' wrote Mr. Rollo Russell after Lecky's death, 'for his words about my father, for he was one of the few who understood his character.'

In December, while on a visit to Sir Richard Jebb at Cambridge, he wrote to Judge Gowan:

'I avail myself of a short visit I am making to Cambridge (for the purpose chiefly of seeing a Greek play, which is being admirably acted by the young men) to thank you for your kind letter and very interesting paper. . . . Ireland is just now profoundly quiet, the only sounds being the quarrels of the Home Rulers among themselves. The Parnellites (nine votes) have declared openly against the Government and are abusing Morley as much as they once abused Balfour. I think if the next election returns a decided Unionist majority (which seems probable) we shall hear little more of Home Rule. The indifference of the leading Ministers to it is hardly concealed. . . . A good many of us over here are a good deal irritated at the attempts you are making in Canada to overthrow the Copyright Law,[1] enabling your printers to reprint our works without the consent or control of the author, and often probably (as constantly happened in America) keeping them before the public in their first crude and imperfect form long after new discoveries or fresh materials had led to their revision. We are old fashioned enough to think that literary property (which perhaps approaches creation more than any other) is real property, and that an English author has a clear right to control the sale of his own works in the Queen's dominions. The greatest step which has been taken in this generation for the benefit of English authors and the

[1] Canada was under the British Copyright Act, and the Canadian Government had undertaken to collect for the benefit of British authors a duty at the Canadian Custom House on all American reprints coming into the country, but this was evidently evaded.

establishment of the principle of literary property was the American Copyright Act, and your proceedings are likely gravely to endanger it. Moreover, if you adopt the piratical course, other Colonies will doubtless follow your example. The royalty supposed to be collected at the Canadian Custom House for the benefit of English authors has been a pure farce. Sir C. Lyell once told me he had received a notice from the Treasury that 2*s.* 6*d.* was waiting for him, having been sent from Canada, but as it was a 2*s.* cab fare to get it, he did not claim it. As far as I can make out, few authors have received from this source as much as I have, *i.e.* £1 9*s.* 10*d.* in twenty-six years! So, on the whole, I think English authors have some grievances against Canada, however much they may admire some Canadian legislators.'

Canada, in wishing to get rid of the British Copyright Law, had passed an Act of its own in 1889, for which it repeatedly tried to obtain the sanction of the British Government. In 1894, when the Canadian Premier, Sir John Thompson, visited England, he pressed the matter, and there was some danger of the Government giving in. An important deputation, including Lecky, waited on the Colonial Secretary, Lord Ripon, on November 26, and forcibly represented to him the injury the Bill would inflict on the whole copyright question. After that the matter hung fire, but in the following spring of 1895 the danger seemed once more imminent, and strong protests were made by authors and publishers in the *Contemporary Review* of April. 'It is surely not too much,' wrote Lecky in his own incisive way, 'to ask the Queen's Ministers in England to protect the property of the Queen's subjects from legalised plunder in any part of her dominions. This is the only favour that English literature asks or expects from their hands.'

CHAPTER XII

1894–1896.

LL.D. degree at Glasgow—General Election—Mr. Rhodes' 'History'—Mr. Bayard—Offer of Dublin University seat—Centenary of the French Institute—Contested election—The religious cry—Answer to correspondents—Clonakilty *contra mundum*—Result of the election—Congratulations—Maiden speech—Land Bill—Publication of 'Democracy and Liberty'—Appreciative letters—Critics—Essay on Gibbon—Essay on Swift—Judge O'Connor Morris—Debates on the Land Bill.

During the winter of 1894–1895 Lecky worked exclusively at his 'Democracy and Liberty,' which was now approaching its completion. Several honours were bestowed upon him at this time. He was elected by the Royal Academy to the office of Honorary Secretary for Foreign Correspondence in succession to the late Sir Henry Layard, and this made a very pleasant connexion between him and that distinguished body, among whom he had many friends. Lord Kelvin wrote that Glasgow University wished 'to have the honour' of conferring the degree of LL.D. upon him and that the ceremony would take place on April 16.

The year 1895 was an eventful one in Lecky's life. Early in the spring he lost his brother-in-law, at whose country house he had been in the habit of staying some time almost every summer. Baron W. van Dedem had been Minister for the Colonies in a Liberal Dutch Cabinet, and after his party went out of office in 1894 he started on a journey to India, wishing to compare its administration with that of the Dutch East Indies, in which he was particularly interested. The transition of temperature from Calcutta

to Darjeeling brought on a fever, which ended fatally on his return to Calcutta, where he intended taking the steamer for Java. The news reached his relations by telegram on April 4, and Lecky greatly felt the loss of a friendship of nearly twenty-five years. Soon after this sad event Lecky went to Scotland to receive the degree. He took the opportunity to make a short tour among the Scottish Lakes to get some bracing, and wrote from Inversnaid to his wife, who had gone to The Hague :

April 13, 1895.—' I can feel how moving, even though in some sense pleasant, it must be to have so many signs of your brother's hold upon the affections of those about him. He had indeed a transparent single-mindedness and high-mindedness of character that it was impossible to mistake, and few men can have devoted themselves more absolutely and exclusively to public and unselfish interests. Perhaps in a small country this is more fully appreciated, because it is more observed than in a great one.'

He had two lovely days on Loch Lomond, ' quite Italian, and the lake looking beautiful ' ; and he then went to Glasgow, where he stayed with Lord and Lady Kelvin, whose kindness he much praised. Principal Caird was ill, so there was no address, and Lord Kelvin performed the ceremony.

It took place in the large fine hall built by Lord Bute. The students were very civil, and the merits of the new graduates were ' related in the English tongue.' Among his colleagues were Mr. Frazer of the Golden Bough, and an interesting old Scottish naturalist of more than eighty, named Robertson, whose life has been written by Mr. Stebbing. ' There was afterwards a luncheon,' he wrote,[1] ' where I was treated as guest of honour and had to reply for all the non-divinity LL.D.s, which I duly did.'

[1] To his wife.

In consequence of the retirement of Mr. Gladstone from politics the burning question of Home Rule fell into abeyance and a period of relative quiet followed on the excitement of previous years.

From Loch Awe he wrote to Judge Gowan on April 21, 1895:

. . . 'Politics here are in a state of curious lassitude. The Irish question by a sort of tacit agreement has fallen into the background, and the conviction that the Government cannot through its weakness carry any really dangerous measure, and is half-hearted in all it does, has much diminished the animosity with which it was regarded in the days when Gladstone reigned. It is a curious and I suppose unprecedented thing that the three most important elected bodies in England are just now all of them almost equally balanced. A precarious majority of fourteen in the House of Commons—a majority of three in the London School Board—an exact tie among the elected members of the London County Council. On the whole, the present tendencies seem Conservative and Anti-Socialist. I think Gladstone has really given up politics. I met him a few weeks ago at a dining club to which we both belong. He is always very agreeable, interesting, and courteous, but very deaf and rather blind, and not now capable of talking to a whole table, though delightful to those who sit near him. He is at present very full of Bishop Butler and intending, I believe, to edit his works. It is a wonderful old age, whatever one may think of his principles and politics.'

After his return to London, Lecky wrote to Mr. Booth, May 30: 'I have been working very hard all this year, and shall have to do so to the end, as I want if possible to publish my book (two volumes) in the spring, though it is possible I may have to delay it till October. I always find a long task a great solace amid the troubles of life, and a great settling and calming influence.'

The general election in the summer of 1895, following on the defeat of the Liberal Government, brought in the

Conservatives with a very large majority. It showed 'beyond all possibility of doubt,' as Lecky said in his 'Democracy and Liberty,' 'that on the Home Rule question the House of Lords represented the true sentiments of the democracy of the country.' 'I suspect the last election,' he wrote to Mr. Booth, 'will make many think Lord Beaconsfield right in his belief (which was shared by Bismarck and Louis Napoleon) that the most uninstructed classes, if you go deep enough, are essentially conservative.'

In the course of the summer he went twice to Holland to be present at the weddings of his two sisters-in-law,[1] who had often travelled with him and his wife, and who used to pay them yearly visits in London. He stayed for some weeks in the old country house—everything the same and yet so different without the owner, who was the soul of it. He brought with him the typewritten copy of his book to revise, and another volume of Mr. Rhodes' 'History,' the earlier volumes of which he had read at Vosbergen some years before.

'I have been reading it with the greatest interest,' he wrote to Mr. Rhodes, August 25, 1895, 'and have learnt much from it. I do not think I ever read a history which is more transparently fair and which deals with subjects that naturally rouse strong party feeling in a spirit of more absolute impartiality. Both in the question between North and South and in the question between America and England you have shown this spirit in an extraordinary degree, and I think your book will do a great deal to appease animosities and to teach different sides to understand and appreciate each other. I am old enough to remember vividly your great war, and was then much with an American friend—a very clever lawyer named George Bemis, whom I came to know very well at Rome. I had been writing just before receiving your book my impressions of English opinions on the war (for a book which I hope to publish

[1] Now Mme. de Beaufort and Baronne de Braun.

next spring) and I do not think you will find that they differ at all materially from yours. The only element you seem to me to have omitted is the Italian question, which in the few years before your war had accustomed Englishmen to assert, in the most extreme form, the doctrine that every large body of men have a right to form their government as they please. I was myself a decided Northerner, but the 'right of revolution' was always rather a stumbling-block. I much admire the industry with which you have grappled with the newspaper material, which is the terror, almost the nightmare, of the nineteenth-century historians.'

'It is the best account,' he wrote to Mr. Booth, 'I have ever read of the events that led to the American Civil War. American books are much less read in England than they should be. They always interest me greatly, dealing as they do with the more advanced stages of the democracy to which we are coming.'

A very friendly intercourse with each successive American representative contributed to keep up Lecky's interest in American affairs. 'I have become great friends,' he wrote to Mr. Lea, 'with Mr. Bayard, your ambassador, whom we all like greatly. He is not of your party, but I do not think anyone can come in much contact with him without feeling for him a very warm friendship. Certainly America has been most fortunate in her last three representatives—men very unlike each other but all most respected and admired over here.'

Mr. Bayard's warm feelings of regard for Lecky are shown in the following letter, written on receiving Lecky's portrait, which he had expressed a wish to possess:

(To Mrs. Lecky.) 'You have given me a great and abiding pleasure in this picture of your husband. My respect and admiration, gathered from his writings, had long ago made me look forward eagerly and with especial interest to making the personal acquaintance of the man himself—and as you know, one is apt to conceive a portrait in imagination which is not always carried out when the

real personality comes in view—but Mr. Lecky proved all that my fancy painted him and something even finer and better. The picture is delightful—an admirable likeness of a singularly refined and intellectual head and face.'

In the course of the month of October, when the seat for Dublin University became vacant by the elevation of Mr. Plunket to the peerage, Lecky received an urgent requisition from an influential body of electors to stand for the seat. It was represented to him that his doing so would be of great service to his University, and also to the cause of University representation; and though his early enthusiasm for Parliament was now extinguished, and he felt somewhat too old to begin a new career, he thought that on the grounds adduced it was his duty to waive all personal objections and accede to the request. He was given to understand at first that he would be returned unopposed, and indeed a contest seemed most improbable. In him the electors had a candidate who not only had made a great reputation by his works, but who had rendered signal services to Ireland and to the cause of the Union. It might even be said that there was no one out of Parliament who had fought the battle of the Union more strenuously and more disinterestedly, or whose words carried greater weight. The electors as a body would have done themselves and the University credit by unanimously electing such a candidate. But this point of view did not appeal to some of the legal profession, who had held the University seat almost uninterruptedly since the Union. They were not going to give it up without a struggle, and they supported a candidate of their own—Mr. Wright, a popular member of the Munster Bar. Lecky's feelings at the time are best described in his own words:

(To Mr. Booth.) *Athenæum Club: October* 18, 1895.—'So many electors have so very urgently and so very kindly

asked me to stand, and have so much insisted that it would be for the advantage of the University that I should do so, that I did not think it right to refuse, especially as I have finished the writing, though alas! not begun the printing of my new book. Plunket, Fitzgibbon, and various others have been very kind about it. As you know, I have not the smallest desire for the House of Commons, and am lamentably deficient in the nerve that is required for a public man, and I feel too old for a new career; but a University seat is much less trying than any other, and I hope I may become a respectable quiet member (if returned) like Jebb and Sir George Stokes of Cambridge.'

'No one can be more surprised at it [the candidature] than myself,' he wrote to the Provost, Dr. Salmon, 'for of late years nothing has been more contrary to my wishes, nothing more uncongenial to my tastes than to go into the House of Commons. It was represented to me, however, so strongly, that there was a wish in T.C.D. that I should represent it, and that by standing I might render it some real service, that I thought it my duty to accept. If this feeling is as real and as widely spread as is represented to me, I think I have done rightly—though whether for my own happiness I have acted wisely, especially if this matter involves a long delay and an expensive contest, is quite another question. However, the die is cast and you will, I believe, see my election address on Monday or Tuesday. I am just going to Paris for the Institut Centenaire, where I am afraid I shall not meet you though we are colleagues.'

Lecky's supporters could not but feel gratified that at this very juncture he should have been the one Irishman who represented his University among the distinguished men of all nations gathered together at the invitation of the French Institute to celebrate its centenary.[1] The ceremonies and *fêtes* that were given on the occasion; the memorable speeches made in the great hall of the Sorbonne;

[1] A description of the visit appeared in *Longman's Magazine*, December 1895.

the admirable acting at a gala representation at the Théâtre Français; the fine recitations at M. Poincaré's, Minister of Public Instruction, were worthy of the best French traditions. Not the least impressive ceremony was the solemn service held at St. Germain des Prés in memory of the deceased members of the Institute, among whom was Mr. Reeve,[1] who had died just before. The Duc d'Aumale, too unwell to attend the celebration, received the guests at Chantilly, where they were able to inspect the magnificent inheritance of the Institute.

Meanwhile Lecky's election address had been issued, and on his return to London he soon found himself in all the turmoil of a contest. As his opponent was also a Unionist there were no political issues; but Lecky had written books and he did not live in Ireland, and these two facts—especially the former—were utilised against him by his opponents. In drawing their own deductions from certain passages in his writings they sought to prejudice the clerical electors. For weeks columns of the Irish papers were filled with letters discussing Lecky's religious convictions—some of the writers not even having read his books; indeed, as 'a country parson' wrote, the electioneering device would 'completely fail with those who were most familiar with Mr. Lecky's writings.' His position was very clear. Like Macaulay at Leeds, he was ready to say 'I am a Christian'; but like him also he protested against the use of inquisitorial methods and the introduction of the most sacred subjects into a political election. Several electors wrote to him asking what his religious belief was, and he always answered that while he was happy to give any

[1] Lecky wrote a short memoir of Mr. Reeve for the January number, 1896, of the *Edinburgh Review*, since republished in the *Historical and Political Essays*.

information about his politics he must absolutely decline to answer questions of this sort.

'For a long time past,' he wrote to one of these correspondents, 'I believe all self-respecting candidates for Parliament in England have taken this course, and I should far rather lose the election than recede from it. If you think a religious test should be exacted from members for this University (a purely undenominational body) you had much better vote for my opponent, for I, at least, will never take it. If you care to investigate my opinions on these subjects, my books have long been before the public, and are, I presume, known to several of the gentlemen at whose kind request I am coming forward.'

The Primate (Dr. Robert Gregg) and most of the higher clergy and important men in other professions were his supporters, and the Press were almost all on his side, foremost among them the *Times* and the Dublin *Daily Express*, which fought his cause warmly. Lord Morris happily characterised the contest as 'Clonakilty[1] *contra mundum*.' His committees in Dublin and in London worked for him with the greatest zeal and devotion. All his friends showed an enthusiasm and sympathy which were most gratifying, and many whom he did not know took up his cause warmly. Among those who fought his battle in the Irish newspapers was a clever and high-minded woman,[2] too early taken from her family and friends. Under the signature 'Pro Universitate' she wrote a series of letters refuting the attacks upon Lecky, with excerpts from his own books, which no one knew better than herself, though at that time she did not know the author. The contest was one of the bitterest there had been in Dublin for a long time, and carried with it a great deal that was unpleasant to him; but there was no bitterness on his side, and he went through it

[1] The centre of the Munster circuit.

[2] The wife of Mr. Samuels, K.C., who was on Lecky's committee.

all with the calm of a philosopher. On the day of the nomination he was proposed by Dr. Gwynn, Regius Professor of Divinity, and seconded by the late Sir John Banks, Regius Professor of Medicine, in terms of the greatest appreciation. Dr. Gwynn in his speech laid stress on the special significance of this election and on the importance of having a member, such as Mr. Lecky, who held an independent position and who had nothing to gain from any party. . . . For what was the meaning of University representation? Was it not that University members 'should introduce a higher level into the arena of party politics?'

Lecky explained his reasons for coming forward as a candidate and dealt with the attacks that were made upon him; but his speech from the hustings was mainly devoted to the great questions of policy that were before the country, and his supporters expressed their gratification at his dignified and statesmanlike attitude. His speech was drowned, like all the others, amidst the boisterousness of the College boys, who, as he testified, 'were very good-natured and shouted and threw about College caps very impartially during the two and a half hours the proceedings continued.' He was curiously indifferent to the result as far as he was himself concerned; though he felt convinced that no greater damage could be done to the University than imposing a religious test, and that few things would do so much to lower its position before the educated opinion of Europe as the belief that it was possible for anyone, by such means, to become its representative. The polling went on for five days, and from the first it was apparent that he would win.

'It is a very curious experience,' he wrote to Mr. Booth, Dublin, December 4, 1895, 'living in the midst of a fiercely

contested election, especially when the Odium Theologicum plays as great a part as here. Whole columns of the *Irish Times* are usually occupied with letters about my religious belief, some of these written by very curious persons. . . . I hope next Monday to be back in London and again immersed in proof-sheets. We have had an unusually large poll, and my supporters hope that my majority may be only a little less than two to one.'

He was finally returned with a majority of 746;[1] though there was no doubt that votes were lost to him through the tactics used by his opponents, these produced a revulsion of feeling which he hoped would do some permanent good. The election excited an extraordinary amount of interest, not only in the three kingdoms but abroad. Congratulations came from far and wide, and even a newspaper from Paraguay recorded the result.

'The House of Commons is to be congratulated,' wrote one of the great scholars of the time, 'as others have doubtless said, on your accession to it, and speaking in the capacity of a University member I may express the peculiar satisfaction which will certainly be felt by that much threatened contingent. The enrolment in it of the foremost English man of letters will be welcomed with all the greater warmth because he does not labour under the disadvantage of being a Professor—a thing which no Englishman ever really forgives. I believe that your return has probably added several years to the life of University representation.'

Lecky made many warm friends on the occasion. 'When he first consented to stand for the University, wrote one of them, 'his great name and writings were sufficient to inspire us all with enthusiasm, but within the last few days, since he came amongst us, that enthusiasm has deepened into the far more human feeling of strong personal regard,' and after the election some of his opponents became his staunch supporters. As for Lecky's own feel-

[1] On a poll of 2768, one of the largest on record.

ings, there is no doubt that when all the unpleasantness of the contest was passed he was pleased and gratified to represent his University. To a man who had keenly followed politics all his life, Parliament—the centre of political life of a great Empire—could not but have a certain attraction. He was interested to come into closer contact with the practical side of politics, and he found in the House many people whom he liked, among others his old friend Sir George Trevelyan, who to his regret resigned the following year. In 1898 another old friend of his, Mr. Arthur Elliot,[1] came in as member for Durham, and being on the same side of politics they frequently sat together. Lecky watched with much sympathy the careers of younger men. Though Parliament brought him a large increase of correspondence, he always maintained that his constituents gave him very little trouble. Still on the whole a literary life suited his tastes better. He felt too old and unambitious to do much in Parliament. 'Literature does not lead to much that is very splendid,' he wrote at that time, 'certainly not in the way of money, but for myself I far prefer it to a political life.' He was conscious of a great deal of waste of time; he found the multitude of questions that had to be made up somewhat overwhelming, and the late hours very tiring.

Though he meant to be, at least the first year, the most unobtrusive of members, he was induced to speak very soon after the opening of the Session. It was on February 17, on the question of releasing those Irish prisoners who had been condemned under the Treason Felony Act and who had been in penal servitude for thirteen years. While expressing the strongest condemnation of their crime—that of setting explosives—he pleaded for clemency on the ground

[1] The Hon. Arthur Elliot had succeeded Mr. Reeve as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

that these prisoners had nearly served their time; that Ireland was now quiet, and that the Government was strong enough to show mercy without exciting the suspicion of being intimidated or overawed. Lecky spoke without preparation, and on that occasion took his position in Parliament. Contemporary evidence, from a source which cannot be suspected of bias, is the best one can have:

'The reception accorded by the House of Commons to Mr. Lecky,' said a Liberal paper, the *Westminster Gazette*, the next day, 'has exploded the popular fallacy that the House is jealous of an outside reputation. . . . His appearance was greeted with loud and enthusiastic cheers from every quarter of the House. . . . Mr. Lecky spoke without notes, in a somewhat thin, clear voice, which was distinctly heard in every corner of the House. The speech, which was admirably put together, was delivered with great force, and the impression produced was universally favourable.'

From the moment Lecky entered Parliament he became a favourite subject for the caricaturist, especially in the *Westminster Gazette*. Sir F. Carruthers Gould, one of the great masters of the art, has an undisputed skill in portraiture, and though caricature necessarily means grotesqueness, he rarely, if ever, exceeded its due limitations.

Lecky, in his 'Democracy and Liberty,' had expressed his views about the increase of predatory legislation, and he soon had occasion to say in the House—speaking on the Benefices Bill [1]—that a member of Parliament could adopt no better rule than steadily to vote against all measures which implied confiscation without compensation.

One of the chief measures announced for the session was another Irish Land Bill, which purported to amend the defects of previous ones. Though it contained some useful provisions, such as the extension of the Land Purchase Acts,

[1] A Bill to amend the law respecting the exercise of Church patronage.

it was very contentious in other ways. Before its introduction Irish landowners were full of apprehension, as the following letter from Lecky to Lord Dufferin shows :

Athenæum : March 9, 1896.—' I return with many thanks your admirable paper, which I have read very carefully. If considerations of justice or even real considerations of expediency dominated in Irish politics it would be perfectly invincible, but Ireland, which is an exception to many rules, has, I fear, also become an exception to the old rule that honesty is the best policy. Whether the reign of triumphant dishonesty (seldom more marked than in the Unionist Act of 1887) is now about to terminate it is impossible to say. Few things grow with a more portentous rapidity than dishonest precedents, which are generally admitted as purely exceptional and certain to do no practical harm in their restricted sphere, and which soon become the starting-point and logical premise of more extensive measures I have been going very fully into the Irish land question of late, having devoted a good many pages to it in a new book which is coming out at the end of this month. I do not think we shall have much legislation before Easter, as we are threatened with much obstruction on the Estimates, and as there is a large part of the rank and file behind the Government much disinclined to any new departure. I only hope that the great opportunity of a commanding and homogeneous Unionist majority will not be lost.'

' I am sorry to say,' he wrote to a friend, ' one of their [the Government's] measures is a new Land Bill which again raises the vexed questions of improvements and fair rent, and will, I am afraid, do much to unsettle agrarian relations. Another reduction of rents would, I fear, ruin many, and it would check the flow of money to Irish land which, after a long period, had again begun after the last election. If we could only induce this House to leave us alone for a few years it would be the greatest boon Parliament could bestow on us.'

One of Lecky's first official duties was to take part in the election of a Professor of Irish for Trinity College. He went to Ireland during the Easter vacation, and began by going to Donegal, wanting very much, as he wrote to the Provost,

'to get a week or so of good air in the West of Ireland, in some happy region where no speeches have to be made or listened to.' He wrote from there with his usual enthusiasm for the Atlantic air and scenery, and with that interest in animate nature which he shared with his friends Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff and Sir John Lubbock.[1] 'The weather, so far, is lovely,' he wrote from Portsalon, 'and the colouring over the mountains, Lough Swilly and the broad Atlantic, quite ideally beautiful.' Carrigart struck him as curiously like the Eye of the Grey Monk (Schiermonnikoog), 'with, of course, the addition of mountains.' In both places small sea-birds trotted about in flocks, and 'it is amusing here to see them regularly following the plough to pick up worms.'

'Democracy and Liberty' had now come out, and on his return to London he wrote to Mr. Booth:

'I hope my book may do some good, though it must necessarily offend large classes. . . . It will probably be my last long book, and I often feel it a pity that I should have gone into a sphere for which I am very little suited instead of remaining where I could do something of real value. I have now, however, written a great deal, and probably expressed all my best ideas, and I must try to make the best of my new life for a few years. You will find a great deal very interesting on the better side of Socialism in a very interesting Italian book (translated into English), Nitti's "Catholic Socialism." I have been spending a pleasant fortnight in Ireland, which I much wanted as I had got extremely run down—partly in Donegal, which is to my mind the most delicious air in the world, and where there are now some excellent hotels, and partly with the Provost in T.C.D., where I had to take part, as M.P., in the election of a Professor of Irish—choosing between three very competent scholars. As I do not know a word of the language or any of the candidates, you can appreciate my competence, but really, in the House of Commons one

[1] Now Lord Avebury.

gets quite accustomed to that kind of thing, having to vote almost nightly on matters one does not understand. If you have never watched our proceedings you should come in some night when you are here. As a general rule there is no difficulty about it. I get very tired with this life, its late hours, the crowd of questions, and the multitude of letters it entails.'

The 'Democracy and Liberty' had in some respects been written under peculiar difficulties, treating as it does of a vast number of questions and of the laws and institutions of a great many countries. He found that his authorities on foreign countries were not always trustworthy, and he had sometimes to make investigations on the spot. The book excited a great deal of interest, and it was on the whole well received. Men in various parts of the world, whose judgment he valued, wrote to express their concurrence with his views. They knew that these views were not the theories of a scholar who lived a secluded life in his library, but that they represented the experience of a man who had from early days closely followed politics at home and abroad, and who had had much intercourse with some of the foremost statesmen of his time. He had studied the forces that govern the political changes in various countries, and his knowledge of the history of the past added strength to his arguments. He showed the evils and dangers of democracy, but also the counteracting influences.

'Exegisti monumentum,' wrote the Australian historian, Mr. Rusden, 'I cannot but believe that you have given the world a text-book on the great and vital questions you have handled.' Lecky's defence of University representation—written before he had any idea of standing for one of them—received grateful recognition from those who were interested in its future, for, as the head of an Oxford College wrote to him, they looked upon him as the representative not of one

University only but of the whole University system. Lord Dufferin, who was recognised on all hands, even by Mr. Gladstone,[1] to be the best authority on the Irish land question, wrote after reading Lecky's pages on the subject: 'How grateful we ought all to be to you for showing up the infamy of our treatment, as well as predicting the consequences which will be sure to follow such injustice. I am happy to find how parallel to what you have written my paper runs.'

The book met with a very favourable reception in America, as reviews and letters showed. 'If it betters our conditions in any degree,' wrote a correspondent from Columbia University, New York, 'you will certainly deserve the gratitude of every American, and in fact of every civilised man.' Mr. Bayard had read the book with deep interest, and said that 'Its high moral courage and independence, elevation of tone, judicial impartiality, scope of investigation, wide learning and philosophical statement' commanded 'his admiration and respect'—and from 'the judicious' would, he felt sure, receive them. 'Emphatically you are right,' he wrote, 'in pointing out as the most malign and dangerous element in the United States—the growing Plutocracy.'

As Lecky anticipated, there were many who did not agree with his views about the evils of democratic government. But he was always interested to hear what honest opponents had to say, and in spite of all differences they recognised in him a political thinker whose opinions were entitled to respect. The book appeared at an unfavourable moment, for the return of a large Conservative majority seemed to show that his apprehensions about the tendencies

[1] *Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava*, by Sir Alfred Lyall, vol. i. p. 160.

of democracy were unfounded, or at least exaggerated. His views, however, were not limited to any particular period—he took a broad survey of the political history of the country and of the general trend of affairs, and it very soon became apparent that amidst many shifting elements the tendencies which he had described continued to dominate in English politics.[1]

'It is difficult to get people here to believe'—he wrote to Mr. Lea from the House of Commons, May 19, 1896—'that there are dangers in Democracies when that of England has recently so emphatically condemned log-rolling, Socialism and class bribery and has established a homogeneous majority stronger than any since 1832. I still think, however, that in the long run a very wide suffrage will prove incompatible with that complete authority in the State which (unlike your Congress) our House of Commons possesses. The strength of our Government, however, just now is perfectly phenomenal, and the growing dissension between the English Nonconformist and the Irish Catholic Nationalist tends still further to disorganise the Opposition. Foreign troubles are what is chiefly to be feared, and in South Africa there is grave danger of a race division, which we all look on with great alarm. I am afraid in my present life I shall write no more books. A short paper on Gibbon for an American publication has been, since my election, my sole work in that way. However, I do not mean to spend all the rest of my life here. The work is physically very tiring, and I often feel that a good deal of it might be done equally well, with a little training, by any fairly intelligent poodle-dog! Of course there are times

[1] See Introduction to *Democracy and Liberty*, cabinet edition, p. xix. 'I think,' he wrote to Mr. Booth in 1899, 'people rather exaggerated the pessimism of my *Democracy*. I clearly recognised that in numerous fields the world was advancing, though I did not believe the democratic theory would in the long run be favourable to self-government and especially to the Parliamentary type of Government to which we have been accustomed—that it tended either to a despotism resting on a *plébiscite* or, at least, to a considerable abridgment of the powers of a democratic house. This is done in the U.S.A. by different provisions of the Constitution. In England the manifest tendency is to the increasing monopoly of real power by the Cabinet.'

when it is very interesting and sometimes very difficult, and a few years of such work teaches much.'

The essay on Gibbon mentioned in the letter was for an American publication, the 'Warner Classics.' Lecky was also asked at this time for a biographical introduction to a new edition of Swift's works, and it was suggested to him that his essay on Swift in the 'Leaders of Public Opinion' might serve the purpose. With that object he recast and amplified it. He received a request to be President for the year of the Social and Political Education League, to which he agreed after some demur, on condition that—owing to a heavy press of work—he should not have to deliver an address. At the annual meeting, however, he made a short speech, which contained some philosophic reflections and truths that are very little heeded:

'Renan has said that an undue proportion of the English intellect is devoted to politics; but how little of our political discussion looks beyond the interests of a party or an election, beyond the duration of a Ministry or a parliament; how little of it is concerned with those remote and indirect consequences of measures which are often far more really important than those which are immediate or direct. How seldom do we find the principles that underlie our legislation impartially and judicially examined.' . . .

Most of his time was, however, occupied with Parliamentary questions, and he was asked to join the London Committee of Irish Landowners, where his services were much valued. He wrote a memorandum upon several points in the new Land Bill, which he laid before Ministers to consider, and two letters to the *Times* on the same subject. He had a great belief in the purchase policy. He thought 'there could be no worse system than that under which rents are arbitrarily reduced on a scale out of all proportion to the fall of agricultural prices, while tenant right rises

higher and higher under the pressure of extreme competition—under which vast masses of property—bought in innumerable instances at the invitation of Government and held under clear parliamentary titles—are transferred without compensation from one class to another, under which the main object of popular politics is to break contracts and annul debts.'

To Judge O'Connor Morris he wrote on June 1, 1896 :

'My dear Judge,—I was just going to write to you to say how delighted I was with your article in the *Fortnightly*—which I have this afternoon been urging all the members of the Landlords' Committee here to read carefully before the second reading of the Bill—when I found at the Athenæum your new book. I have been looking in it with the keenest interest, and it is a real pleasure to me to know that there is a short history of Ireland which is not the work of a party man. May I thank you very much for the kind way in which in this and various other places you speak of me. I think the book of the son of Grouchy defended him successfully about the Bantry Bay affair. . . . I am getting some very interesting reviews from America, where it seems the great goddess Democracy is a good deal less venerated than of old.'

A few days after he wrote :

June 4, 1896.—'I have been reading a good deal of your History, including the part which I know the best, and I can most truly say that it seems to me a most masterly performance, both from the literary and the historical side. It interested me like a novel, and I am full of admiration for the amount you have put into such a small space and for the admirable sanity of judgment and judicial spirit (that comes of a County Court judge writing history !) you display in writing on subjects about which very few people are either sane or impartial. . . . This History of Ireland seems to me indeed decidedly the best thing of yours I have read.'

Part of the session was taken up with an Education Bill, chiefly intended to give some moderate assistance to Voluntary schools and set up some new educational authorities.

Lecky approved of its main provisions and meant to speak on it, but the speech was never delivered. Opposition and obstruction made it impossible for the Bill to pass that session and—like most Education Bills—it was finally dropped.

'Never, I suppose, was there an assembly which wasted more time than this,' was his experience of his first session, 'but then it might do much worse things than waste time.'

The Land Bill came up for debate late in the session, and Lecky attended night after night—two all-night sittings—during the hot summer weather, endeavouring with the small band of Irish Unionists to amend the clauses which further curtailed the rights of the landowners. Many of the questions at issue were legal and technical, and he found the legal knowledge of his colleague very valuable. 'Carson,' he wrote to Judge O'Connor Morris, 'is a great help to us all. He is so quick and subtle in catching points.' That great and genial fighter, the late Colonel Saunderson, at that time leader of the Irish Unionists, enlivened the debates with his incisive speeches and witty retorts. It was a trying time for Irish Unionists who wished loyally to support the Government. Privileges which had been given by the landlords to the tenants were by this Bill given to the tenants as rights. The clause on the turbary rights was one of those which were most contested. Lecky vigorously opposed it in two debates. The landlords had hitherto allowed the tenants to cut turf on their property subject to supervision, but by this clause the favour they had granted was transferred to the tenants as a right. Swift had already shown how injurious was the cutting of turf without any regularity, and anyone who knew about Irish land was aware of this fact. The landlord was deprived of his right not, as Lecky said, because he had abused it.

'It was because of his own free will and generosity' he had chosen to grant these privileges to the tenants, that they were to be taken away from him for all future time and he was to lose all power of supervision and control. It was difficult to conceive a more direct and absolute violation of the rights of property than this.'[1]

There was one curious little episode in which Unionists and Nationalists were agreed. It was provided by the Land Purchase Act of 1891 that the landlords should be paid in Land Stock, although they had asked to be paid in cash, as stock was very low at that time. Now that Land Stock was considerably above par the Government insisted on cash payment. 'The extreme shabbiness of this proceeding,' said Lecky, 'was strongly felt, and the interests of both landlords and tenants were favourable to the existing system. Both sides of Irish politicians accordingly combined to oppose the Government scheme. The Irish attendance was very full. Many of the English Conservatives were absent attending a royal marriage, and the Government was defeated by a majority of sixteen' (July 22).

The Irish Unionists' amendments were outvoted by large majorities. English Conservatives neither knew nor cared much, and supported the Government; among the exceptions were the two sons of the Prime Minister, who steadily supported the Irish Unionists' vote. The Bill, however, was considerably improved in the House of Lords, where the Irish landlords were supported by a large body of independent peers.

[1] The clause was amended in the House of Lords and made harmless.

CHAPTER XIII

1896–1898.

Mr. Andrew White's 'Warfare of Science with Theology'—Travels in Austria and Hungary—T.C.D. Historical and Philosophical Societies—'Cambridge Modern History'—The 'Map of Life'—Introduction to 'Life of Lord Stratford'—The Irish University question—Report of Commission on Financial Relations—Over-taxation of Ireland—Combined protest of Unionists and Nationalists—Sir Horace Plunkett—English Agricultural Rating Act—Ireland's grievance—Lord Dufferin's views—Sunday Closing Act—Diamond Jubilee—Privy Councillorship—Society in Trinity College—Private Papers of Wilberforce—Ecclefechan—Burke centenary—Speech on Burke.

During a stay at Ems in the summer Lecky wrote his views on some political tendencies in England for the *North American Review*, and he reviewed Mr. Andrew White's 'History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom.' Mr. White had sent him his book, which Lecky considered one of the most comprehensive and most valuable historical works that had appeared for many years.

The subject specially appealed to him as he had dealt with various aspects of it in his own books, and he had the advantage of knowing the distinguished author, with whom he had much pleasant intercourse both in Paris and in London. 'I have been reading here,' he wrote in a letter to Mr. Bayard, 'very carefully and with great admiration for your countryman, Mr. Andrew White's "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology." It is a long time since I have read a book which seemed to me so valuable and interesting. I wish it were more known in England. I am sending a short notice to the *Times* (I do not yet know

whether they will find room for it[1]) in hopes of helping it a little.' In the course of the summer he went with his wife to Munich, Zell-am-See, Vienna, and Budapest. The Hungarians were celebrating the thousand-years jubilee of their national existence, and they had an interesting historical and industrial exhibition, where, among other anthropological remains, might be seen the gigantic skeleton of their great founder and hero Arpád. Lecky admired the situation of Budapest and found Hungary a very attractive country. With a strong national bias the Hungarians —at least those of the upper classes—combine all the charm of a cosmopolitan education, and intercourse with them was easy and pleasant. The friends Mr. and Mrs. Lecky had made at Campiglio were extremely kind and hospitable to them and they saw the place under the best auspices.

In November Lecky had to be again in Ireland, having promised to speak at the inaugural meetings of both the Historical and Philosophical Societies. At the Historical Society the auditor, Mr. Upington, read a paper on South Africa, and Lecky made a speech to which reference has already been made.[2] South African affairs took up a large place that year in the politics of the country, and were eagerly watched. The memory of the Raid, of its causes and consequences, is too fresh in everyone's mind to need rehearsal. Lecky, in commenting on the situation, said that the first object of true statesmanship must be to restore the confidence which had been so seriously shaken, and for a long period great tact, patience, firmness, and self-control would be needed in the guidance of South African affairs. Few greater calamities could befall the nation than an armed conflict in the Transvaal.

[1] It appeared in the *Times* of December 8, 1896. [2] See *ante*, p. 174.

In the course of the year he received a pressing request from Lord Acton to write for the 'Cambridge Modern History,' which the syndics of the University Press proposed to edit. Lord Acton wrote, with the courtesy that distinguished him, that so much of his success depended on Mr. Lecky's co-operation that he would be glad to assign to him any part he preferred. He suggested a chapter or two of English history from the middle of the eighteenth century, and especially a history of the French Revolution, as Lecky's treatment of the subject in his History of England had shown that no one could do it better.

Lecky was not very enthusiastic about the 'composite enterprise,' and he did not wish to undertake a long book, such as was proposed, which would require a great deal of fresh research, and for which his parliamentary duties left him no time. He had set himself another literary task, but he agreed to write about Canning 'from the death of Londonderry to his own.' The chapter was to be in Volume IX. and would not be required for some years. It was, however, not written.

The relations between England and America that year required much judicious statesmanship, owing to the attitude of President Cleveland about the Venezuelan boundary dispute; and fortunately by the end of the year the matter was in a fair way of being settled. In consequence of the election of a new President, Mr. Bayard's departure was now approaching, and Lecky wrote to him on December 23, 1896:

'Thank you so much for thinking of us and for your kind present [the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Bayard]. I always think these closing days of the year not a cheerful but rather a painful time, when one thinks of partings past and to come. I hope, however, that whatever politics may do, you will not bid a final farewell to us, but will follow the

good example of Lowell, who paid us visits to the end. I am glad the year is ending with the clouds between our nations dispersed, and how much you have done to knit them together! I am sure the warm personal friendships that you and Mrs. Bayard have known so well how to make, do more perhaps than any other thing to awake the feeling of kindred between English and Americans. When you leave us, you will both leave memories behind you that will not speedily be effaced.'

In December, Lecky began his book on the conduct of life, in which he intended to embody some of the conclusions he had formed on that subject. For many years past he had written down in his commonplace books thoughts and observations bearing upon it, and it had always been his wish to co-ordinate them some day into a whole, embracing conduct and character. As it was a book which required no research, he was able to combine the writing of it with his parliamentary work.

When Parliament was sitting he had, however, a large number of letters to answer. Added to his usual correspondence were now the many letters from and to constituents applying for places through their members; letters to Ministers on their behalf; those concerning the interests of Trinity College or of the various professions or educational endowments; in fact a variety of questions seemed to arise every day. He never kept a secretary; he answered everything himself, and business letters usually the same day, for he disliked arrears.

He took much pains always to do what his correspondents asked him, and many were the grateful acknowledgments which he received. He daily took a bundle of letters to the House of Commons to answer, endeavouring to keep the mornings as much as possible for literary work. Never was there a man more regular in his habits.

Early in the following year he contributed, at the request of Miss Canning, a short introduction to an abridged life of her father, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, which Miss A. L. Lee had written. His personal recollections gave a vivid touch to the subject. 'Seldom indeed,' he wrote, 'has there been a man more clearly marked by nature as a king of men. Men might like him or dislike him, but it was scarcely possible to come into his presence without feeling his magnetic power, without recognising the commanding force both of his intellect and character.'

The session of 1897 was largely occupied with Irish affairs. It was erroneously believed at that time that the Irish University question was approaching its solution, and that a Conservative Government were going to settle it. As these pages have shown, Lecky had for years past watched the various attempts made to meet the demands of the Catholics, and he had given up the hope that the liberal policy of Trinity College would finally overcome their opposition. In December 1895, after his election, there had been some correspondence on the subject in the *Times* between him and Dr. O'Dwyer, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick. Lecky, in his speech at his nomination—taking a survey of the whole political situation—had said: 'It is also very probable that we shall soon find ourselves face to face with a new University question. It is idle to discuss its nature until the intentions of the Government are disclosed. On this subject it appears to me that two special duties devolve upon the members for this University; one is to guard sedulously its national and unsectarian character.' . . .

Bishop O'Dwyer, in a letter to the *Times*,[1] said that he had been struck with these words 'in Mr. Lecky's remarkable speech at his nomination for Trinity College, Dublin.'

[1] December 13, 1895.

He however took exception to the terms 'national and unsectarian,' and put forward the Catholic claims to separate University education. Lecky in his answer [1] defined the position of Trinity College, showing all it had done to place the Roman Catholics on an equal footing with the Protestants, and he upheld its national and unsectarian character, while he did not contend that nothing more should be done to meet their wishes. The question was further discussed in letters [2] which excited a good deal of interest at the time, and as a leading article of the *Times* said, 'had thrown much light upon the subject.'

At the outset of the session of 1897 the members for Trinity College found themselves confronted with the Catholic claims, which were brought forward in an amendment on the Address. Although this question has now been settled, it may be of some interest to record the efforts of those who have brought a weighty influence to bear on the matter. On the second day of the debate, Lecky made a speech giving his views and those of the University he represented. He said he felt that the number of Catholics who received University education was inadequate, although the disproportion between the number of Protestant and Catholic students was partly explained by the fact that an enormous preponderance of the Roman Catholic population could not afford University education, and also that divinity students formed a large proportion of the Protestant students, whilst Catholic divinity students were educated at Maynooth. 'Trinity College,' he said in the course of his speech, 'regretted that Catholic students did not come to it more freely, and that they did not think the University of

[1] *Times* of December 15.

[2] Two more letters from the Bishop appeared in the *Times* of December 19 and 25, and another from Lecky in the *Times* of December 20.

Moore and Sheil, and of the immense majority of Catholic laymen who had played a great part in recent Irish history, good enough for them. But it recognised clearly that the time had come for some modifications in the University system in Ireland, and it only wished well to the Government in the action which they might take.' At the same time, he could not agree with Irish members as to the extent of the grievance. He pointed out how, as far back as 1793, long before the English Universities had taken such a step, Trinity College threw open its degrees to the Catholics, and how at the present time 'every post, from the highest to the lowest—every honour and prize—was open to every denomination in Ireland.' The Divinity School stood apart from the rest of the College, and had no relation to anyone who was not reading for Anglican orders; and Roman Catholic divinity students were amply provided for at Maynooth, which had received a large grant from the Irish Church Fund. It might be justly objected that there was no definite religious teaching for Roman Catholic students in Trinity College, but it was notorious that the College authorities were ready to make for them such provision as they had made for Presbyterian students—who were taught by their ministers at the expense of the College—if the Catholics would only accept it.

Personally, he owned, he was somewhat half-hearted on the question. In his opinion, 'there could be no greater misfortune for Ireland than that members of the two religions in their early days should be entirely separated; that young men at a time when their hearts were warm, when their enthusiasms were at their height, and when they were forming friendships which might mould their future lives should be kept apart and should know nothing of each other . . . the teaching of a University did not come

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.

From a Photograph by Bassano, 1897.

merely from its professors. An immense proportion came also from the stimulus of the students, and he believed the more they narrowed the area from which that competition was derived, the more feeble that stimulus would become.' After going through the history of the various unsuccessful movements to legislate on the subject, he laid down some of the conditions essential to the success of any further legislation, the first one being that the Government should make certain that their offer would be accepted, and he finally repeated that if Trinity was left unmolested to do its own work, it 'would certainly not play the part of the dog in the manger or be hostile to anything that might be set up for the benefit of the Roman Catholics in Ireland.'

Lecky's speech was received with much sympathy, and the First Lord of the Treasury, who had for many years been favourable to the Roman Catholic demand, expressed his general agreement with it. He showed, however, that the time was not yet ripe for a settlement, and that it was essential, as Lecky had said, not to propose a scheme without being certain that it would be acceptable. The sympathetic attitude of Mr. Balfour was once more recognised, and the matter remained in abeyance for the time, the amendment being withdrawn, and the question dropped. Lecky received from both Catholics and Protestants expressions of gratification at the attitude he had taken up in regard to this question. His predecessor and old friend, Lord Rathmore, wrote that he thought the speech 'admirable in every way—both the thinking and the language exactly what was to be desired for the good name of Trinity, as well as for your own. You have evidently made a great hit and many will, I am sure, wish you joy of your success.' . . .

The moderate tone of the debate seemed to the Irish

Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops a hopeful sign that the question was now within measurable distance of a settlement. In June they held a meeting at Maynooth and made an important pronouncement. They referred in an appreciative manner to the various members who had spoken in the debate on behalf of Catholic University education:

'We desire,' they said, 'to mark in particular the fair and liberal attitude taken up by Mr. Lecky. His own personal eminence, together with the special authority attaching to his statements as the representative of Dublin University, lend importance to his speech, in which we very gladly observe a tone that does credit to himself and to the distinguished constituency which he represents. Naturally enough, viewing the question from a different standpoint from ours, Mr. Lecky put forward on the minor aspects of the question some views from which we should dissent. But we note with very sincere pleasure the practical conclusions at which he arrived and the expression of his hope 'that the Government would see their way to gratify the wish of the Irish Catholics.'

In their statement they endeavoured to meet 'the contingency which, as affecting the Government, Mr. Lecky and Mr. Balfour seemed to apprehend, of proposing a scheme without being tolerably sure that it will be accepted,' and they agreed to a preponderance of laymen on the governing body; to public funds being solely applied to secular teaching; to open up degrees, honours, and emoluments to all-comers; and to safeguard the position of the professors, a point upon which Lecky had specially insisted.

The question came again before Parliament on July 9 of that year, when the First Lord of the Treasury, while recognising the importance of the statements made by the Roman Catholic hierarchy and endorsing the views he had previously expressed in favour of a Catholic University, did not give much hope that he would be able to introduce such

a measure in the following session, as it was a very contentious one and he was pledged to one important Bill for Ireland already. It was well known that Ministers were divided on the subject, and that any attempt to legislate on it would break up the Cabinet.

Another question had now become prominent, that of the financial relations between England and Ireland. In 1894 a Royal Commission had been appointed to make a thorough investigation into this matter, both as regards the financial relations and the taxable capacity [1] of the two countries. Their report was published in the autumn of 1896, and their conclusions briefly were that whereas the taxable capacity of Ireland was not more than one-twentieth of that of Great Britain, she bore no less than about one-eleventh part of the taxation, so that she was overtaxed to the extent of two and three quarter millions a year. Though Irishmen had long felt that there was a financial grievance, the Report forcibly brought it home to them. Irish Unionists and Nationalists were equally stirred by it. The grievance was a national one, and to obtain redress became a common object. The Government, not satisfied with the conclusions of the Report, desired to appoint another Commission, but this met with much opposition. A Committee of men holding the most various political opinions was formed in Ireland; public meetings were held all over the country and speeches were made calling for redress. As this was a non-political question, Unionist and Home Rule members met in conference in order to agree upon a common line of action in Parliament. Colonel Saunderson presided, and Lecky took part

[1] The relative taxable capacity was mainly determined by a comparison of the aggregate annual income possessed by the people of each country according to the income-tax assessment and other tests.

in the proceedings. Both were subsequently deputed, with Mr. Healy and Mr. Clancy, to frame resolutions for further consideration. The question came up for debate in the House of Commons, March 29, on a motion of Mr. Blake, and was discussed for three days. It was not till the last day that Lecky had the opportunity of giving his views on the subject. He clearly showed that Ireland was entitled to have separate treatment. There had been no substantial grievance before 1853, when Mr. Gladstone had imposed the income-tax, from which she had been up to that time exempted. Mr. Gladstone argued that by repealing certain consolidated duties which had forty years to run, Ireland would gain, as the income-tax charge, though a heavier charge, would only last a few years. The result was that a capital debt of four millions was wiped out, but Ireland had since paid more than twenty-four millions of income-tax. Lecky had heard a great deal about that matter in early days, as General Dunne, who had strongly opposed Mr. Gladstone's measure in Parliament, had been an intimate friend of his father. General Dunne had made the question his own, and had after a struggle of ten years succeeded in obtaining a Committee to inquire into the question of Irish taxation. It was then recognised, and at different times subsequently, that Ireland was a separate fiscal entity. Lecky supported this view up to the hilt with facts and arguments:

'Some people seemed to consider Ireland a kind of intermittent and fluctuating personality—something like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—an integral portion when it was a question of taxation and therefore entitled to no exemptions—a separate entity when it was a question of rating and therefore entitled to no relief. . . . There was hardly any single subject of legislation in which Ireland was not legislated for separately. They had separate legislation

about Church establishments, about land, police, local government, education, and even in some respects about marriage. All that had gone on for ninety-seven years after the Union, and therefore it was preposterous to say that in asking that Ireland should be legislated for separately in financial matters they were acting in a manner inconsistent with the Union.'

The Government were now proposing to appoint a fresh Commission, which he understood should be supplementary to the former one. He suggested that there should be a judicial inquiry into the doctrine of what constituted Imperial taxation and into the way in which the money in each country was expended. As for the remedy, Lecky differed from the Nationalist members; he did not think it could be found in abated taxation but in an equivalent grant from the Imperial exchequer. He showed once more very forcibly how injuriously the land laws had affected Ireland, and expressed the hope that the Government would succeed in converting Ireland into a country of peasant proprietors, because he believed that

' though it would not bring about a millennium in Ireland, it was the only way in which they could extricate the country from the confusion into which repeated confiscations and breaches of contract had brought it; but . . . if they did not wish the peasant proprietary to be the most ghastly of failures they must produce in Ireland a higher level of agricultural industry and agricultural skill than at present existed. This could only be done by extending to Ireland some system of agricultural education like that which prevailed in Denmark and other countries of Europe. This, he believed, was the direction which sooner or later their policy would inevitably take, and it was by such measures that any inequality that now existed in their taxation could, he thought, be best remedied.'

This policy has been carried out through the initiative of one for whom Lecky entertained a warm friendship

and whom he called 'the only constructive statesman in Ireland,' Sir Horace Plunkett. As far back as 1889, Sir Horace Plunkett had started the co-operative movement in Ireland; out of it grew the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, which was inaugurated in 1894. The following year, in order further to develop the movement, he formed the Recess Committee, composed of men of all parties. Lecky was asked to join it, but though he was in full sympathy with the object, other calls on his time prevented him from taking an active part in the matter. Investigations were made by this Committee into the agricultural and industrial conditions of a great many European countries, and the results were summed up in a valuable report which was forwarded to the Chief Secretary with the recommendation that a Government Department should be created under a Minister responsible to Parliament. This led up to the creation of the State Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, in 1899, of which Sir Horace Plunkett was the head till the Liberals came into power.

Lecky's speech on the financial relations made a great impression, as the letters which he received on the subject showed. It was generally thought, wrote a legal friend from Ireland, 'the speech of the debate.'

He had occasion to refer again to the subject on the motion brought forward, on May 6, by Mr. Knox, an Ulster member, to extend the English Agricultural Rating Act to Ireland. Lecky objected to the Government having excluded Ireland from the operation of the Act, 'the portion of the Empire which was the poorest, which was the most purely agricultural and in which local rates were the most heavy, both absolutely and in proportion to the population,' and he made a forcible appeal to them to redress this injustice. But though Irish members were unanimous, the

Chancellor of the Exchequer was obdurate and the motion was lost.

Further efforts, however, were made. An urgent letter asking the Government to reconsider their position was addressed to Mr. Balfour by twelve prominent Unionist members, of whom Lecky was one. In the face of pressure brought to bear on all sides, the Government could no longer ignore the claims of Ireland and they made a small concession. On May 21 the First Lord of the Treasury stated that while in the view of the Government Ireland possessed no claim to be treated in the rating question on lines similar to those adopted in England, they proposed to deal with the matter in an Irish Local Government Bill to be introduced in the following session, the plan being that by a subvention from the Exchequer the landlords should be relieved of half the poor rates and the tenants of half the county cess.

Lord Dufferin had now returned home after a brilliant career in many parts of the world, and he was making his influential voice heard again in Irish politics, to the great satisfaction of his friends and admirers. On receiving from him a copy of a speech about the land question, Lecky wrote:

House of Commons: May 4, 1897.—'Dear Lord Dufferin,—I had already cut your admirable speech out of an Irish paper, and I am delighted to have another copy, but I most earnestly hope that you will have it printed separately and largely distributed. I know nothing more able on the subject, and even if it had been far less admirably put, it would have a great influence as coming from you. There is something I find almost maddening in the gross and palpable dishonesty of Irish land legislation, and it is all the worse as it is now very difficult to argue against it, as all the premises of dishonesty have passed into the statute-book and been fully recognised by both parties. I do not know whether

this omnipotent and languid Government—languid because omnipotent—will do anything of real use in the matter. The *vestigia retrorsum* are, I fear, impossible. Loans to landlords at low interest and a remodelling of tithe rent-charge might do some good. I suppose, however, that owing to the general fall in the rate of interest the charges on the more solvent estates have during the last few years somewhat diminished. I hope you will be sometimes here in London to help us.

'I wrote what I could in my 'Democracy and Liberty' with a view of bringing the injustice before the public, and (except on the question of compensation for disturbance) I think my views agree with yours. I much object to the references of the new Commission on the financial relations, which absolutely omit the questions of comparative wealth and comparative progress from among the elements of consideration. I venture to send you what I said about it, restoring some passages which the reporters omitted.'

Lord Dufferin answered:

Clandeboye: May 8, 1897.—'My dear Lecky,—I have read your speech two or three times over with the greatest admiration. It is so clear, so sober, and so fair. I have not taken any part in the financial relations controversy and do not propose to do so, for now that the fresh Commission may be considered a *fait accompli*[1] there is no alternative but to wait, at all events before we can expect any great relief to be granted us. But the conduct of the Government in regard to the non-extension of the Rating Bill to Ireland is monstrous, and I have no patience with all their talk about Ireland not being a separate "entity," as if it had ever been anything else, as you most forcibly demonstrate. I am so glad, too, that you did not lose the opportunity of scourging the infamous land legislation of 1881 and the following years. In short, from first to last, I thought your speech most admirable, and we ought all to be very grateful to you for it.'

Lecky had undertaken to move during the session the second reading of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, the object of which was to make the Sunday Closing Act of 1878

[1] It was never appointed.

permanent, to extend it to the five towns that were exempted from its operations, and to prohibit throughout the country the sale of intoxicating liquor after nine o'clock on Saturday night. Lecky, in his speech, gave a history of the movement, and showed how efficaciously the Sunday closing had operated and how large a consensus of public opinion was in favour of this Bill. An Irish member tried to checkmate him by quoting some passages from the 'Democracy and Liberty,' but it was not difficult to show that there was no disparity between the views expressed on this occasion and those in his book. He thought 'there should be as little legislative interference as possible with private habits, and that they ought never in these questions to precede public opinion but only to follow it and even lag a little behind it. He believed measures of this kind ought only to be carried when called for by a large and persistent majority, and even then should be as far as possible tentative and gradual. It was because the Bill before the House seemed to him fully to meet these requirements that he had undertaken to bring it forward.' There was a good deal of cross-voting, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Morley voting for it; but many Nationalists opposed it, and the second reading was only carried by a majority of twenty-nine. The inadequate support with which it met in the House gave it no chance of passing that year.

It was the year of the Diamond Jubilee, which was celebrated by all the Queen's subjects with feelings of warm devotion and gratitude. In the course of it, Lecky had to attend a number of Jubilee and other public functions, beginning with a State banquet in St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin, on March 13. Lord Cadogan, who wished to make the dinner worthy of the occasion, had gathered together as far as possible all that was most distinguished and

representative in Ireland. It was a unique assembly, and the banquet worthily inaugurated the Jubilee festivities. The Queen's procession to St. Paul's on Jubilee Day was from its very nature peculiarly impressive. The manifestations of loyalty of the millions along the Queen's passage were a most moving sight, and the presence of Colonial premiers, Indian princes, and enormous numbers of troops—Indian, Colonial, British—such as had never been seen before, represented in an imposing manner the united strength of a great Empire.

The following day the House of Commons availed itself of an ancient privilege, to present in person a loyal address to the Queen, but by some mistake the ceremony was so curtailed that many of the members who followed the Speaker were unable to get into the Royal presence. This caused some dissatisfaction among a body of men who, of all others, are the most tenacious about their rights. The Queen, having heard of this, gave her faithful Commons a special garden-party at Windsor, which was one of the most successful functions of the year. She drove about among her guests, speaking to some of them and showing a genial interest in the proceedings.

'The whole Jubilee has gone off admirably,' Lecky wrote to Judge Gowan, 'and I am glad that the Colonies and India have filled, after the Queen, the first place in the picture. At the last Jubilee this place was more taken by foreign princes. I think the Naval Review has had a great and most pacific effect. The idea had grown up that England had no strength at all proportioned to her bigness, and this idea has now a good deal disappeared. We have had on the whole a quiet session, and I think the Government has a good deal strengthened. Irish landlords, however, are being much reduced, and in consequence a good deal discontented. We have a very big Irish Bill before us next session.'

Among the honours bestowed, a Privy Councillorship was conferred on Lecky, on account of 'your very great literary eminence as well as the position you have acquired in Parliament,' wrote Lord Salisbury. The nomination was received by the public with general approval. Innumerable were the warm letters of congratulation which he received from all sides—political opponents as well as friends, and the way the honour was conferred and the genuine satisfaction which it seemed to cause, could but be gratifying to him.[1]

'Thank you for your kind congratulations,' he wrote to Mr. Booth; 'I cannot say I care much for the feathers of life, but this is at least a quiet, gentlemanly thing, and honours that come unasked for and unexpected give some little pleasure.'

Apart from the Jubilee functions, he had to attend various public dinners and make post-prandial speeches in the course of the season, and he was asked to preside over the annual dinner of the Booksellers' Provident Institution, which took place in May. One of the interesting features of the dinner was that Lord Roberts, who had recently published his 'Forty-One Years in India,' was asked to reply to the toast of Literature. It did not often happen, as Lecky said in the course of his speech, that a Field-Marshal was selected as the most appropriate person to speak for Literature.

During the summer holidays Lecky went for a few weeks' bracing to Scotland, enjoying some beautiful coach-driving and sails through lovely scenery and very excellent air,

[1] A statesman—now dead—wrote, in congratulating him, 'Apart and distinct from your other valuable works, your last book on *Liberty and Democracy* is the one best storehouse of wise and noble Constitutional sentiment and principle which has, I think, been ever written. I have often wished to tell you how incomparable a friend and companion I have made it.'

and he afterwards spent some weeks in Holland, and in the undisturbed quiet of a rural life he wrote a good deal of the 'Map of Life.'

In October he was again in Ireland, full of engagements of all sorts. He maintained that in no other country did he find more agreeable and amusing society. He spent some pleasant evenings with the Fellows of Trinity College, 'anecdotes flying about like a perfect meteoric shower,' as he said on one occasion, and he did at the same time a good deal of serious reading, and wrote a short review of the private papers of William Wilberforce for *Literature*.[1] On the way home from the North of Ireland he and his wife stopped at Carlisle and made a pilgrimage to Carlyle's birthplace, Ecclefechan. The house where he was born had been turned into a little museum, where some early autograph letters of his were exhibited. They went to Carlyle's grave, characteristic in its simplicity, with only the names and dates of birth and death of himself and his brother on the same slab. A number of Carlyle's relations were buried on either side, conspicuous among them his father, 'James Carlyle, mason.' It seemed strange to realise that out of such surroundings came one of the men who most influenced English thought in the nineteenth century. But 'genius,' as Lecky says, 'is like the wind that bloweth where it listeth.'[2]

The year 1897 was the centenary of the death of Burke. Lecky's study of Burke was fresh in the memory of those who had read his 'History of the Eighteenth Century,' and when Dublin University resolved to commemorate the centenary of one of its greatest alumni, the Provost asked

[1] Now the Literary Supplement of the *Times*. The review appeared in the number of October 23.

[2] *Historical and Political Essays*, p. 12.

Lecky to propose the memory of Burke on the occasion, and he could not refuse. On December 7, a State banquet was given in the dining-hall of Trinity College, at which the Provost, Dr. Salmon, presided and the Lord Lieutenant was present. Burke's fine portrait had been transferred from the examination hall and placed, wreathed in palms, before the guests. There was a magnificent display of flowers and old College silver on the table 'and the doctors in their red gowns gave much colour to the scene.' But the chief interest was the speaking, which was, as usual on such occasions in Ireland, of a very high order.

The Provost, Dr. Salmon, in his original and skilful way, paid an appreciative tribute to the Lord Lieutenant and to the office which he held; and Lord Cadogan in his reply showed how much he had identified himself with everything that concerned the real welfare of Ireland. Lecky spoke to the memory of Burke in the following words:

'I esteem it a great honour to be asked to speak on the memory of Burke in his own University, but it is an honour which carries with it no small embarrassment. Burke is a man of such encyclopædic intellect; his splendid genius touches so many and such various fields that it would be impossible to deal with it adequately except at a length which would be wholly unsuited to an after-dinner speech, and I have myself the difficulty of having already expressed my thoughts on the subject in a long and elaborate analysis of his merits and defects.

'I have indeed long believed that Mackintosh in no degree exaggerated when he described him as the greatest of all modern political philosophers. I believe that you will learn more from him than from any other—more than from Machiavelli or Montesquieu—more than from Story or Tocqueville or Maine. For my own part, I doubt whether there is any other writer in all English literature to whom I am so deeply indebted. I was looking only the other day

at a very humble little copy of the "Reflections on the French Revolution," marked and annotated at almost every page, which for many years had been my favourite pocket companion in long, solitary mountain walks in Ireland and Switzerland, and I was somewhat startled to find that the year when I acquired it was as far back as 1855—the very year in which I entered Trinity College.

'And yet it must be acknowledged that Burke is not one of those great men of calm and lucid judgment who stand out in history like some Greek temple, faultless in its symmetry and its proportion. He was a man of strongly contrasted lights and shades, of transcendent gifts united with very manifest defects. His intellect was in the highest degree both penetrating and comprehensive. He saw further and he saw deeper than any of his contemporaries, and none of them could illuminate a subject with such a splendour of eloquence and such a wealth of knowledge and thought. But his judgment was often obscured by violent gusts of passion, by the force of an overmastering and almost ungovernable imagination—which sometimes seemed not merely to adorn but to transfigure what it touched—by violent personal likings and dislikings. He was very deficient in that inestimable gift of tact which more than any other leads to success in life. Goldsmith accused him of giving up to party what was meant for mankind, but in judging this accusation there are two things to be remembered. One is that no other writer has shown more powerfully than Burke the absolute necessity of strong party discipline under a parliamentary government if the parliamentary machine is to work for the good of the nation, and that in the early part of his career one of the great evils to be encountered was party anarchy and disintegration. The other is that no man ever made a greater sacrifice of party than Burke did when, on the occasion of the French Revolution, his party in his opinion was acting in opposition to the real interests of his country. Still, in more than one page of his life we have to deplore the violence with which he flung himself into party quarrels and the extreme intemperance of his language. His judgment of the French Revolution was, I believe, far more profound and far-seeing than that of his contemporaries, but it cannot reasonably be denied that he greatly underrated the faults and exaggerated

the merits of the Government that preceded it. His crusade for the redress of the wrongs of India is a striking example of a politician devoting long years of thankless toil to the service of those whom he had never seen and who could never reward him, and it appreciably raised in England the sense of our duties to other races; but modern research has abundantly shown that Burke was often misled and did grave injustice to Warren Hastings and to the other founders of our Indian Empire. He attained to almost the highest perfection the beauty of style, and his works are full of pages of an eloquence beside which the finest passages of his political contemporaries seem feeble and commonplace rhetoric, but they are also often disfigured by exaggerated invective and gross faults of taste.

'Nor can Burke be said to be in real harmony with our modern type of government. His conception of politics was indeed widely different from that which now generally prevails. He was as far as possible from a democratic statesman. He believed that pure democracy would always in the long run prove subversive of property, subversive of true freedom, subversive of all stability in the State. He believed much more than is now the fashion in the difficulties and dangers of government, and while strenuously maintaining that the welfare of the whole community is the true end of politics, he believed that this could only be attained by a strong representation of intelligence, property, and classes, by preserving a balance of power in the State, by carefully maintaining its conservative elements. He believed there was no greater folly or crime than to bestow political power on those who were certain to misuse it. He utterly repudiated the notion that the same degrees of liberty, the same franchises, the same institutions were good for all nations and stages of civilisation, and that political institutions rest on natural rights and not on expediency. He was prepared to tolerate any amount of political anomalies or inequalities if only they worked well. His idea of political reform was not that of wide, comprehensive, symmetrical, and as the French say "logical" measures, but rather of constant adaptations, gradual, tentative, and cautious, arising out of the special circumstances of the nation, correcting positive evils, meeting new wants as they rose and carefully following

public opinion. He believed that an appetite for organic change is one of the worst evils that can befall the State. He carried to the highest point the reverence for old institutions, habits, and traditions, for what he called the 'great influencing prejudices of mankind,' and he believed that anything which tended to cut off the nation from its past and make it discontented with its institutions was almost the sure precursor to its decline. While maintaining that a member of Parliament should always consider himself as a trustee, he maintained also that he should never suffer himself to sink into a mere delegate, abdicating his independence of judgment and accepting binding instructions from his constituents.

'All this is very alien from the political sentiments of our day, but anyone who will be at pains to examine the subject will convince himself that these views governed the politics of Burke at every period of his life. It is no doubt true that when the great explosion of democracy took place at the French Revolution he wrote more on the evils of democracy than in former years, but there is, I believe, no real ground for the notion of Mr. Buckle that his life was divided into two sharply contrasted periods, and the views I have enumerated may all be found in his earliest works. They were, however, coupled with a constant desire for administrative reform. No statesman maintained more strongly that the welfare of the whole people is the true end of politics, and that the true task of the statesman is to follow and not to precede public opinion. Adam Smith declared that he was the only man he knew who had anticipated his views of political economy, and on all such questions he was far in advance of his age. He was one of the first and greatest of our economical reformers. He was a strenuous advocate of a free press, at a time when it was far less recognised than at present, and although he was utterly opposed to any organic change in the constitution of Parliament he was a warm supporter of a crowd of measures for purifying its abuses. He advocated Grenville's Bill for the better trial of contested elections, the abolition of corrupt sinecures, the publication of the names of voters in Parliament, the right of parliamentary reporting. He placed the authority of the House of Commons very high, but when at the time of the Middlesex election the House

endeavoured to create a new disability by maintaining that a member who had been expelled by the House could not be re-elected, Burke was one of the foremost defenders of the rights of the electors. On all these subjects he was an advanced Liberal. In the American crisis he advocated a policy of concession which, if it had been carried out, would almost certainly have averted, or at least deferred, the Revolution. He was the most powerful opponent of the commercial restrictions which during the eighteenth century crushed Irish industry, and he lost his seat for Bristol through his advocacy of Irish free trade. The abolition of the penal laws against Roman Catholics, the better education of the Catholic population and their introduction into all the privileges of the Constitution, were among the objects he most steadily pursued. He wrote on the subject as far back as 1765, and it was one of the very last that occupied his thoughts. Three things he always dreaded in Ireland—as the greatest calamities that could befall her—the permanent separation of Protestants and Catholics into two distinct nations; a class warfare detaching the mass of the Irish people from the influence of property and education; and a spirit of disloyalty leading to separation from Great Britain. In almost the last letter he ever wrote he said "Great Britain would be ruined by the separation of Ireland, but as there are degrees even in ruin it would fall the most heavily on Ireland. By such a separation Ireland would become the most completely undone country in the world; the most wretched, the most distracted, and in the end the most desolate part of the habitable globe."

'It is not, however, by his active political career that Burke now lives. If this had been his only title to fame more than one of his contemporaries would have surpassed him. He was never a Cabinet Minister or the Leader of the Opposition. He did not play the same commanding part in Imperial affairs as Chatham or as Chatham's illustrious son, nor could he count upon the same weight of party or popular support as Charles Fox. It is in the profound wisdom and the transcendent beauty of his writings on all political subjects that he stands alone. In this he has no rival, and no approach to a rival among his contemporaries. If I might venture to give an advice to those who are now

at the age when opinions are forming, and when life, for good or ill, is taking its character and its course, I could give them no better advice than to make a serious and thorough study of the writings of Burke. Do not confine yourselves solely to those which are best known—to the "Reflections on the French Revolution," the "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs," the "Letters on a Jacobin Peace" or to the great rhetorical passages in his "Speeches" which are so often quoted. Study his minor pamphlets—his letters on Irish affairs, his own notes for his speeches, and the admirable pages he has written on the true province and limitations of government. Study thoroughly those four most admirable volumes of his correspondence which were published by Lord Fitzwilliam, and which in my opinion contain some of the best lessons of political wisdom in the language. No other political writer has so constantly associated transient or ephemeral controversies with eternal truths, or has brought to the study of politics such a profound insight into human nature or such a wide range of acquired knowledge. No other writer saw so clearly the obscure, distant, indirect consequences of measures, or penetrated so habitually to the bed-rock of principle on which political systems rest. Burke is sometimes wrong, but he is never superficial. In weighing the various arguments of a case his judgment is sometimes at fault, but the elements of the problem are almost always there. He is pre-eminent among the small class of writers who teach men to think and enlarge our knowledge not merely of politics but of human nature.

'Nor is he less valuable from the purely literary point of view. In one of his letters from this University he complains that in the study of the ancient writers too much attention was paid to the mere language and not enough to the meaning it conveyed. Burke was one of the greatest masters of words, but he was essentially great because with him language was never for a moment divorced from meaning. Hardly any other writer since Shakespeare had such a complete mastery of the English tongue, its richness, its vividness, and its force. If you desire to write well, few things will help you more than a careful study of his works.

'It is surely right that in Trinity College we should commemorate this great man, for he was pre-eminently one of our own. Swift lived here for a longer time, but his

college career was neither brilliant nor happy, and it was not till long after he had left us that his splendid genius began to flower. Goldsmith entered college the same year as Burke, but he was one of the idlest of students, and I am afraid the "Deserted Village" and the "Vicar of Wakefield" might have been equally written if he had never been sent here. But Burke certainly owed much to us. In that charming picture of Irish eighteenth-century life, the Leadbeater Papers, you will find many letters to the son of his old schoolmaster Shackleton, written from this place, describing his life here. We claim him as the founder of our Historical Society, and it was certainly here that he first practised the art of debating, of which he became so great a master. He obtained a scholarship, and in addition to the regular studies of the University he laid here the foundation of his vast and multifarious reading. In one of his letters he mentions that in the middle of his college course he was accustomed to spend nearly every day three hours in reading in our great library.

'He was not only a very great man but emphatically a good one. Pure, simple, modest, laborious, and retiring in his private life, a warm and steady friend, his life was full of acts of unostentatious beneficence, and the depth of his affections and the strength of his moral principles appear in every portion of his life. His life was far from a happy one. He knew the bitterness of neglect, poverty, debt, the disappointment of many expectations, the long struggle of an almost hopeless opposition; and the clouds of a great private bereavement and of public calamity hung darkly around his closing hours. His public career was swept by many storms, and was disfigured by some errors, but the more it is studied the more evident it appears that it was governed in every period by a sincere and disinterested patriotism. No sordid motives, no desire for mere popularity ever drew him aside. The chief causes of his errors were of another and a nobler kind—exaggerated party loyalty, an excessive sensibility; a compassion for the suffering of others and a burning hatred of oppression and wrong that sometimes became so overmastering that they carried him beyond all the bounds of reason and moderation. It was those who knew him best who admired him most. Of the many tributes that were paid to his memory

none appear to me more touching than the few simple lines which Canning wrote to a friend on hearing of his death. "Burke is dead. . . . He had among all his great qualities that for which the world did not give him sufficient credit, of creating in those about him very strong attachments and affections as well as the unbounded admiration which I every day am more and more convinced was his due. . . . He is the man that will mark this age, marked as it is itself by events, to all time." '

Professor Dowden followed with an eloquent tribute to Burke. Both speeches, said the Dublin *Daily Express*, would probably take a permanent place in the literature that clusters round the great career of Burke. Dr. Mahaffy proposed the Historical Society, which had been founded by Burke and had initiated the celebration, and he recalled the time when he had 'the intellectual treat of hearing the debates carried on night after night by the most brilliant group of men that he supposed ever came together in the Society—David Plunket, Edward Gibson, William Lecky, Gerald Fitzgibbon, and by no means least, Thomas Dudley, long since dead, a noble victim of his intense devotion to the poor and the sick under his charge.'

The auditor, Mr. Irwin, gave some curious details about Burke's undergraduate days in connexion with the club—the parent of the Historical Society—which he had founded.

The day after the Burke celebration Lecky had to speak on the financial relations at a large meeting at the Dublin Mansion House. Unionists and Home Rulers from various parts of Ireland had come together to give their views on financial reform based on the findings of the Commission. Lecky summed up the opinions of the greatest financial experts about the disproportion between the taxation and the taxable capacity of Ireland, and he maintained that Unionists especially should resist the assertion that Ireland

had no right to separate treatment. About the remedies he spoke with his usual moderation. 'Let us try not to injure a good cause by exaggerated statements. . . . In my own judgment the real significance of this movement is that the report of the Commission establishes a strong and equitable claim for the expenditure of a larger amount of Imperial money in developing Irish resources,' and he showed that much had already been accomplished in that direction.

He had looked forward to this speech with a good deal of alarm, feeling that he was, as often happened, between two stools, and that a Mansion House meeting would be naturally addicted to extremes, but he wanted to define his own position clearly, and he wrote afterwards that he had been 'most kindly listened to, though taking a more moderate view than others.'

CHAPTER XIV

1898–1900.

Irish University question—Irish Local Government Bill—Centenary of the Rebellion—Introduction to Carlyle's 'French Revolution'—'Mr. Gregory's Letterbox'—England and Germany—England and the United States—Holland—Cannes—Dublin—Alexandra College—Introduction to the revised edition of 'Democracy and Liberty'—Portrait of Mr. Gladstone—Distress in the West of Ireland—Old Age Pensions Committee—Report—Article on Old Age Pensions in the *Forum*—Irish Literary Theatre—Scotland—Holland—Completion of the 'Map of Life'—South African war—Moral aspects of the war—Florence—Financial Relations—Defence of T.C.D.—Dean Milman—Queen Victoria's visit to Ireland—Irish Debates—Holiday in Ireland—Unionist dissatisfaction—General Election—Spiddal—University election.

The demand for a Catholic University had been kept to the front since the last meeting of Parliament, and was being supported on various platforms throughout Ireland. In January 1898 a large and representative meeting was held in the Dublin Mansion House, where, among others, a letter from Lecky was read which summed up his views and was largely quoted.

When Parliament met on February 8 the question was again brought forward in an amendment on the Address.

Colonel Saunderson, the Irish Unionist leader, speaking for Ulster strongly opposed it, and suggested that the question might divide the Unionist party. Lecky deprecated this and declared that he did not wish to press for an Irish University Bill in a year crowded with Irish Local Government and other matters, or to embarrass the Government, which had done more than any other for a long time

past to bring the question within the range of practical politics. He had, however, come to the conclusion that the Catholic demand was a very real one, as all the memorials signed by the classes who could provide University education for their sons had shown. The bishops had condemned unsectarian education and the laity followed the orders of the priests. He had no wish for increased denominational education, but he was convinced that it was a duty to enable Roman Catholic students to compete in all respects with their Protestant countrymen on an equal footing. He laid great stress on the intention expressed by some of the Roman Catholic prelates to send candidates for the priesthood to a Catholic University, and he gave some curious historical facts about that aspect of the question. Hely Hutchinson, a Provost of Trinity College in the last century, wanted a Catholic as well as a Protestant divinity school in Trinity College, maintaining that it was of the very first political importance that the Catholic priesthood should not be educated apart from their fellow-countrymen; but this was not carried out, and in 1795 the Irish Parliament established Maynooth. But, said Lecky, 'if even at this later day prelates are prepared to give the priesthood a higher University education in common with laymen, great good would result, and I for my part earnestly hope the Government will see their way to do what they can to assist them.' The debate went on during two days, and showed as before that there was much opposition in various quarters. Mr. Balfour once more expressed his strong sympathy with the wishes of the Roman Catholics, but he made it clear that he could not 'solve the question' unless he had his party behind him, and the amendment was withdrawn. The question, however, continued to be discussed in the country. A letter

from Mr. Balfour to one of his constituents, expressing his views on the subject, attracted much attention. These views in some respects differed from Lecky's, for Mr. Balfour emphasised the Protestant character of Trinity College, and he also thought that it would not be to its advantage if, through a great influx of Roman Catholic students, it were to lose that character. Lecky always upheld the wholly unsectarian character of his University, and he believed that the number of Catholic students, though it should certainly be larger than it was, would from the nature of the case always be much more limited than that of the Protestants.

Dr. Salmon, the Provost of Trinity College, felt impelled by Mr. Balfour's letter to express his views, and he contributed to the controversy a remarkable article which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* of April 1899. With all the experience and knowledge at his command, he maintained the absolutely unsectarian character of Dublin University, including its 'atmosphere,' and he declined on behalf of Trinity to become one of three sectarian Universities, according to one of the proposed schemes. Whatever else was done Trinity would not give up its unsectarian character, nor did he think it would be wise to set up an unsectarian University for the benefit of Roman Catholics instead of frankly giving them what they asked for. It is long,' wrote Lecky to the Provost, 'since I have read a better specimen either of reasoning or of literature,' and a few days after he wrote in answer to the Provost:

Brighton: April 4, 1899.—'I do not think you have the least reason to regret that you had to do your article hastily. It could hardly, I think, have been better done, and if you have in some degree understated your case, this, in my judgment at least, is one of the things which always adds real

force to controversial writing. I always aim at this myself. . . . I do not think there is the least possibility of anything being done this session about the University question, and the Duke of Devonshire's speech has put it off for a long time. I myself think that if anything in the sectarian form should hereafter be done, it ought to be in an additional grant to the Stephen's Green establishment. I think, too, that the T.C.D. position would be a good deal strengthened if you had a Roman Catholic professor to teach his own people their theology, ecclesiastical history, and moral philosophy. Perhaps if the bishops despair of getting a University for themselves, the time may come in which they may withdraw their veto from T.C.D. and allow students to go there on the understanding that they can get this amount of distinctive teaching.'

The principal measure of the session of 1898 was the Irish Local Government Bill. The Irish Secretary, Mr. Gerald Balfour, introduced it on February 21 with a speech which was on the whole well received by all parties. The chief provisions of the Bill were that it abolished the Grand Juries and transferred their powers partly to county councils and partly to county courts; and that, as the First Lord of the Treasury had promised the previous year, it gave relief out of the Exchequer to landlords and tenants for half the poor rate and county cess. In the course of the debates on the second reading, Lecky gave his views on the general aspect of the Bill. He agreed that to establish local government on a democratic basis, corresponding in the main lines with local government in England and Scotland, had become politically necessary, though if the question was considered on its own merits apart from all pledges and political necessities, he would not have supported it. He believed that Ireland was as little suited for democracy as almost any country in Europe, and he did not believe in the common doctrine that the same institutions were

adapted to countries so profoundly different as England and Ireland. He regretted the abolition of the Grand Juries, which most good judges considered to have worked extremely well, but it was impossible to resist the change, and he duly recognised the safeguards that had been placed on the new bodies, such as keeping the control of the police out of their hands and maintaining the rule of excluding from them ministers of religion of all denominations. He wished, however, that the safeguards were increased, and when the Bill was discussed in Committee he moved an amendment, giving expression to the wish of a great many public bodies and private persons in Ireland, that the Government should keep the control and management of the lunatic asylums in their own hands and not throw the care of this large, poor and unhappily increasing class of persons upon perfectly new and inexperienced bodies. By keeping the asylums under State control they would be following the example of nearly all the great democracies of the world. The Irish Poor Law guardians were a body most closely resembling the future county councils, and their medical patronage had been marked by more abuses perhaps than any other class of patronage in Ireland.

The amendment was lost, but the efficiency of the medical officers was subsequently secured by an amendment strongly supported by Lecky—that only those should be selected who had served for no less than five years in an asylum for the treatment of the insane. Lecky closely followed the Bill through all its technical details, and spoke on various amendments tending to improve it.

The circumstances for introducing the measure had, he wrote subsequently, been peculiarly favourable. Agitation had gone down: the organisations which chiefly stimulated it were both divided and discredited, and various influences

—the question of financial relations being one of the most prominent—had greatly improved the relations of classes :

'If the new councils prove a real success, they will form habits that will make future extensions of self-government much less dangerous than at present. If they become mere centres of corruption, intolerance, and disloyalty, they will furnish a new and powerful argument against Home Rule. In the meantime, the establishment of local government has given the opposition in England a welcome reason for adjourning to a distant future the question of Home Rule. By removing in the eyes of the English public the last real grievance of Ireland, it has greatly strengthened the Unionist position, and it will be probably found to strengthen not less powerfully the case for a reduction of the excessive representation of Ireland.'

He felt, however, that there was a great deal of uncertainty about the success of the measure, and that much depended on the question whether the members of the old Grand Juries would be elected and exercise influence on the new bodies. If they were excluded, he was afraid it might lead to the disappearance of an educated and loyal gentry, for there would be little inducement for them to remain in the country after the land legislation had deprived them of all control over their properties, and the new legislation had taken from them their county duties and interests. But he deprecated taking too pessimistic a view of the future. 'Great political changes are nearly always found to produce both less good and less evil than was anticipated' and 'a measure like the Local Government Bill could not possibly be rightly judged until several years have passed and several elections have decided its permanent tendencies.' [1]

Meanwhile the financial relations continued to agitate the minds of Unionists and Nationalists. Meetings were held in

[1] 'The Irish Local Government Act,' *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*, March 3, 1899.

the House of Commons and pressure was brought to bear on the Government to give a day for discussion. On July 4 Mr. Redmond moved a resolution in the House of Commons to call attention to the over-taxation of Ireland, at the request, as he stated, of a conference of Irish members, presided over by Colonel Saunderson, and which consisted of representatives from every political party in Ireland and was supported by petitions from 211 Irish representative bodies. Lecky seconded the resolution, but in regard to the remedies he took, as usual, a different standpoint. Having argued that there was a substantial grievance, he said that Irish Unionists did not wish for any alteration in the existing system of taxation or any reduction of the whisky tax; but that special financial assistance might, he thought, be given in various ways—for instance, by the Government taking over the lunatic asylums in Ireland and providing for them out of the Consolidated Fund, or assisting the great need of technical and agricultural education. No Irish money was ever better spent than the 40,000*l.* a year expended on the Congested Districts Board, and no Irish measure of recent years had done more real good than that of opening out the poorer districts by light railways. He spoke of the admirable work of his friend, Mr. Plunkett, which showed how much might be done by very moderate State assistance in developing Irish industries. 'If the Government put economical and industrial development in the forefront of their Irish policy, and resolutely refused to permit any great contentious measure to take precedence of it, they would be taking the course which would be most beneficial to the country.'

The centenary of the Rebellion of 1798 was celebrated that year in many parts of Ireland, and the demonstrations that took place in connection with it were in curious

contrast with the better understanding among Irish politicians of different parties.

'It is to be hoped,' wrote Lecky, in August 1898,[1] 'that the spirit that is now appearing in contemporary Irish politics may be gradually extended to the judgments of the past. Remote Irish history has long been treated by many eminent scholars with an admirable research and impartiality. . . . Is it too much to expect that a younger generation of Irish scholars will make a serious effort to take the more contentious periods of Irish history out of the hands of mere demagogues and partisans? The commemorations of 1798 are, it is to be hoped, now nearly over. A large section of the Irish people have done their best to glorify a rebellion which was directed against Grattan's Parliament, which led to the abolition of that Parliament, and which planted in Ireland hatred that has been the chief obstacle to all rational self-government. The politicians have had their say. Let us trust that another generation of Irishmen may now arise who will treat history in a different spirit; who will recognise that the first duty of an historian is to tell the simple truth, and to the best of his ability, and as in the sight of God, to graduate honestly the degrees of praise and blame. Such men will soon learn that the falsest of all traitors are those whose statements in themselves are mainly true, but who make it their business to pick out of the annals of the past the misdeeds of one side, and to conceal the misdeeds of the other, and in the interests of a party or a creed habitually to suppress palliations on one side and provocations on the other.'

Lecky was unable to do much literary work during the session. He wrote, however, in the course of the year an introduction to Carlyle's 'French Revolution' for an American publication, 'A Series of the World's Great Books,' and he reviewed in the *Spectator* 'Mr. Gregory's Letter Box,' by Lady Gregory; the 'Life of Parnell,' and the 'Memorials of the Earl of Selborne' (Part 2). Editors

[1] A short article on 'Irish Tendencies,' written for the first number of a new issue of the Dublin *Daily Express*.

frequently asked him to give his views on modern politics, and he was persuaded to write for a German paper, the *Gegenwart*, on the alienation between England and Germany ; and for the *London Review* on the relations of the United States with other Powers.' [1] Lecky said that he did not believe that there was at that time any antagonism of interests between England and Germany, or any jealousy in England of Germany's trade and Colonial expansion.

The policy of England was perfectly clear. It was to preserve the strictest neutrality in European quarrels, to look upon the maintenance of peace as our supreme European interest, and to avoid entangling alliances. Unless Germany were to enter upon a course of gross aggression, German statesmen knew that they had nothing to fear from England. After the war of 1870 there was a large party in England who looked upon the increased influence of Germany as certain to lead to a higher level of international morals, to the growth of a more pacific, progressive, and enlightened spirit in European politics—but this hope had been disappointed, and the malevolent tone of some leading German papers could not but have in the long run a considerable influence on English opinion. He believed, however, that there were many Germans as well as English who deplored the deepening chasm of feeling that was dividing two great nations which had naturally many common bonds of sympathy and interest and no real ground of serious antagonism.

On the other hand, he hailed the marked improvement which had recently taken place in the relations of the two great branches of the English-speaking race. ' Peace and the open door,' he wrote, ' are the two great real interests of the Anglo-Saxon race, and they are most likely to be attained by common understandings and common action.'

[1] This article appeared also in the *New York Independent*, July 7, 1898.

Referring to the war with Spain, he thought it was 'at least likely to have taught America a lesson which she had long neglected. It is that war is not a thing that can be extemporised, and that no nation, however great, is really secure which is not prepared to defend herself both on land and sea in the first weeks after hostilities have been declared.'

During the summer, at Vosbergen, he wrote great part of the introduction to the Cabinet edition of his 'Democracy and Liberty,' in which he was anxious to give an impartial appreciation of Mr. Gladstone. He now enjoyed more than ever the freedom and quiet of his summer retreat. While his wife went to the coronation of the young Queen at Amsterdam, he wrote from Vosbergen, 'All goes on perfectly here—delicious weather—delicious quiet and work, and the village *fête* was very pretty and orderly.'

They returned to England at the end of October.

(To Judge Gowan.) *The Athenæum: November* 9, 1898.—'My dear Judge,—I must thank you very much for your kind letter, for the book, and for the paper giving in a very concise form the many labours and honours of your long and most useful life. I am much interested by what you say about America. Here I think we were most struck by the skill and resolution with which on the American side the war was conducted, and by the humanity and self-restraint shown by American public opinion, and we certainly desire very strongly a good feeling between the two great branches of our race. I think these feelings have dominated over all others, though the triumph of Tammany at New York and the ascendency of the Bryan party in both the Western and Southern States are ominous for the future. We have been spending the late summer and autumn in Holland, and I have been very busy writing a long Introduction to a Cabinet edition of my 'Democracy' which will, I hope, appear in the beginning of January. It contains among other things a somewhat elaborate review of the career of Gladstone, which will, I fear, somewhat

clash with the language of extravagant and unqualified eulogy which has of late been general. A book is just coming out which throws a good deal of light on the significance of the later part of his life—the biography of Parnell, showing beyond all doubt how completely he [Parnell] was the agent of the Fenians and actuated in all his policy by an intense hatred of Great Britain. I hope the fear of war is now over, but England is certainly in no Quaker mood, and I never remember a time when a great war would have been more readily accepted. One advantage is that for the future it will be understood on the Continent that we are not squeezable *ad infinitum*. Another is that the expectation of war has greatly helped on the machinery for our Army and Navy. Still I own that I should be glad if the velvet glove was a little more used by our newspapers, some of which have been in no small degree arrogant and provocative. I suppose we shall meet at Westminster at the end of January. It is always interesting, but on the whole I do not look forward to it, and during the six months the House is sitting I find literary work almost absolutely impossible. I hope our Local Government Bill will not do *much* harm ; that is all I can say.'

Though the Fashoda incident [1] produced no disastrous results, other clouds appeared on the horizon. The distant rumblings of the gathering storm in South Africa began to be disquieting, but no one at that time thought that patience, tact, and common-sense could not avert so great a calamity as a war between the two white races.

Lecky spent the end of the year and the beginning of the next with his wife at Cannes, happy to escape for a short time from the gloom of a London winter and enjoy the sun by

[1] The reader may be reminded that in 1896 Captain Marchand had been sent by the French Government on a mission to extend French influence in the Valley of the Nile. He reached Fashoda in July 1898, at the very time when Lord Kitchener had reconquered the Soudan. The British Government protested against the occupation of Fashoda, and difficult negotiations between the two Governments ensued. The question was settled early in November 1898 by the French Government agreeing to evacuate Fashoda, and a subsequent delimitation took place which gave France commercial access to the Nile.

the blue Mediterranean. They afterwards went to Dublin for some social functions. Among the Irish institutions Lecky was interested in was Alexandra College, which, under the able direction of its distinguished lady principal, Miss White, holds a worthy place beside the Women's Colleges in England. During his stay in Dublin an important meeting was held to further its enlargement. The Archbishop of Dublin presided, and the Lord Lieutenant, the Vice-Warden Dr. Bernard, Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, and Lecky were among the speakers. Lecky insisted on the great importance of the higher education of women, as the competitions of life had become much more acute, the standard of requirements had been greatly raised, and the number of women who had to fight the hard battle of life had probably increased; and he advocated the policy of the open door at the Universities, a policy which Trinity College as a teaching University has since been the first to adopt.

Speaking in the same place the following year, at the opening ceremony of the new buildings, he dwelt on the value of the higher education of women in correcting the desultoriness of modern life. Men, as well as women, would benefit by it, for it was a great misfortune when, as in some countries, the intellectual life of men was almost wholly severed from the lives of women. They would never have a sound, moral, active, intellectual life among men where the women with whom they habitually lived took no interest in their pursuits and were habitually frivolous, credulous, and intellectually unsympathetic.

In the beginning of January 1899, Lecky's new edition of the 'Democracy and Liberty' came out. He had carefully revised it, as he did all his books before he gave them a stereotyped form—'correcting,' as he said in the

Introduction, 'such inaccuracies as I have been able to discover and . . . introducing into the text or notes a few lines relating to controversies which were pending at the time of its original publication, and mentioning salient facts which have since occurred and which had a direct and important bearing on the subjects I have treated.' He pointed out how in many respects his predictions had been fulfilled, but the most important part of the Introduction was his estimate of the character and career of Mr. Gladstone. This attracted a great deal of attention and was widely commented on; with admiration by some, with disapproval by others. If Lecky expressed strong views about some episodes in Mr. Gladstone's political career, and especially his Home Rule policy, no one could have spoken with greater appreciation of his eloquence, of his debating powers, of his financial skill, of the readiness and versatility of his mind, of his lifelong hatred of acts of cruelty and wrong, of his charm in private life. '. . . the elaborate character of Gladstone,' wrote Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff in his 'Diary,' 'seems to me very much the best estimate of his merits and defects which has appeared.'

Very soon after the opening of Parliament a debate took place on the distress in the West of Ireland. The remedy suggested from the Nationalist side was the enlargement of the holdings, by parcelling out grazing-lands among them and conferring on the Congested Districts Board compulsory powers to acquire these. Lecky was strongly opposed to this plan. He had studied for a long time past the economic conditions of the country, and he expressed the conviction that such a policy would be fatal to Ireland's prosperity. The conditions of nature—the Atlantic rain, the poverty of the soil—the bad farming, the tendency largely to subdivide holdings were, in Lecky's eyes, so many reasons for

not stereotyping on the soil the present owners of land in the poorer districts of Connaught. Something, but not much, might be done towards enlarging their holdings; but he thought any attempt to break up the richer grazing-land would be one of the worst things that could happen. The first and most vital industry is the cattle trade. Owing to its natural conditions Ireland must be a pastoral country. It can only be by keeping up that pasture in a flourishing condition that any real prosperity can come. An attack upon the graziers and the cattle trade, coupled with a revival of the land agitation which inevitably drives immense masses of capital out of the country, must be most disastrous. There was no need to confer compulsory powers of purchase on the Congested Districts Board, as they did not require them. The Government had just increased the resources of the Board by a considerable grant, and one of the measures of the session was the establishment of the long-promised Department of Agriculture and Technical Education which was intended to raise the level of agriculture and to encourage and assist industries. Mr. Horace Plunkett took an important part in the debate, and as the Nationalists attempted to disparage his work, Lecky took the opportunity of saying 'that by turning the minds of the people of a great part of Ireland in a practical direction, and by showing how by patient work they can improve the economical conditions of Ireland and so raise it to a higher level of civilisation, Mr. Plunkett had done more than any other non-official member for the benefit of his country.'

The question of the Old Age Pensions had now acquired great prominence. It had been brought forward at the elections, and a pension scheme on a moderate scale had been strongly advocated by Mr. Chamberlain. The Govern-

ment proposal to appoint a fresh Committee gave rise to a debate in which Lecky, in a forcible speech, expressed his views. He thought that after two singularly able Commissions had been for months investigating the matter and had come to the conclusion that they could not discover any scheme of Old Age Pensions which would not bring the most grave and serious disadvantages, the Government should have dropped the question. He showed all the dangers of such a scheme involving a huge expenditure which under certain circumstances the country might find it difficult to meet, and 'leading to the gravest indirect and unsuspected consequences.' The result of his speech was that he was asked to be on the Committee, to which he somewhat reluctantly consented. His further investigation of the matter and the evidence brought before the Committee confirmed him in his views, and he finally wrote a report giving his reasons for dissenting from the majority of the Committee who recommended a large pension scheme. It was not from any want of sympathy with those who were destitute in old age that Lecky opposed it; on the contrary, he was most compassionate towards every form of human suffering, but apart from the innumerable existing agencies, he thought a reform of the Poor Law would be the best remedy, without entailing the economic and political evils of a State pension scheme.

At the end of the session he wrote to Mr. Booth:

'We had a very quiet, not to say dull, session, and the only two Irish Bills—that increasing the revenue of the Congested Districts Board, and that setting up a good system of technical and agricultural education, were both useful and not much contested. I had, however, a good deal of special work on the Old Age Pension Committee. To my mind the Old Age Pension project is one of the most dangerous of all forms of State socialism, and many members

of our party and some of our Front Bench are committed to it. . . . I am afraid we shall have a good deal of trouble on this matter and that the Unionist party may commit itself to a policy which is sure to lead to great corruption and increase of taxation. However, I am pretty sure that Hicks Beach is strongly against this policy.'

In the autumn of that year Lecky wrote, at the request of the editor of the *Forum*, an article on Old Age Pensions, which appeared in the February number, 1900, of that Review.[1]

He had now become interested in a fresh Irish enterprise, a National Theatre. It had been started in 1898 by a small group of Irish literary people, one of whom was Lady Gregory—a friend of his—who enlisted his sympathy in the movement. He assisted in guaranteeing the expenses and in getting a clause inserted in the Local Government Bill which made it practicable for amateurs to act in Dublin. By the regulations, hitherto in force, it was illegal to give performances for money in any building except the two licensed Dublin theatres, and these could only be secured on prohibitive terms. Lecky had been much struck with an Irish play, the 'Countess Kathleen,' written by the Irish poet, Mr. Yeats, and in a letter to the editor of the Dublin *Daily Express*, apologising for not being able to attend the dinner given to the promoters of the theatre, he wrote:

May 10, 1899.—'May I take this opportunity to say with what deep pleasure I have learned the success of Mr. Yeats' very remarkable play, and with what sincere sympathy I have been following the work of the school of brilliant young Irish writers to which he belongs? It is not often that we have such a genuine or such a distinctive literary movement in Ireland, and the interest it is exciting seems to me one of the best signs in contemporary Irish life. These writers have already done good work, and I trust they may have a long and noble future before them.'

[1] Published in his *Historical and Political Essays*.

Unfortunately in Ireland it is rare for any movement to keep clear of politics. When Queen Victoria paid her last visit to Ireland some members of the Irish Literary Theatre protested against an address of welcome, and Lecky in consequence withdrew his name from the list of patrons.

He had now got into the habit of going at the end of the session for a few weeks to Scotland before settling down in Holland for the remainder of the summer. He went this time to Oban, spending nearly every day either on the water or in long and beautiful mountain drives in the Glencoe country.

'Among other excursions,' he wrote to his stepmother, 'I went on a lovely day—the sea studded with divers and in some places with sea anemones—to Staffa and to Iona, which I had never before seen and which is full, to me, of very interesting historical recollections chiefly connected with St. Columba. The Dean of Salisbury and his wife—who are old friends of mine—are here, and between pleasant people, lovely drives, and quite perfect weather, time has gone very quickly and I feel quite a different being from what I was in London.'

In the summer, at Vosbergen, he finished the 'Map of Life.'

(To Mr. Booth.) *Vosbergen: September* 19, 1899.—. . . 'My own book is on the Conduct of Life, but that title being taken by Emerson I have had to choose another. You will no doubt be struck with the novelty of the subject. However, like so many others in every generation, I have succeeded in persuading myself that I have something to say about it—whether others will think the same I do not know. It is largely based on little notes I have been making during many years, and will be about the length of half of one of the volumes of the "Democracy." I am to-day sending off the last corrected proof sheet (the table of contents) and hope it may come out early in October, but America (which insists that books in order to have copyright must be printed there and appear on the same day in both countries) may perhaps cause some delay.

'I much doubt whether I shall write anything more of importance. I suppose we are in for a horrid war with the Transvaal; I doubt whether it could have been avoided—and the grievances (if somewhat exaggerated) are real, but it can hardly fail to have very mischievous effects in the relation of races through all South Africa, and I at least feel it impossible to have any enthusiasm for it. I think . . . at earlier stages a rather more conciliatory tone over here might have done something, but when people mix their politics with their religion and believe (as I believe Kruger sincerely does) that they are under Divine inspiration, they are very difficult to deal with. We must stop here till the end of the month and shall probably be in London early in October, perhaps taking a short flight to the South before Parliament meets in February.'

The 'Map of Life' came out in October, and it became at once very popular, a two-thousand edition being sold out in a week. A book that treats of the many phases of life and varieties of character, that contains the observations and experiences of one who had lived in close contact with the world and who had always kept up a high standard for himself, could not fail to be attractive to thoughtful minds. The thread that runs all through the book is that man comes into the world with a free will, and that though it is more limited than he usually imagines, he can, by a judicious and continuous exercise of it, to a certain extent form his character and direct his life. 'The natural power of the will in different men differs greatly, but there is no part of our nature which is more strengthened by exercise or more weakened by disuse' (p. 234).

The book brought him many letters from those who had derived instruction, pleasure, or comfort from it. To Mr. Booth, who had pronounced himself to be more of a determinist, he wrote:

'I do not think I am insensible to the physiological side of morals, and if you will look at the last page or two of the

introductory chapter of my "History of Morals," you will find that I long ago predicted as one of the achievements of the future a medical treatment of morals. At the same time, I have an inexpugnable belief that the physiological generation or strengthening of tendencies does not explain all, and that there is an independent will which, with greater or less strength, and in the face of greater or less strength of opposition, can resist tendencies and do something to mould life.'

Among the letters he received, there was one from an American correspondent who wrote :

'Is is to me one of the most suggestive and helpful books which it has ever been my good fortune to read. I called the attention of our distinguished young Governor, Theodore Roosevelt, to the book some time ago, and you may therefore imagine with what pleasure I notice that in his Annual Message he quoted from it with approval and aptness. . . . I daresay that Governor Roosevelt can claim to be the *first public official* who has quoted from your book.'

The Provost of Trinity College, Dr. Salmon, wrote in his own characteristic way that if he had not given up preaching in chapel he would have found in it 'subjects for sermons for a long time to come, but in this literary age, when we address the eye so much more than the ear, a lay preacher can command the attention of a larger audience than any clergyman can hope to influence.'

The 'Map of Life' was translated into Hungarian, Russian, parts of it into German, and a Gujarati translation was proposed.

The first Peace Conference had met that summer at The Hague with all the glamour of a new departure in the history of human progress, but it did not prevent war breaking out immediately after. The relations between England and the Transvaal had become more and more strained. The Bloemfontein Conference had failed, and subsequent negotia-

tions had been unsuccessful. England began to show that she was ready to enforce her demands—the Boers began to mass themselves on their borders. Early in October the Reserve was called out, and this was at once followed by the unfortunate Boer ultimatum. War was now inevitable. In the middle of October, Parliament was summoned to provide for the necessary expenditure which had been or might be caused by events in South Africa. If Lecky had had any doubts beforehand as to a war being justifiable, once it was declared he gave his country a whole-hearted support, and he thought it was the duty of every British subject to stand loyally by her. England had at that time a good deal alienated the sympathy of other nations. There were various reasons for this, one being undoubtedly the natural inclination to side with the smaller and weaker nation in her conflict with the big and powerful one—for though the Boers had successes at first, it was certain that they would ultimately be overwhelmed by numbers and superior strategy. In the course of the winter Lecky was asked by an American syndicate to write his views on the merits of the war. In America opinion was much divided. Among the intelligent and educated in general there was a firm conviction—as an American friend wrote to him—that England was fighting the battle of civilisation. The Irish element was hostile to England and the German largely so. The masses did not know or care much, but were inclined to be on the side of the Republican Boers fighting for independence. A judicial exposition of the situation was therefore much wanted, and Lecky wrote a few pages under the heading of 'Moral Aspects of the South African War.' The article appeared in the *Daily News* as well as in America.

No one now wishes to stir up the embers of that unhappy

strife and rehearse the controversy—except when required for historical purposes—and Lecky's views may be summarised in a few words. It was impossible, he thought, that a British Government could permanently ignore the state of subjection and inferiority to which a great body of British subjects at Johannesburg had been reduced. He thought the best solution would have been if the Transvaal Government had agreed to Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to convert Johannesburg into a distinct municipality, or—when that was rejected—if they had accepted the franchise proposals of the Government which would have limited the Uitlander representation to a fourth or even a fifth part of the Volksraad, with a full and formal guarantee of the independence of the Transvaal. When all real reform was refused, war became unavoidable.

The following passage, written amidst the heated passions of the hour, may be read with interest by the light of present events :

'The determination of the country to carry it [the war] to a decisive victory is unquestionable, and the Government have declared that their two ends are the equality of the white races in South Africa and a substantial security that no renewal of a war like the present can occur. Beyond this it seems to me at present most unwise to go, and the final pacification of the Transvaal is a task which must tax the highest resources of statesmanship. On the whole, the most intelligent English politicians believe that it may be accomplished. They have great faith in political freedom and good administration. They believe that when the Dutch population in the Transvaal find that they are left perfectly unmolested on their farms, that they have the fullest political equality with the English, and that they are governed far better, more wisely, and more honestly than in the past, the ill feeling between the two races will speedily settle down. They think that the present war will have taught them to respect each other, and that a progressive and enlightened government will ultimately

prove stronger than one which was in extreme opposition to all the best tendencies of the time. They hope to establish under the British flag a large system of local autonomy and create some sort of federation like that of Canada or Australia.'

The Women's Liberal Unionist Association undertook that year to spread literature in foreign countries in order to explain the attitude of England, which was much misunderstood. They wanted a temperate statement of the English side of the struggle, and they thought Lecky's article admirable for the purpose. They asked him if he would allow them to republish it in pamphlet form, and to this he consented. Ten thousand copies were printed, and it was translated into French and German.[1]

To Mr. Booth, Lecky wrote on March 15, 1900: 'It will require a great deal of careful statesmanship to patch up a settlement, and I hope the first stage, at least, will be left to Lord Roberts, who seems to me to combine strength with tact more than anyone I know, except Lord Dufferin.'

Lecky had taken that winter a holiday in the South, and spent a few weeks in Florence, which he was glad to see again after a long interval. He found what he described as a singularly charming half English, half Italian society, and he saw a great deal of Professor Villari, whose works he admired and who impressed him much with his ability. Lecky's early love for Italy had never flagged, and he liked reviving the old art memories and comparing them with new impressions. He was home for the meeting of Parliament on January 30.

The debates were, of course, largely taken up with the South African war, but on March 22 the financial relations

[1] The article appeared in the *Daily News* on March 10, 1900. The events at Paardeberg, on February 27, had marked the turning point in the war.

between England and Ireland were again brought before Parliament. In speaking on the subject, Lecky said that Irish Unionists wished to keep the question clear of the obligation of Ireland to assist England in an Imperial contest, because the Union implied that in all such contests Ireland must go heartily with England, not only as she was then 'splendidly doing, by the services of her soldiers, but also by her financial support.' He pointed out that 'from an Imperial point of view the strongest argument against Home Rule was that it would place the resources of Ireland in the hands of men who would be hostile to the interests of the Empire,' and no reasonable man can deny, he added, that if a separate Parliament had existed in Ireland during the last few months, and if it had consisted mainly of the Nationalist members in the House of Commons, 'its whole influence would have been employed in thwarting and injuring England in the present war.'

While he maintained, as he had always done, that Ireland was entitled to be treated in matters of finance as a distinct unit, he thought that the question of the financial relations had undergone a change since the subject was last discussed. The Treasury returns showed that Irish taxation compared more favourably with the taxation of the Empire than it had done; more of it had been devoted to Irish purposes and less to Imperial purposes. The graduated income-tax was an advantage to the poorer country. Loans had been given to Ireland in greater proportion than to Great Britain; an additional yearly sum had been given to the Congested Districts Board, and a substantial grant, though he wished it had been a larger one, had been made for the endowment of the new Agricultural and Technical Education Department. He concluded by saying that he believed the Irish grievance was a dwindling

one and not now very serious—and that was very much the impression left by the debate.

The next day he had to take up the defence of Trinity College in a debate on the Irish Catholic University question. Trinity College had been accused of being narrow and exclusive and out of touch with Irish life. Lecky demonstrated that her policy had been the very reverse. Concession after concession had been made, and it was well known more would be made if Roman Catholics would only accept them. As for being out of touch with Irish life and literature, the answer was that they had a Professor of Irish, another professor who was the first living authority about the Brehon law, and that by far the larger proportion of those distinguished in Celtic literature had been through the University of Dublin. There was Bishop Reeves, one of the greatest Celtic scholars who had ever lived; Professor Stokes, who had written one of the best books on Celtic ecclesiastical history; there were Dr. Todd, Bishop Graves, and many others.

Lecky wrote that winter an article on Dean Milman[1] for the *Edinburgh Review*, and he soon after began revising and rewriting his 'Leaders of Public Opinion.' It has been shown that he had always been in the habit of revising his books with the greatest care. In the case of his 'Leaders' so many fresh sources of knowledge had become accessible since the book had been out of print, that it was a question of largely rewriting it, and to this he now devoted most of his spare time.

In the month of April 1900 Queen Victoria paid her memorable visit to Ireland. Lecky and his wife were there during the Easter holidays, chiefly staying under the hospitable roof of the Chief Secretary Mr. Gerald Balfour,

[1] It has been included in the *Historical and Political Essays*.

and Lady Betty Balfour. During the day the Queen drove about performing various gracious acts; in the evening she had small parties at the Viceregal Lodge, to which all those who were representative of Irish life and interests were invited.

The Queen's stay was an entire success. She had had a warm reception, and when she left, in radiant sunshine, on April 26, thousands of her loyal Irish subjects went to see the last of her. Far from the crowd on Killiney Hill, Lecky and his wife saw the Royal yacht, escorted by the Channel Fleet, steam away in the distance, till it finally disappeared out of sight, and the Queen's visit was nothing more than an interesting memory, destined perhaps to exercise some permanent influence.

Lecky returned that day to England for his Parliamentary duties. During the remainder of the session he took part in the debates on various Irish questions, but he took no less interest in other legislation, and he urged the Government—in a letter to the *Times*—to 'avoid one lamentable waste of legislative power' by not abandoning useful measures such as the Moneylending Bill and the Youthful Offenders Bill, simply because they contained contentious clauses which could easily be dropped and brought in as separate Bills in the ensuing session. The war, of course, was largely discussed. 'Chamberlain's speech last night,' he wrote on May 15, 'was lucid, lofty, statesmanlike, and admirably conciliatory.' By the end of July he always felt very fagged, and this time he took a short trip to Kerry. London had been very hot and he enjoyed the relative freshness of lakes and mountains. He stayed at Killarney, made the excursion of the lakes in lovely weather, 'the colours enchantingly beautiful,' he wrote, 'and it is pleasant again feeling in a normal temperature and regaining the

keenness of life.' He went on to Lake Carragh and Parknasilla, and was most enthusiastic about both places. 'I cannot tell you,' he wrote from Parknasilla, 'what a lovely place this is when the sun is out to give life to the landscape, and when the beautiful shadows are coursing over the mountains.' He always found that being in good air had a rejuvenating effect, though on this occasion he feared it was hardly shown by his personal appearance, judging by a speech which a Glengariffe boatman made to him. 'Well, sir, you have been a grand man in your day—I suppose that you may be now about eighty?' He was then sixty-two, and the remark was amusing from the fact that his old friends always maintained that he never seemed to change. His fair hair was only slightly tinged with grey, and he kept his youthful looks till his last illness.

The political atmosphere was very unsettled in the summer of 1900: there were rumours of an approaching dissolution and there was unfortunately disunion in the Irish Unionist camp. The so-called killing-Home-Rule-with-kindness policy which had been pursued by the Government had caused much dissatisfaction. Moreover, the appointment of a former Nationalist as secretary to the new Agricultural and Technical Department had raised a formidable opposition against its Vice-President, Mr. Horace Plunkett, although the appointment was wholly unpolitical. Mr. Gill had been selected as the person best qualified for the post; he was not then taking any part in politics, and he stated that he did not defend the morality of the Plan of Campaign. The Unionist Alliance had drawn up a strong indictment against the Government, and when the dissolution came Mr. Horace Plunkett's election was opposed by another Unionist, as well as by a Nationalist candidate. Lecky greatly deplored the uncompromising attitude

adopted by his Unionist fellow-countrymen, and thought it fatal to the best interests of Ireland. He expressed this in a letter to Mr. Plunkett, and it was read at the last meeting before the election :

'In other parts of the Empire,' he concluded, 'the long years of disinterested labour you have spent in developing the resources of your country and creating a better feeling among its people would have given you the support of all parties. In Ireland this is not the case, but I trust there is at least sufficient gratitude or public spirit in your constituency to secure your majority and to prevent what, in my judgment, would be nothing short of a national disgrace.'

Strong influence, through the press and otherwise, was brought to bear against Mr. Horace Plunkett's election. The Unionist votes were split. Fifteen hundred went to his opponent, and South Dublin was lost to the Unionists.

Another interesting election which was hotly contested was the Galway one, but this ended in a Unionist triumph. Mr. Martin Morris [1] (eldest son of Lord Morris) was the first Unionist returned for the place within the last twenty years. The priests had gone against him by order of the bishop, but his popularity had won the fishermen of the Claddagh, who voted solid for him. The town was still seething with the excitement of the election, when Mr. Lecky and his wife arrived there on a visit to Lord and Lady Morris, and enthusiastic fisherwomen surrounded the coach with which Lord Morris had come to fetch his guests. The drive to Spiddal, the family place, took them for thirteen miles over very wild, stony country with scarcely a vestige of human life or cultivation, but with a fine view of Galway Bay all along the road. The house overlooks the sea and the mountains of Clare beyond, a river dashes through the

[1] Now Lord Killanin.

grounds, and amidst all the refinements of culture and civilisation the place seemed to have kept some of the wild character of the surrounding scenery, softened by the vegetation of a mild climate, the arbutus and myrtle. Lord Morris died the following year. He was, said Lecky, 'one of the shrewdest, one of the kindest, one of the most genial, as well as the wittiest of our Irish judges; a man who was the delight of every circle in which he moved, and who will long live in the memory of a host of friends.' [1]

Lecky and his colleague had been re-elected without opposition, in accordance with the traditions of Dublin University. As College was not in term, there were no undergraduates and all went off very quietly. The election took place in the examination hall on October 2, and the College expressed its entire confidence in both its members. Lecky was proposed by Mr. Gray in most appreciative words, expressing the great satisfaction of his constituents at the part he had taken in Parliament and at the weight and influence he had acquired. 'No one could have been more watchful of the interests of his constituents. He was always on the spot, always ready to help, always accessible to every Trinity College man, graduate or undergraduate, and the younger the graduate the greater pleasure he had in giving assistance.' Both his proposer and his seconder, Dr. Charles Ball, pronounced him to be 'an ideal member.' Lecky in returning thanks to the electors gave a short survey of his attitude on various questions. He deprecated the opposition of Irish Unionists to the Government.

'When they knew,' he said, 'that the only alternative was a Government in which the Home Rule party must have a great influence, and that even greatly to weaken the Government might have the effect of throwing the balance

[1] At the dinner given to Lord Roberts, July 8, 1902.

of power into Home Rule hands, it seemed to him that it would be wise to take a somewhat more matrimonial view of politics, to accept their partner for better or for worse, and to practise that excellent matrimonial precept of dwelling more on merits than on defects.'

And certainly those merits were not inconsiderable, as he proceeded to show.

CHAPTER XV

1900-1903.

College Historical Society—Autumn session—Death of Queen Victoria—Her moral influence—Last revision of the 'Leaders of Public Opinion'—Review of 'Mr. Childers' Life'—Compulsory purchase—Serious illness—Harrogate—Vosbergen—Royal Commission on Irish University Education—British Academy—Torquay—Dublin—Resignation of seat in Parliament—Requisition from Trinity College—Postponement of resignation—The Coronation—The Order of Merit—Dinner to Lord Roberts—Last speech—Nauheim—Death of Lady Carnwath—Autumn session—Final resignation of seat—Publication of the revised and enlarged edition of the 'Leaders of Public Opinion'—On Arbitration—On an English-speaking Alliance—Italian lakes—Land Bill of 1903—Fiscal Question—Sir Henry Wrixon—Crowborough—Mount Browne—Increasing ill-health—The end—St. Patrick's Cathedral—Statue in Trinity College—Tribute from Lord Rathmore.

LECKY had promised to attend the opening meeting of the Historical Society, and when that body met on November 7 he found himself once more with two old friends and fellow gold-medallists—the Lord Chancellor Lord Ashbourne, and Lord Justice Fitzgibbon. The subject for discussion was Trinity College in the nineteenth century. Lecky said in the course of his speech that there was no other institution which was so closely connected with all that was best and most illustrious in Irish intellectual life. He trusted that its broad unsectarian basis would never be impaired, and that in spite of increasing difficulties Trinity College would always maintain its present high standard. He showed how necessary it was in these days 'for a University to cultivate a vigilant and reforming spirit, quick to avail itself of opportunities, keenly sensible of the needs and tendencies

of the time.' He did 'not believe there ever had been a generation in which the work done by Fellows and Professors of this University counted for so much in the great fields of literature, science, and scholarship as in the present,' and he hoped it was also true that there never was a time when there was a better spirit and a higher tone among the students.

The new Parliament met for a fortnight early in December in order to vote supplies for the South African war and for the operations in China. The retrospect of the year was a melancholy one. 'I never remember a year,' wrote Lecky 'in which general speculation in England was so uniformly pessimistic—the golden age, as Mr. Bryce said, much further from us than fifty years ago.' [1] In other parts of the Empire the outlook was more hopeful. The Australian Colonies had been united into a Commonwealth, which was inaugurated with great rejoicings on January 1, 1901. It was the crowning event of a great reign.

Queen Victoria's health had been giving anxiety for some time past. In the middle of January she became seriously ill, and on the evening of the 22nd she died. The universal outburst of sorrow at the sad news showed the hold she had over the affections of her people, and the grief for her loss was deepened by the regret that she should not have lived to see the end of the war which had cast so deep a shadow over the last years of her life and of her prosperous reign. After an interval of sixty-four years, scarcely anyone remembered the mode of procedure on the accession of a new sovereign. The day after the Queen's death Lecky was summoned to a Council meeting at the Court, St. James's Palace. The King made a short impressive speech and took the oath. The Privy Council were sworn in collec-

[1] Commonplace book, December 31, 1900.

tively, and they each signed the Proclamation and kissed hands. Parliament met that day and the next for Peers and Commoners to be sworn in, and on the third day to receive the King's Message. A vote of condolence was moved and seconded in both Houses and they afterwards adjourned till February 14. Lecky attended the service in St. George's Chapel—an imposing ceremony—but no ceremonial pomp could add to the solemnity of such a funeral. Those who saw the procession pass between silent and mourning crowds thought it the most impressive sight they had ever seen.

Lecky was asked that winter to write about the moral influence Queen Victoria had exercised during her reign, and this he gladly did as he felt strongly how powerful that influence had been. The article appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine* of April, and seemed to be much appreciated as a true picture of the Queen.[1]

During the winter of 1901 he finished revising and partly re-writing the 'Life of Grattan,' and in the spring he wrote a review of the 'Life of Mr. Childers' for the *Spectator*. The early part of the Parliamentary session was chiefly occupied with the South African war and the Estimates. Compulsory purchase for Ireland had now become a popular demand in Ulster, and the question was brought forward in the debates on the Address by a motion of Mr. Redmond, seconded by Mr. T. W. Russell. Lecky intended to have spoken on the subject, but, as frequently happened in the debates, the opportunity failed.

His views may be shortly summed up. Such a scheme, involving an advance by the Treasury of from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty millions on the security of Irish landed property, seemed to him altogether outside

[1] It has been republished among the *Historical and Political Essays*.

the domain of practical politics. The State could not be expected to incur the enormous financial risk of constituting itself for a long period the universal landlord and rent-collector in Ireland, in the face of an organisation whose methods of policy for more than thirty years had been open breach of contract and strike against rents. Compulsory purchase would not give prosperity to Ireland, it would not put an end to agitation, and it would still further restrict the influence of those who were most attached to the Empire and who in innumerable cases were the chief agents of civilisation in their respective districts and also the chief employers of labour. The whole rental of Ireland would be carried out of the country, and would drain Ireland of great part of its wealth, while the shock given to contracts and to the security of all property, by taking from the landlord his property contrary to his will, would be even more detrimental to the country.

In the course of the session (March 13, 1901), in a debate on the Congested Districts Board, he strongly opposed a Nationalist Bill proposing among other things to make the Board more representative. It was the custom of Nationalists to decry Castle boards, but these boards, he said, consisted of men of great ability who dealt with Irish affairs in a highly impartial spirit, whose single aim was to improve the condition of the country, and he was sure they were far more representative of the best elements of Irish life than any elective body they were likely to have.

The life of a private member of Parliament was not at that time a very interesting or exhilarating one.

'We are having,' he wrote from the House of Commons to Mr. Rusden, the Australian historian, March 18, 1901, 'a most dreary session of persistent Irish obstruction—skilfully carried out—involving divisions on nearly every

item, and bringing with it very late nights and a general dislocation of the Parliamentary machine. It is curious how through the influence of all this our House of Commons is losing its old character—how the private member is being turned into a mere voting-machine—how the power of the Cabinet is growing, and how, through the excessive prolongation of debates real and moderate criticism of Supply is becoming more and more difficult. I think some of our Ministers are getting very tired of their position and would gladly get out of it were there anyone who could take their places.'

Lecky had not been feeling strong for some time, and in the spring he had an attack of influenza followed by dilatation of the heart. Though he got better at first, he now felt that he had 'a broken wing,' and he never quite recovered. As soon as he was well enough to move he went to Brighton, and he was able to go back to the House of Commons after the Easter holidays.

(To Mr. Booth.) *House of Commons: May* 23, 1901.—. . . 'I have had rather a serious illness lately—an attack of what the doctor did not find out to be influenza, having acted as influenza apparently often does, lessening the action of my heart, involving three weeks in bed and two or three other weeks of complete suppression of work. My doctors say I am getting all right and may look forward to a complete cure, but at present I feel much like an octogenarian capable of only walking about half a mile, considering a flight of stairs a formidable undertaking, and much delighting in bath-chairs. I spent a fortnight under these conditions at Brighton, living a vegetable life, which much improved me, and I am returning there for a week during the Whitsuntide holidays, which begin to-morrow. I had to preside over a great dinner of the Irish graduates, who are making a presentation to Lord Roberts of a piece of plate, but owing to the continuance of the war this has been indefinitely postponed. The only literary work I have lately published has been an article on the Queen in the *Pall Mall Magazine* of May. . . . I hope now to get back to a little literary work, though I fear that I shall have for some

considerable time to lead an invalid life, and not being able to walk is to me a great privation.'

Parliamentary life did not now suit his health—indeed, it is questionable whether it ever did—and his doctor advised him to give it up; but there was hope at that time of his health improving, and he wished if possible to stay during that Parliament, meaning to resign his seat at the next general election, as he had always intended. Trinity College showed great concern and consideration, and expressed the earnest hope that he would take his Parliamentary duties lightly and do all he could for his restoration to health. He continued to attend as regularly as he could, and to give the same attention to all questions in which his constituents were specially interested. He always felt that one could do indirectly and quietly some real good. The few times he still spoke during that session, whether it was on the case of Dr. Long[1]—who had been persecuted at Limerick for carrying on a Protestant medical mission—or in support of an amendment of the Lords on the equalisation of Dublin rates, his arguments were always on the side of justice and moderation, and above party considerations. He endeavoured when he could to be a pacifying influence, but found it none too easy.

He wrote at that time to Judge Gowan, who had made inquiries after his health:

'We have had a dull and unsatisfactory session, but of course a great war, with its complicated finance and the many arrangements required by a new reign, account for much; systematic and very skilfully led obstruction from the Irish benches accounts for still more; and Ministers who

[1] Lecky dissociated himself from Dr. Long's methods, for he did not, as he said, like 'the mixture of theology and medicine,' but he protested against the treatment to which Dr. Long had been subjected, and he warned Irish members that their attitude was fatal to the objects Irish Catholics had at heart.

have been in office for six years are a good deal worn out, and in the absence of any stimulating opposition are apt to become very apathetic. Before very long we shall have to revise our procedure, which is in many respects not only faulty but absurd, and now that the census shows that the population of Scotland for the first time exceeds that of Ireland, the fact that Ireland has thirty-one more members than Scotland cannot be long ignored. For the next session, however, our work is laid out—a large Education Bill—a Bill relating to the London water-supply, and an Irish Land Bill. Parliament as a working machine is steadily and rapidly declining, and under the present conditions of parliamentary life a very few contentious measures can be made to absorb a session.'

Lecky once more wrote his views on the South African war, at the request of Dr. Münz, of the *Neue Freie Presse*, whom he had met at Vienna in 1896 and who was anxious to have a letter from him which might be published in that paper. The war was then being fought to a finish, and Lecky deplored that peace could not have been made after the taking of Pretoria, since the result was then no longer doubtful. He said he thought the elections and the proceedings of the Liberal party must have convinced foreigners of the absolute certainty that the English people meant to and could carry the war to a conclusion. The task of reconstruction would be an extremely difficult one, but he was sanguine as to the effects of good government in the future, and of a liberal treatment of the Boers; and he repeated that he hoped that British and Boers would have learnt to respect each other, and that after a period of Crown Government federation would follow.

He left London with his wife early in August for Harrogate, where he had been advised to do a cure. He found several friends, and the good air and waters were very beneficial to him. Lord Roberts happened to be there,

and Lecky had more than one pleasant and interesting talk with him while they were both drinking the waters.

To Mr. Booth he wrote from Harrogate that he would be sorry not to get through that Parliament, that T.C.D. was 'angelic as a constituency,' giving him the greatest freedom, and when Parliament was not sitting asking nothing from him except an occasional letter applying for a place for a constituent:

'I don't mean,' he wrote, 'to do any original writing, at least for a long time, but I hope to rewrite my "Leaders" up to the level of my present knowledge and matured judgment, and perhaps to be able in the course of time to republish in a somewhat extended as well as corrected form, a good many essays I have from time to time written. I think the Government were quite right in dropping the proposal for changing the transubstantiation declaration. It did no one any harm, and I have abundant evidence of the strong feeling in the country against tampering with it. The question of the children in the public-houses was the only one of the last measures in which I took much interest, though I have a general feeling against the increased meddling of Governments with adult, and especially female labour. We have, I think, gone too far in this direction.'

The remainder of the summer was spent at Vosbergen, where the restful life suited him exactly. Though he could not now take the same long walks over the downs as before, he regained strength by degrees and was able to write to his stepmother at the end of his stay in Holland.

Amsterdam.—'I think the very quiet life and the very good air of Vosbergen have done me great good. The marked increase in my walking power is an indisputable sign,' and he added, 'I am always struck in Holland with the extreme politeness and courtesy of all classes, and this year it is specially admirable on account of the intense feeling about the South African war.' . . .

Lecky always keenly appreciated any good work done for Ireland, and he had followed for some time past with much interest and sympathy the historical studies of a friend of his, Mr. C. Litton Falkiner.[1] On his return home he wrote to him :

October 28, 1901.—' I have only just returned to England from the Continent, which must be my apology for not having before thanked you for your most valuable paper on Phœnix Park. It is full of information which is new to me, and has interested me much. I am sincerely delighted that you are devoting yourself so steadily to Irish history, which is so seldom treated with real learning and impartiality. I fear it is a rather thankless task, but it is rendering a very genuine service to our country.'

The Irish Roman Catholic University question was now coming more and more to the front. In March 1901 a deputation from the senate of the Irish Royal University requested the Lord Lieutenant to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the working of the Royal University in relation to the educational needs of the country. A Royal Commission was subsequently appointed to inquire into Irish University education generally—leaving Trinity College, however, out of the terms of reference. Lecky gave evidence before it on December 18, and he once more fully stated his views. His conclusion was that he did not believe that Ireland needed, or could bear without injury, another great establishment of mixed education. Ireland being a poor country, most people were obliged as early as possible to earn their own livelihood and cared little about higher education for its own sake. It was therefore very difficult to keep up a high standard of University education, and a multiplicity of Universities was almost sure to lower the type. He did not see the advantage of setting up

[1] Author of *Studies in Irish History*, and other works. His premature death has been a serious loss to Ireland as well as to his friends.

educational institutions ostensibly unsectarian, but certain to become in their actual working intensely sectarian. He maintained the view he had expressed before, that the best way to satisfy the Roman Catholic demands was to give a substantial grant to University College, Stephen's Green.

There had now been for some time a movement on foot for establishing an Academy of Literary Science. While the Royal Society represented Natural Science, there was no equivalent body in England to represent historical, philosophical, and philological studies. The want of this was not fully realised until an International Association, comprising two sections—natural science and literary science—was formed in 1899, and meetings of the chief scientific and literary academies of the world were organised by it. The first of these meetings was held at Paris in 1900, and the conspicuous absence of representatives of English literature was much remarked and regretted. When it was decided to hold the next international meeting in London in 1904, the necessity to provide for the deficiency was still more urgently felt. The Royal Society, after many deliberations, having found it undesirable to enlarge its scope, several representative men combined in 1901 to consider the matter independently, and the result was the foundation of an academy for the promotion of historical, philosophical, and philological studies. Belles lettres, as such—not forming part of scientific literature—were excluded from the programme. Lecky did not take part in the proceedings that led to the formation of the British Academy, but he was elected among the first Fellows of the new body. The Academy held its first meeting at the British Museum, on December 17, 1901, and was incorporated by Royal Charter in the following year.

Lecky shortened the winter by going with his wife to

Torquay till the meeting of Parliament in January. He always thought Torquay a most attractive place, with much of the charm of the Riviera, and he enjoyed his quiet stay there. He was now working at the 'Life of O'Connell,' and as usual doing a good deal of miscellaneous reading. There are few personal allusions in his commonplace books, but the year 1901 closes with the words: 'My first year of invalid life.' Lord Dufferin died that winter and Lecky much deplored his loss. 'The death of Lord Dufferin,' he wrote to Mr. Rusden, 'removes, in my judgment, a really great man, and one specially needed in Ireland.' [1] Lord Dufferin had a true insight into Lecky's character. Speaking of Lecky, he once said [2] to the writer of these lines, 'I never saw so much gentleness combined with so much strength.'

The early part of the session of 1902 was taken up with the debates on the new Procedure Rules, including increased penalties for disorder.[3] He felt, however, more and more that his state of health made him unfit for Parliamentary life, and his doctors did not cease to urge that he should give it up. He was obliged to avoid late hours and the excitement of speaking, and he disliked extremely filling a place when he could no longer discharge all its duties.

[1] At the dinner given by the Irish graduates to Lord Roberts, Lecky in his speech paid a tribute to Lord Dufferin, which has been quoted by Sir Alfred Lyall in his *Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava*.

[2] At Clandeboye, in October 1897.

[3] The necessity for these was shown by an episode in which a member used some very unparliamentary language. It so happened that when the division bell rang for members to vote on the suspension of the delinquent, some of them were receiving a deputation of lady graduates who had come to present a petition to Parliament in favour of women's suffrage. Lecky, on returning to the deputation, explained the reason of his temporary absence, and turned the episode into an object-lesson, asking them how they would like a seat in Parliament, where they would be exposed to be called such names. He said he thought that some of the qualities women brought to legislation were desirable, but that the emotional element was already sufficiently represented.

At Whitsuntide he expressed his wish to resign; but he received an urgent letter, signed by the Fellows of Trinity College, asking him not to do so, but rather to take a long leave of absence that might restore his health and enable him not, indeed, to resume the unremitting attendance that had been so detrimental to him, but at all events to interpose in debate when the interests of the University required it. Lecky was much touched by the letter, but he explained that apart from late hours and speaking, which he had already had to give up that session, 'the many little duties, embarrassments, and perplexing and agitating circumstances that are inseparably connected with the life of an M.P.' were incompatible with the quiet life that was imperatively prescribed for him. As he wished, however, to suit the convenience of Trinity College, he would give up his intention for the present, though he felt that he could not go on for very long representing the University.

'It is generally felt in Trinity College,' wrote the Dean of St. Patrick's (ex-Fellow of the College), 'that your retirement from the House of Commons would be a very serious matter for the University. . . . I hope that you understand our sincere wish that you should continue to represent us, even though your health may not permit you to take part in 'all-night' sittings or even to attend all party divisions. What we are anxious to retain for ourselves is the influence of your name, and we feel it important, not only for ourselves but for University representation all over the kingdom, that a man of your eminence should represent Dublin in the House of Commons. I know that it would be distasteful to you to retain your seat and not attend the House with regularity, but I beg of you to weigh our view of the case. *You will do us a great service if you remain in the House,*'

and Lecky's correspondent added that this feeling was unanimous.

The position, however, continued to be unpleasant, all the more because there were persistent rumours of his leaving

the House of Commons, and his seat was being actively canvassed.

The great event of the year was the coronation, which was to take place on June 26. The general wish that the war might come to an end before then was happily fulfilled, and nothing seemed likely to mar the public rejoicings till, on the afternoon of June 24, when all London had assumed a festive appearance, the startling news spread that the King was seriously ill and that everything was postponed. At the very moment when the eager anticipations of many months had reached their climax they were suddenly dashed to the ground and made place for universal consternation and anxiety. The contrast was tragic and overwhelming.

'You may imagine,' wrote Lecky to a foreign relation, 'the emotions of hope and fear we have gone through last week. The first days the best authorities thought the chances much against the King, but the critical days are the first, second, and third, and these are happily over, and all accounts very encouraging. Indeed, people are even beginning to speculate on the time when the coronation may actually take place.'

On the occasion of the coronation the King had instituted the Order of Merit, and Lecky was one of the twelve recipients.

'Thank you so much,' he wrote to Mr. Booth, 'for your kind congratulations. My new feather will, I hope, at least have the advantage of stopping for the present a large amount of gossip about me which has of late been going on. It is quite true that I am very tired of Parliamentary life, for I find that a proper discharge of my duties is now quite beyond my powers, and I am obliged to restrict myself absolutely to the afternoon sittings and to abstain from all the agitation of speaking. I wished to have given it up at Whitsuntide, but the whole body of my Fellows have sent me a petition not to do so, saying they do not wish me to attend with any regularity, but that it would be very

injurious to the University if I gave it up. I am compromising the matter by pairing from after the Roberts dinner, and going to Nauheim. About next year I can make no promise, and at present let the matter drift. I hope T.C.D. may soon evolve some brilliant, non-legal literary candidate who may take my place.' . . .

The graduates of the Irish Universities had combined for some time past to give a dinner and a presentation of plate to Lord Roberts, and they had asked Lecky to be chairman of their Committee and to preside over the dinner. By Lord Roberts' desire it had been postponed, as has been said, till the war was over, and the date was now fixed for July 8. Lecky was physically very unfit to undertake the task of presiding, but he was the last man to shirk a duty. It was a great occasion, as it was the first of the many dinners that were given to Lord Roberts, and a large number of distinguished Irishmen assembled to do honour to him. When Lecky rose to speak, his pale, delicate face betrayed how great the effort was, but his strength of will conquered and those who heard him felt he had never spoken better.

Two days after he went to Nauheim. The coronation was fixed for August 9, and the investiture of the Order of Merit for the 8th, but the doctor would not allow Lecky to break his cure,[1] and he was unable for the same reason to be present at the dinner which the members of the Athenæum gave in honour of the recipients of the Order. He had looked forward to some quiet weeks at Vosbergen after his cure, but unfortunately this plan was frustrated. His stepmother, Lady Carnwath, who was eighty-two, had been failing for some time past, and she was now in a precarious condition. Barely had he been two days in Holland when bad news determined him to return at once to England. She lingered on till October 16, when she died. To Lecky

[1] He was invested on his return in October.

it meant the loss of one upon whom he had always looked as a mother, and the break-up of old associations was painful to him. Meanwhile Parliament met for an autumn session on the Education Bill, the chief measure of the year. Lecky supported it and thought it on the whole a fair compromise. He did not think, however, that the Commons should have accepted the Lords' amendment throwing the wear and tear of the buildings on the rates.

'We are, on the whole, in many respects behindhand in education,' he wrote to Mr. Rusden, the Australian historian, December 23, 1902, 'and I hope this will bring us into line with other nations, but it is depressing to see how many good authorities are of opinion that in the rural districts education is engendering an extreme distaste for rural life and labour and driving multitudes to wretched and debilitating existences in the great towns. I write rather under the impression of Rider Haggard's very interesting survey of the agricultural condition of England—a book which has much impressed me. On the whole, it is very difficult to find the true way in politics and the world has so long been mismanaged by men that I am inclined to look with some toleration on the "monstrous regimen of women" you seem establishing in Australia.'

At the end of the year 1902 Lecky wrote to the Provost of Trinity College definitely resigning his seat. Many were the expressions of regret that he received, and they touched him very much.

'My dear Bernard,' he wrote to the Dean of St. Patrick's, 'Thank you very much for your most kind letter. My feelings about my resignation are very mixed. No constituency could have been more indulgent to a member than mine has been, and I deeply feel loosening the tie that has connected us. But my doctor has been urging it for nearly a year, and during this Parliament I have been obliged to shirk the late nights, to abstain from the excitement of speaking, and to be, in fact, little more than a voting machine. I hate mortally filling a post when I feel I cannot properly discharge its duties; the next session

will be a very important and arduous one for Irish members, and the T.C.D. members are the only representatives of Unionist Ireland in three provinces. I cannot throw off the feeling of heavy responsibility and am glad to descend from the stage to the stalls. . . . I wish,' he added in a postscript, ' T.C.D. would carry out their scheme of giving degrees to women.'

To Mr. Booth he wrote that he neither had the strength nor the nerve to encounter the wear and tear of a session which was likely to be chiefly Irish, and he adds

' I am sorry for my constituents, who were very anxious not to be looked on as in the hands of lawyers aiming at professional success, but unfortunately it is impossible for those engaged in T.C.D. work to take a Parliamentary part as Anson does for Oxford or Jebb for Cambridge, which are within one and a half hours of London. I wish, like you, the Catholics and Protestants mixed, but T.C.D. has offered the Catholics a divinity professor of their own, and has thrown open everything to them, and a Catholic College in our University would mean a strong Catholic ecclesiastical and nominated element on the governing body of the University, which would, I think, lead to much evil.'

The many notices that appeared in the papers on his resignation read to him almost like an obituary. Most of them recognised the position he had made for himself in the first Parliament he sat in, but the truest comment was probably that made by Lord Rathmore at the unveiling of Lecky's statue in Trinity College:

' It was a high trial for a man at his time of life to enter on a new career, but having once undertaken the duty he fulfilled it with the same self-devotion as had governed him through every hour of his life. He spoke on many Irish topics, and eager audiences were always ready to listen with delight to his eloquence and his humour, but the period at which he entered Parliament was one of comparative repose and reaction on those questions. The battle of Home Rule had been fought out. The cause of the Union, for

which he had pleaded so earnestly, was for the time shielded by large majorities in both Houses of Parliament, and the occasions on which he spoke did not give him much scope for the exercise of his highest powers.'

At the same time it was gratifying to hear from more than one source that he had exerted a most valuable, and it was to be hoped permanent, influence in helping to enlarge the vision of loyal men in Ireland, and of Englishmen about Ireland. His political life was in harmony with his writings. 'He has,' said the *Edinburgh Review*,[1] speaking of his services to Irish history, 'infused into Irish criticism, and we may even say into Irish politics, an amenity of tone and a spirit of historical charity which have already sensibly mitigated the asperities of controversy.'

The 'Leaders' came out in the spring of 1903. Swift was not now included, his biography having been used, as previously stated, in an enlarged and revised form as an introduction to Bell's edition of Swift's 'Works.' Lecky had replaced it by an introductory sketch of the earlier phases of Irish history since the Revolution. Flood and Grattan formed one volume, while the whole second volume was devoted to O'Connell. It will be remembered how Lecky had grown up among the traditions of these statesmen; and to the vividness of his early impressions he had now been able to add the result of his later researches and the conclusions of a maturer judgment. The exhaustive manner in which he had treated the subject was recognised in the Reviews. The 'Life of O'Connell' had been the most important part of the revision. 'It forms, in effect,' as the *Saturday Review* said, 'a new work embracing materials not available when the first draft was written, and supplies

[1] July 1903, 'The Social Revolution in Ireland.'

by far the best account yet provided of the history of Ireland, from the Union to the potato famine.' 'In no other work with which we are acquainted,' said the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* who has already been quoted, 'is the history of Ireland from the Union to the famine reviewed with such fulness, such fairness, and such suggestiveness.'

The appreciative reviewer of the earliest edition of the 'Leaders,' Mr. O'Neill Daunt, was now dead, but an enthusiastic review came once more from Cork; 'the critical study of the career and character of the Liberator,' said the *Cork Constitution*, 'is as faultless in its amazing grasp of facts and causes as in its literary style and its judicial impartiality.' Lecky had intended sending the book to Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, whose comments would have been most interesting to him, but in the February of that year Sir Charles had died. It had long been Lecky's wish to rewrite this book, and he was pleased to have accomplished it, but he felt the moment for publishing it was not propitious, for the interest in Irish affairs had now greatly waned and Irish history was not a popular subject.

Among many other things, he was asked at that time to write down a few reminiscences of an old friend, Miss Anna Swanwick, for a memoir which a relation of hers was preparing. He was also asked by the editor of the *New York World* to give his views on Arbitration for that paper, which was celebrating its twentieth anniversary. The question whether arbitration might one day supersede war was, of course, of paramount importance. Lecky thought that its progress depended much less upon 'any formal treaties or enactments than upon the gradual education of the great masses of the population, creating among them a deep sentiment both of the folly and of the wickedness of war.'

In many minor questions which did not vitally touch the interests or passions of men a tribunal of international arbitration would be constantly resorted to ; it would strengthen the position of the smaller nations ; it would give statesmen time to pause at critical moments, and if it could not prevent wars it might often help to shorten them. Much, he thought, might be done by arbitration, but a great revolution of public sentiment alone could put an end to wars, and to the vast preparations for war that were now so gravely retarding the progress of mankind.

An American newspaper syndicate wished to have Lecky's opinion on the basis of an English-speaking alliance, and while he was in Italy in the spring he wrote a short paper on the subject. The sum of it was that it did not seem to him probable that the relations of England and the United States would take the form of any general or permanent alliance, as on both sides of the water the feeling in favour of reserving full liberty of action was very strong. 'Limited alliance aiming at special objects, such as the freedom of commerce in the East, may very probably arise, but on the whole the unity of the English-speaking races is likely to depend much more on the increasing power of common sympathies, common principles, and common interests.'

Lecky and his wife had hoped to find sunshine on the Italian Lakes in May, but the spring was very inclement and it was not till after a fortnight, spent partly at Cadenabbia and at Villa d'Este in cold and rainy weather, that they at last had some lovely days at Baveno and could row on the lake, which always was an enjoyment to Lecky, and doubly so now that he could take no exercise. When he returned home early in June he resumed for a short time more or less his ordinary life: he now missed the interest of Parliament, being entirely cut off from active politics, and

he also missed the interest of his book, which was finished; but he began to revise some of the essays which have been mentioned in the course of this Memoir. He had been elected president for the year of the Royal Literary Fund, but unfortunately the state of his health made it impossible for him to fulfil the task of presiding over the dinner.

The chief measure of the session was the Irish Land Bill, and Lecky followed it with keen interest. He had long been in favour of the Government assisting and accelerating land purchase, as the only remedy for getting Ireland out of the chaos into which the land legislation had plunged her.

'I think,' he wrote to Mr. Booth in the summer, 'the Land Bill will produce immediate good results to landlords and tenants, but not to other classes, and I believe that in the long run it is likely to drain Ireland of much money, to lower the Protestant and civilising influences, and to act as a powerful encouragement to the prevailing Irish feeling that dishonest combination is the best way of getting on in the world.'

He thought that if the land of Ireland passed mainly into the hands of peasant proprietors the Home Rule movement would lose its most powerful impulse—though political agitation in some form or other would no doubt continue—and the power of resistance to Home Rule would also be diminished. The drain of money from Ireland would be very great, through increased absenteeism, through the interest of the money being paid into the Imperial Exchequer, and the probable investment of a large proportion of the purchase-money in non-Irish securities. At the same time, the waste of money involved in the exorbitant prices paid for tenant right would cease; the savings of the poorer classes would go more generally into the improvement of land; and it seemed probable that more industry

and perseverance would be shown in cultivation, though the habit of cutting down trees and neglecting drainage, and the example of the long leaseholders of the eighteenth century, who were among the worst cultivators in Ireland, prevented him from being too sanguine. He felt it was impossible to predict what the ultimate consequences would be. Political prophecy usually proved wrong, he thought, and in Ireland especially institutions worked very differently from what they did in most other countries. He felt keenly, however, that power and influence were more and more taken away from the propertied and educated classes and when the King and Queen visited Ireland in the summer he said that the Irish landowners who received them were like the *Morituri te salutant.*

In the Tariff controversy—opened that year by a speech of Mr. Chamberlain's on his return from South Africa—Lecky took no part. He thought that on the whole Free Trade was best for a great country like England, and that it would be difficult to give preferential treatment to the Colonies. In the summer of 1903 he wrote in some notes on the Empire:

'The bond of sentiment between the different parts of the Empire is a very strong and it is to be hoped an increasing one, and the pride in the greatness of a United Empire is a powerful influence, but the establishment of direct material interests, though not impossible, is very different. There are signs that the Colonies are not unwilling to grant trade advantages (in the form of preferential treatment) to the Mother-country, but it is extremely difficult for England to reciprocate this. The Free Trade system is the very basis of her present prosperity, and the statistics of her commerce show that commercially foreign countries, especially the United States and France, contribute far more to her trade than her own dominions. On the other hand, it is very doubtful whether the Colonies will consent to contribute anything really substantial to the enormous expenditure of the defence

of the Empire. What they have as yet done in this direction, though showing a spirit which is very admirable, is really infinitesimal, and it is very doubtful whether democratic and mainly working-class communities, absorbed in local interests and devoting much of their national resources to class objects, will voluntarily assume a great burden of additional taxation for the defence of the Empire at large, for the carrying out of distant objects, or the enforcement of Imperial claims or interests in which they are not as directly concerned. This is one of the great problems of the future, and I do not venture to pronounce any decided opinion upon it. On the whole, it looks as if the Colonial contributions would be mainly in the shape of trade advantages, leaving the naval defence of the Empire almost wholly to England, but relieving her wholly of their own military defence and contributing something by voluntary and isolated action to her military assistance when she is engaged in war.'

At the same time, Lecky thought that the reaction against the abuses of the old fiscal system had been carried too far, and that the question was now looked upon in a different light from what it was in the days of Cobden. Protection in one form or another pervaded modern democratic legislation. In a Free Trade country like England the Protectionist spirit showed itself in the increasing tendency to regulate, restrict, and interfere with, industry in all its departments. 'Free labour and Free Trade are closely connected. If in England those who oppose the first profess to be in favour of the second, this is only because most sections of the labouring classes believe cheap food to be altogether to their advantage, and because in the great division of industries in England they see no present prospect of obtaining protection for their own.' [1]

He had within the last years renewed the acquaintance by correspondence of a Trinity College contemporary, Sir

[1] See *Democracy and Liberty*, Cabinet Edition, vol. i. pp. 157–159, 257; vol. ii. pp. 463–466.

Henry Wrixon, who had sent him a book and to whom he wrote:

July 7, 1903.—'I must thank you very sincerely for your kindness in sending me "Jacob Shumite." I have already been reading some of it with great interest, and am going to take it next week into the country, where I shall probably spend very quietly the rest of the summer. It seems to me quite as good as the admirable "Political Tour" which gave me so much pleasure some years ago. I was amused at the account of the College Debating Society, which brought my mind vividly back to the long gone by days when we used to interchange and discuss our somewhat crude views in the "Historical." I hope you are better preserved than I am. An attack of influenza two years ago left me with a dilated heart, and since then I have been obliged to lead very much the life of an invalid—to give up Parliament and politics, and even in a great degree writing, for all energy and robustness seem to have passed away from me.' [1]

The summer of 1903 was as unfavourable to an invalid as the spring had been, and Lecky, to his great regret, was advised not to go to Holland but to stay in some bracing place in England. He and his wife went to Crowborough, and afterwards an old friend, Lady Sligo,[2] with characteristic kindness and generosity, lent them her

[1] In sending this letter, Sir Henry Wrixon (member of the Executive Council and Legislative Assembly, Melbourne) says: 'I knew Mr. Lecky slightly at Trinity College, Dublin. He was leaving the year that I entered. He was one of the lights of the Historical Society, admired by me from afar. I remember we all felt the great command of language that he possessed and the new light in which he would present subjects. He used to maintain advanced views and enlightened ones. I may add that he was always very kindly in his manner—especially, I think, to juniors. After he left Trinity my personal knowledge of him ceases, and I knew him only in literature, in which he took such a foremost position. But when I was attempting a little authorship myself, he wrote giving me useful information as to publishing, &c.'

[2] Isabelle Marchioness of Sligo was the daughter of a remarkable woman, Vicomtesse de Peyronnet, who had been for many years, up to her death in 1895, a very kind friend of Mr. and Mrs. Lecky.

country house, Mount Browne, near Guildford, where they spent the remainder of the summer. Relapses had by degrees become more frequent and prolonged, and gave great anxiety. Lecky himself was much discouraged, though always patient and full of solicitude for others. When, in consequence of Lord Salisbury's death, he found himself the oldest elected member of ' The Club ' (Johnson's Club), he felt, as Mr. Venables expressed it, that ' his stick was near the door.' He still did a little revising of his Essays, he read again old books, such as Walter Scott's novels ; he saw some friends ; he continued his interest in all that went on in the world, but life with its sleepless nights and weary days was now on the whole a struggle. The trial of weakness was especially great to an independent nature like his, and one to whom work was the first condition of life. In October he stayed at Brighton, where he had always liked the good air, but it did not prevent weakness increasing from an incurable cause. By the doctor's advice he returned home, and a few days later, on October 22, the end came suddenly in his library. ' Give us timely death,' he wrote in his ' Map of Life,' ' is one of the best prayers that man can pray,' and that was now fulfilled for him.

The innumerable letters of sympathy received after Lecky's death from far and wide, from young and old, from men and women, from political friends and political opponents, were unanimous in their high appreciation of his character as well as of his intellectual eminence, and this was expressed in the first place in a kind message from the King.

' Never did I see more equable goodness in any man,' wrote an old Trinity College friend, Dr. Mahaffy ; ' his nature soared above the vulgar passions and intrigues of the world, and so he commanded the respect of all creeds and classes—a great

loss to his friends, he is a still greater loss to his country, and to the whole republic of letters, which he not only adorned but purified by the high intellectual and moral tone of his works. . . . And if it was indeed an inestimable privilege to know and to love him, it cannot but be a consolation to think upon his useful and splendid life.'

'He was,' wrote the Dean of St. Patrick's, 'one of the best men, the most *righteous* men, that I have ever known, and I always looked up to him with affectionate respect. It was a real privilege to be admitted to a share in his friendships . . . Thank God the world is better for such pure and unselfish lives, and if *we* are not the better for watching them, it is to our shame.'

The various societies and institutions to which Lecky belonged were warm in their expressions of regret, and many a touching tribute to his memory came from members of the French Institute, of which Lecky had become a full member in 1902. In forwarding the formal note of condolence, M. Picot, the Secrétaire perpétuel, said : 'Le grand historien que perd l'Angleterre était l'honneur de la science historique et l'Institut de France était fier de le compter dans ses rangs.' Another eminent member of that body, M. Boutmy, who founded the École des Sciences Politiques, wrote 'Votre mari n'était pas seulement l'homme éminent que toute l'Europe respectait et admirait, il était aussi (j'en ai fait plusieurs fois l'épreuve) l'homme plein de bonté, serviable à ses amis, qu'on ne pouvait pas connaître sans l'aimer—j'ai eu la joie de contribuer à faire de lui un associé étranger de notre Académie et il n'y a pas de choix dont je me sois plus félicité.'

Not the least striking testimony came from the Nationalist members of the Irish Literary Society. The Society was a non-political body, and Lecky had only accepted the honorary membership because it purported to devote itself purely to the furtherance of the knowledge of

Irish literature. The vote of regret and sympathy passed at its opening meeting that autumn was therefore dissociated from party politics. But the meeting was largely composed of strong Nationalists, and when, wrote Mr. Stephen Gwynn, 'Mr. Barry O'Brien, Vice-President of the Society, said in a brief speech that Mr. Lecky was the greatest historian that had been born in Ireland, and that his work was not only a history of the Irish people but a vindication, the meeting did not so much applaud as express a deep and grateful assent.'

'Speaking,' he added, 'as I permit myself to speak, for an association of men and women of whom the most active are nearly without exception opponents of the political views held by Mr. Lecky, I trust you will allow me to say this. We recognise in him—as we recognise in Horace Plunkett—a man who has done for Ireland work of infinite value which none of our side has shown ability to do. We recognise also that the authority derived from his achievement adds incalculably to the personal weight which he brought to the opposing side in politics. And yet our gratitude and admiration for the work done is none the less because we see that the influence derived from it is used against our own cause. We could not have those feelings were it not that every man of us singly, and the whole of us as a body, know and believe intimately that the same perfect sincerity and candour which were displayed in the History governed Mr. Lecky in drawing from the facts of history a conclusion diametrically opposite to that which we draw ourselves.'

In St. Patrick's Cathedral—the national cathedral of Ireland—the last honours were appropriately rendered to his mortal remains. One of his most valued friends, the Dean of St. Patrick's, gave the funeral address. 'There never was a more representative assembly in the Cathedral than that which gathered there this morning,' wrote a friend. 'We all realised that our greatest Irishman was gone. . . .

The Dean's address was full of genuine appreciation and admiration, and one felt that his feelings were shared by that vast congregation.'

Three years after, on May 10, 1906, Lecky's bronze statue, erected by his friends and appreciators, and executed by Mr. Goscombe John, R.A., was unveiled by Lord Rathmore. Nothing could have been more gratifying to Lecky than that his old College friend—whose eloquence he had always so greatly admired, should have consented to speak on his memory—and Lord Rathmore paid a most sympathetic, touching, and eloquent tribute. In the course of his oration, giving a survey of Lecky's character and career, he said :

' The general effect which Mr. Lecky produced on those who met him in public has been finely summed up by an able and impartial critic of his work and career, who described him as " one who held up before him a high ideal both in what touches the intellect and what touches the conscience, and who never abandoned it or allowed it to be obscured by self-seeking." That is a true description of the man, and no amount of intimacy could find out in him anything to detract from its high eulogy, for Lecky was absolutely free from insincerity or make-believe, from those affectations which with some men—great as well as small—spring from personal vanity ; but behind that character known to the public there lay other qualities which gave to his companionship a peculiar charm and fascination. His wide and tolerant view of men and of affairs was ever guarded by a humorous, but at the same time searching insight into human motives. Patient and gentle with mere ignorance and stupidity in others, he was easily moved to indignation by pretension or injustice, and above all, the sense of oppression—came it from what quarter it might—kindled the fire within him, and the hot words of eloquent scorn poured forth like lava. Unostentatious almost to shyness, he was never anxious to display his knowledge, but he was always ready to lend his vast stores of learning for the information and amusement

of his friends—he was, in fact, through all his life, a warm-hearted, high-minded, and kindly man and a great gentleman.

'I am sure,' said Lord Rathmore in his peroration, 'that amidst the many great distinctions which Lecky won in the course of his brilliant career, none could have been more grateful, could he have foreseen it, to his mind and to his heart than that his services should find in this place a lasting memorial. Many here present must have listened to his eloquent speech at our Tercentenary banquet, and will remember the touching passage in which he confessed how keen was the pleasure to "an isolated author," as he described himself, to think that his own University should follow his career with a maternal interest and might in some future day, when taking stock of her productions, not wholly forget his name and his works. That loving, loyal hope will be fulfilled to-day. Yonder stand the statues of Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke, the warders of our gate, and close at hand, in the thronging thoroughfare, the effigy of Henry Grattan, illumined through the genius of Foley with all the fire of patriotism. It is well that here within these academic courts should rest the monument of another, not less illustrious in his time than they were in theirs, the patient, the indefatigable student, the philosopher, the orator, the historian, who rewrote the annals and vindicated the character of his countrymen; that future generations of students within these walls, looking upon this memorial, should be stirred to follow his example and gather hope and courage from his career to win success and renown for themselves, to render faithful service to their country as he did, and add fresh honours to the name and fame of old Trinity.'

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